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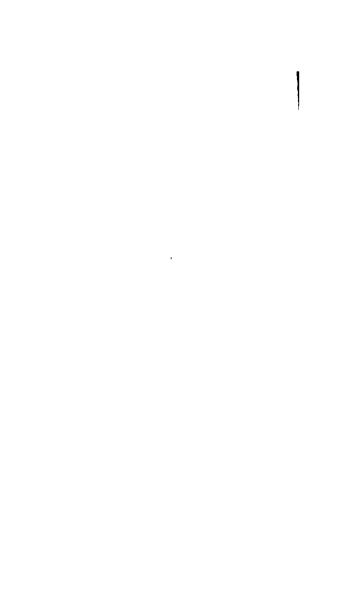
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ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

PROSE WRITERS.

PART VII.
ROMANTIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.



A -tork with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombetone near us. p. 7.

Chiswick:

PRINTED BY AND FOR C. WHITTINGHAM, COLLEGE HOUSE.

1827.

E EIAN PARIS

NEW ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

A

UNIQUE SELECTION,

MORAL, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING,

PROM THE MOST EMINENT

Prose and Epistolary Writers.

BY

R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

IV.

ROMANTIC, MISCELLANEOUS, TRAGIC, AND PATHETIC.

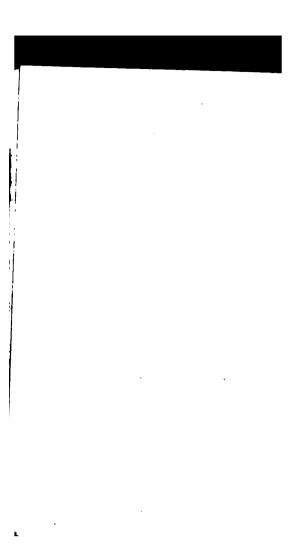
CHISWICK:

PRINTED BY C. AND C. WHITTINGHAM.

PUBLISHED BY CARPENTER AND SON, OLD BOND STREET;
T. HURST AND CO. ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;
N. HALLES BICKARDILLY: I BOOLE NEWGATE STREET.

N. HAILES, PICCADILLY; J. POOLE, NEWGATE STRFET; G. COWIE AND CO. AND R. JENNINGS, POULTRY; AND C. S. ARNOLD, TAVISTOCK STREET.

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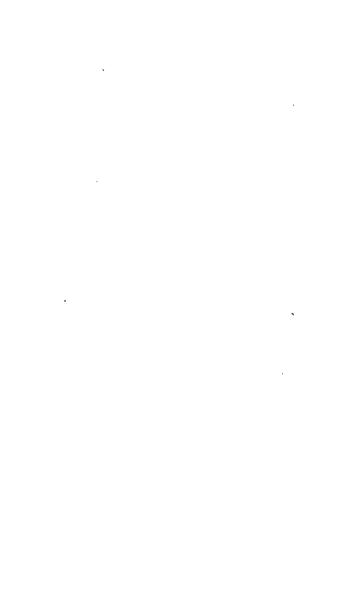


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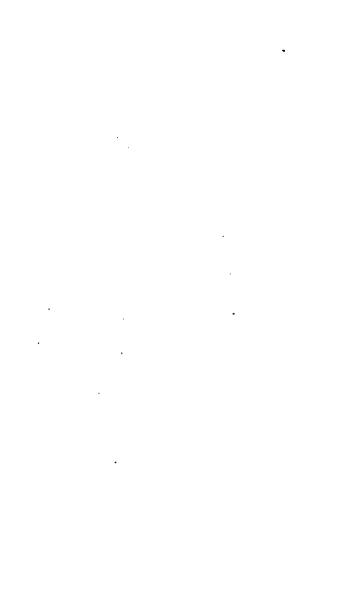
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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART VII.

Romantic and Miscellaneous.

AUGUSTUS DARVELL.

In the year 17—, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family—advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

I was yet young in life, which I had begun early; but my intimacy with him was of a recent date: we had been educated at the same schools and university; but his progress through these roll. IV.

had preceded mine; and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my noviciate. While thus engaged, I had heard much both of his past and present life; and although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship; but this last appeared to be unattainable: whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be concentred: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing; for, although he could control, he could not altogether disguise them: still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him: and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet: but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover: there were circumstances alleged which might have justified the application to each of these causes: but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other—and felt loath, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that commonplace intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

Darvell had already travelled extensively: and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me: it was also a probable hope. founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I had observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise—he consented: and, after the requisite arrangements, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe. our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

The constitution of Darvell, which must from his appearance have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled: his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue, yet he was evidently wasting away: he became more and more silent and sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition—but in vain: there appeared to be an oppression on his mind, and a solemnity in his manner, which ill corresponded with his eagerness to proceed on what I regarded as a mere party of pleasure, little suited to a valetudinarian; but I opposed him no longer—and in a few days we set off together, accompanied only by a serrugee and a single janizary.

We had passed half way towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless track, through the marshes and defiles, which leads to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana—the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques—when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of

which were the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us, not a vestige of a town or even a cottage was within sight or hope, and this "city of the dead" appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose :- contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burialgrounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent: the tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with age. Upon one of the most considerable of them. and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any. and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency-but he desired me to remain: and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, "Suleiman, verbana su," (i. e. bring some water), and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels. a few hundred vards to the right. The janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, "How did you know this?"-He replied, "from our situation; you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs; I have also been here before."-"You have been here before! How came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?"

To this question I received no answer. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water. leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return; and I urged the attempt. was silent-and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began: "This is the end of my journey, and of my life-I came here to die: but I have a request to make, a command-for such my last words must be-You will observe it?"-" Most certainly: but have better hopes."-" I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this --- conceal my death from every human being."-" I hope there will be no occasion; that you will recover, and-"-" Peace! it must be so: promise this."-" I do."-" Swear it, by all that-" He here dictated an oath of great solemnity .- "There is no occasion for this-I will observe your request; and to doubt me is-"-" It cannot be helped.-vou must swear."-I took the oath: it appeared to relieve He removed a seal ring from his finger. on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded-"On the ninth day of the month, at noon precisely (what month you please, but this must be the day), you must fling this ring into the salt springs, which run into the bay of Eleusis: the day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres. and wait one hour."-" Why?" -- "You will see." -- "The ninth day of the month, you say?" -- "The ninth."

As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sat, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be steadfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled: he spoke-I know not whether to himself or to me,-but the words were only, "Tis well!"-"What is well?-What do you mean?"-" No matter: you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions." He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, "You perceive that bird?"-" Certainly."-"And the serpent writhing in her beak?"-"Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does not devour it."-He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said, faintly, "It is not yet time!" As he spoke the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment, it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell's weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and, turning to look upon his face, perceived that he was dead!

I was shocked with the sudden certainty which

could not be mistaken-his countenance in a few minutes became nearly black. I should have attributed so rapid a change to poison, had I not been aware that he had no opportunity of receiving it unperceived. The day was declining, the body was rapidly altering, and nothing remained but to fulfil his request. With the aid of Suleiman's ataghan and my own sabre, we scooped a shallow grave upon the spot which Darvell had indicated: the earth easily gave way, having already received some Mahometan tenant. dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and, throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of a singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

Between astonishment and grief I was tearless.

LORD BYRON.

THE

ADVENTURE OF THE GERMAN STUDENT.

On a stormy night, in the tempestuous times of the French revolution, a young German was returning to his lodging, at a late hour, across the old part of Paris. The lightning gleamed, and the loud claps of thunder rattled through the lofty narrow streets—but I should first tell you something about this young German.

Gottfried Wolfgang was a young man of good family. He had studied for some time at Göttingen, but being of a visionary and enthusiastic

character, he had wandered into those wild and speculative doctrines which have so often bewildered German students. His secluded life, his intense application, and the singular nature of his studies, had an effect on both mind and body. His health was impaired; his imagination diseased. He had been indulging in fanciful speculations on spiritual essences until, like Swedenborg, he had an ideal world of his own around him. He took up a notion, I do not know from what cause, that there was an evil influence hanging over him; an evil genius or spirit seeking to ensuare him and insure his perdition. Such an idea working on his melancholy temperament produced the most gloomy effects. He became haggard and desponding. His friends discovered the mental malady that was preving upon him, and determined that the best cure was a change of scene; he was sent, therefore, to finish his studies amidst the splendours and gaieties of Paris.

Wolfgang arrived at Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. The popular delirium at first caught his enthusiastic mind, and he was captivated by the political and philosophical theories of the day: but the scenes of blood which followed shocked his sensitive nature; disgusted him with society and the world, and made him more than ever a recluse. He shut himself up in a solitary apartment in the Pays Latin, the quarter of students. There in a gloomy street, not far from the monastic walls of the Sorbonne, he pursued his favourite speculations. Sometimes he spent hours together in the great libraries of Paris, those catacombs of departed authors,

rummaging among their hoards of dusty and obsolete works in quest of food for his unhealthy appetite. He was, in a manner, a literary goul, feeding in the charnel-house of decayed literature.

Wolfgang, though solitary and recluse, was of an ardent temperament, but for a time it operated merely upon his imagination. He was too shy and ignorant of the world to make any advances to the fair; but he was a passionate admirer of female beauty, and in his lonely chamber would often lose himself in reveries on forms and faces which he had seen, and his fancy would deck out images of loveliness far surpassing the reality.

While his mind was in this excited and sublimated state, he had a dream which produced an extraordinary effect upon him. It was of a female face of transcendent beauty. So strong was the impression it made, that he dreamt of it again and again. It haunted his thoughts by day, his slumbers by night; in fine, he became passionately enamoured of this shadow of a dream. This lasted so long, that it became one of those fixed ideas which haunt the minds of melancholy men, and are at times mistaken for madness.

Such was Gottfried Wolfgang, and such his situation at the time I mentioned. He was returning home late one stormy night, through some of the old and gloomy streets of the Marais, the ancient part of Paris. The loud claps of thunder rattled among the high houses of the narrow streets. He came to the Place de Grève, the square where public executions are performed. The lightning quivered about the pinnacles of

the ancient Hôtel de Ville, and shed flickering gleams over the open space in front. As Wolfgang was crossing the square, he shrunk back with horror at finding himself close by the guillotine. It was the height of the reign of terror, when this dreadful instrument of death stood ever ready, and its scaffold was continually running with the blood of the virtuous and the brave. It had that very day been actively employed in the work of carnage, and there it stood in grim array, amidst a silent and sleeping city, waiting for fresh victims.

Wolfgang's heart sickened within him, and he was turning shuddering from the horrible engine. when he beheld a shadowy form cowering, as it were, at the foot of the steps which led up to the scaffold. A succession of vivid flashes of lightning revealed it more distinctly. It was a female figure, dressed in black. She was seated on one of the lower steps of the scaffold, leaning forward. her face hid in her lap, and her long dishevelled. tresses hanging to the ground, streaming with the rain which fell in torrents. Wolfgang paused. There was something awful in this solitary monument of woe. The female had the appearance of being above the common order. He knew the times to be full of vicissitude, and that many a fair head, which had once been pillowed on down, now wandered houseless. Perhaps this was some poor mourner whom the dreadful axe had rendered desolate, and who sat here heartbroken on the strand of existence, from which all that was dear to her had been launched into eternity.

He approached, and addressed her in the accents of sympathy. She raised her head and gazed wildly at him. What was his astonishment at beholding, by the bright glare of the lightning, the very face which had haunted him in his dreams. It was pale and disconsolate, but ravishingly beautiful.

Trembling with violent and conflicting emotions, Wolfgang again accosted her. He spoke something of her being exposed at such an hour of the night, and to the fury of such a storm, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She pointed to the guillotine with a gesture of dreadful signification.

- " I have no friend on earth!" said she.
- "But you have a home," said Wolfgang.
 - "Yes-in the grave!"

The heart of the student melted at the words.

"If a stranger dare make an offer," said he, "without danger of being misunderstood, I would offer my humble dwelling as a shelter; myself as a devoted friend. I am friendless myself in Paris, and a stranger in the land; but if my life could be of service, it is at your disposal, and should be sacrificed before harm or indignity should come to you."

There was an honest earnestness in the young man's manner that had its effect. His foreign accent, too, was in his favour; it showed him not to be a hackneyed inhabitant of Paris. Indeed there is an eloquence in true enthusiasmenthat is not to be doubted. The homeless stranger confided herself implicitly to the protection of the student.

He supported her faltering steps across the Pont Neuf, and by the place where the statue of Henry the Fourth had been overthrown by the populace. The storm had abated, and the thunder rumbled at a distance. All Paris was quiet; that great volcano of human passion slumbered for a while, to gather fresh strength for the next day's eruption. The student conducted his charge through the ancient streets of the Pays Latin, and by the dusky walls of the Sorbonne, to the great dingy hotel which he inhabited. The old portress who admitted them stared with surprise at the unusual sight of the melancholy Wolfgang with a female companion.

On entering his apartment, the student, for the first time, blushed at the scantiness and indifference of his dwelling. He had but one chamber—an old fashioned saloon—heavily carved and fantastically furnished with the remains of former magnificence, for it was one of those hotels in the quarter of the Luxembourg palace which had once belonged to nobility. It was lumbered with books and papers, and all the usual apparatus of a student, and his bed stood in a recess at one end.

When lights were brought, and Wolfgang had a better opportunity of contemplating the stranger, he was more than ever intoxicated by her beauty. Her face was pale, but of a dazzling fairness, set off by a profusion of raven hair that hung clustering about it. Her eyes were large and brilliant, with a singular expression that approached almost to wildness. As far as her black dress permitted her shape to be seen, it was of perfect symmetry.

Her whole appearance was highly striking, though she was dressed in the simplest style. The only thing approaching to an ornament which she wore was a broad black band round her neck, clasped by diamonds.

The perplexity now commenced with the student how to dispose of the helpless being thus thrown upon his protection. He thought of abandoning his chamber to her, and seeking shelter for himself elsewhere. Still he was so fascinated by her charms, there seemed to be such a spell upon his thoughts and senses, that he could not tear himself from her presence. Her manner, too, was singular and unaccountable. She spoke no more of the guillotine. Her grief had abated. The attentions of the student had first won her confidence, and then, apparently, her heart. She was evidently an enthusiast like himself, and enthusiasts soon understand each other.

In the infatuation of the moment, Wolfgang avowed his passion for her. He told her the story of his mysterious dream, and how she had possessed his heart before he had even seen her. She was strangely affected by his recital, and acknowledged to have felt an impulse toward him equally unaccountable. It was the time for wild theory and wild actions. Old prejudices and superstitions were done away: every thing was under the sway of the "Goddess of Reason." Among other rubbish of the old times, the forms and ceremonies of marriage began to be considered superfluous bonds for honourable minds. Social compacts were the vogue. Wolfgang was too much of a theorist not to be tainted by the liberal doctrines of the day.

"Why should we separate?" said he; "our hearts are united; in the eye of reason and honour we are as one. What need is there of sordid forms to bind high souls together?"

The stranger listened with emotion: she had evidently received illumination at the same school.

"You have no home nor family," continued he; "let me be every thing to you, or rather let us be every thing to one another. If form is necessary, form shall be observed—there is my hand. I pledge myself to you for ever."

" For ever?" said the stranger, solemnly.

" For ever!" repeated Wolfgang.

The stranger clasped the hand extended to her:
"Then I am yours," murmured she, and sunk
upon his bosom.

The next morning the student left his bride sleeping, and sallied forth at an early hour to seek more spacious apartments, suitable to the change in his situation. When he returned, he found the stranger lying with her head hanging over the bed, and one arm thrown over it. He spoke to her, but received no reply. He advanced to awaken her from her uneasy posture. On taking her hand, it was cold—there was no pulsation—her face was pallid and ghastly. In a word—she was a corpse.

Horrified and frantic, he alarmed the house. A scene of confusion ensued. The police was summoned. As the officer of police entered the room, he started back on beholding the corpse.

"Great Heaven!" cried he, "how did this woman come here?"

"Do you know any thing about her?" said Wolfgang, eagerly.

"Do I!" exclaimed the police officer: "she

was guillotined vesterday!"

He stepped forward; undid the black collar round the neck of the corpse, and the head rolled on the floor!

The student burst into a frenzy. "The fiend! the fiend has gained possession of me!" shricked he: "I am lost for ever!"

They tried to sooth him, but in vain. He was possessed with the frightful belief that an evil spirit had reanimated the dead body to ensures him. He went distracted, and died in a madhouse.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LEIXLIP CASTLE.

THE incidents of the following tale are not merely founded on fact, they are facts themselves, which occurred at no very distant period in my own family. The marriage of the parties, their sudden and mysterious separation, and their total alienation from each other until the last period of their mortal existence, are all facts. I cannot vouch for the truth of the supernatural solution given to all these mysteries; but I must still consider the story as a fine specimen of Gothic horrors, and can never forget the impression it made on me when I heard it related for the first time among many other thrilling traditions of the same description.

The tranquillity of the Catholics of Ireland during the disturbed periods of 1715 and 1745, was most commendable, and somewhat extraordinary; to enter into an analysis of their probable motives, is not at all the object of the writer of this tale, as it is pleasanter to state the fact to their honour, than at this distance of time to assign dubious and unsatisfactory reasons for it. Many of them, however, showed a kind of secret disgust at the existing state of affairs, by quitting their family residences, and wandering about like persons who were uncertain of their homes, or possibly expecting better from some near and fortunate contingency.

Among the rest was a Jacobite Baronet, who, sick of his uncongenial situation in a Whig neighbourhood, in the north—where he heard of nothing but the heroic defence of Londonderry; the barbarities of the French generals; and the resistless exhortations of the godly Mr. Walker, a Presbyterian clergyman, to whom the citizens gave the title of "Evangelist;"—quitted his paternal residence, and about the year 1720 hired the Castle of Leixlip for three years (it was then the property of the Conollys, who let it to triennial tenants); and removed thither with his family, which consisted of three daughters—their mother having long been dead.

The Castle of Leixlip, at that period, possessed a character of romantic beauty and feudal grandeur, such as few buildings in Ireland can claim, and which is new, alas, totally effaced by the destruction of its noble woods; on the destroyers of which the writer would wish "a

minstrel's malison were said."-Leixlip, though about seven miles only from Dublin, has all the sequestered and picturesque character that ima: gination could ascribe to a landscape a hundred miles from, not only the metropolis but an inhabited town. After driving a dull mile (an Irish mile) in passing from Lucan to Leixlip, the road, -hedged up on one side by the high wall that bounds the demesne of the Vesevs, and on the other by low enclosures, over whose rugged tops you have no view at all, -at once opens on Leixlip Bridge, at almost a right angle, and displays a luxury of landscape on which the eve that has seen it even in childhood dwells with delighted recollection. Leixlip Bridge, a rude but solid structure, projects from a high bank of the Liffey, and slopes rapidly to the opposite side, which there lies remarkably low. To the right the plantations of the Vesevs' demesne-no longer obscured by walls-almost mingle their dark woods in its stream, with the opposite ones of Marshfield and St. Catharine's. The river is scarcely visible, overshadowed as it is by the deep, rich and bending foliage of the trees. the left it bursts out in all the brilliancy of light. washes the garden steps of the houses of Leixlip. wanders round the low walls of its churchyard. plays with the pleasure-boat moored under the arches on which the summer-house of the Castle is raised, and then loses itself among the rich woods that once skirted those grounds to its very The contrast on the other side, with the luxuriant vegetation, the lighter and more diversified arrangement of terraced walks, scattered

shrubberies, temples seated on pinnacles, and thickets that conceal from you the sight of the river until you are on its banks, that mark the character of the grounds which are now the property of Colonel Marly, is peculiarly striking.

Visible above the highest roofs of the town, though a quarter of a mile distant from them, are the ruins of Confy Castle, a right good old predatory tower of the stirring times when blood was shed like water; and as you pass the bridge you catch a glimpse of the waterfall (or salmonleap, as it is called), on whose noonday lustre, or moonlight beauty, probably the rough livers of that age when Confy Castle was "a tower of strength," never glanced an eye or cast a thought, as they clattered in their harness over Leixlip Bridge, or waded through the stream before that convenience was in existence.

Whether the solitude in which he lived contributed to tranquillize Sir Redmond Blanev's feelings, or whether they had begun to rust from want of collision with those of others, it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that the good baronet began gradually to lose his tenacity in political matters; and, except when a jacobite friend came to dine with him, and drink with many a significant "nod and beck and smile," the king over the water:-or the parish priest (good man) spoke of the hopes of better times. and the final success of the right cause, and the old religion; -or a jacobite servant was heard in the solitude of the large mansion whistling " Charlie is my darling," to which Sir Redmond involuntarily responded in a deep base voice, somewhat the worse for wear, and marked with more emphasis than good discretion;—except, as I have said, on such occasions, the baronet's politics, like his life, seemed passing away without notice or effort. Domestic calamities, too, pressed sorely on the old gentleman: of his three daughters, the youngest, Jane, had disappeared in so extraordinary a manner in her childhood, that though it is but a wild remote family tradition, I cannot help relating it:—

The girl was of uncommon beauty and intelligence, and was suffered to wander about the neighbourhood of the castle with the daughter of a servant, who was also called Jane, as a nom de caresse. One evening Jane Blanev and her young companion went far and deep into the woods: their absence created no uneasiness at the time. as these excursions were by no means unusual, till her playfellow returned home alone and weening, at a very late hour. Her account was, that, in passing through a lane at some distance from the castle, an old woman, in the Fingallian dress. (a red petticoat and a long green jacket), suddenly started out of a thicket, and took Jane Blanev by the arm: she had in her hand two rushes, one of which she threw over her shoulder. and giving the other to the child, motioned to her to do the same. Her young companion, terrified at what she saw, was running away, when Jane Blanev called after her-" Good by, good by, it is a long time before you will see me again." The girl said they then disappeared, and she found her way home as she could. An indefatigable search was immediately commencedwoods were traversed, thickets were explored, ponds were drained, -all in vain. The pursuit and the hope were at length given up. Ten years afterwards, the housekeeper of Sir Redmond, having remembered that she left the key of a closet, where sweetmeats were kept, on the kitchen-table, returned to fetch it. As she approached the door, she heard a childish voice murmuring-" Cold-cold-cold-how long it is since I have felt a fire!"-She advanced, and saw, to her amazement, Jane Blaney, shrunk to half her usual size, and covered with rags, crouching over the embers of the fire. The housekeeper flew in terror from the spot, and roused the servants, but the vision had fled. The child was reported to have been seen several times afterwards, as diminutive in form, as though she had not grown an inch since she was ten years of age, and always crouching over a fire, whether in the turret-room or kitchen, complaining of cold and hunger, and apparently covered with rags. Her existence is still said to be protracted under these dismal circumstances, so unlike those of Lucy Gray in Wordsworth's beautiful ballad :-

Yet some will say, that to this day
She is a living child—
That they have met sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonely wild;
O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And hums a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

The fate of the eldest daughter was more melancholy, though less extraordinary; she was addressed by a gentleman of competent fortune and unexceptionable character: he was a Catholic, moreover; and Sir Redmond Blaney signed the marriage articles, in full satisfaction of the security of his daughter's soul, as well as of her jointure. The marriage was celebrated at the Castle of Leixlip; and, after the bride and bridegroom had retired, the guests still remained drinking to their future happiness, when suddenly, to the great alarm of Sir Redmond and his friends, loud and piercing cries were heard to issue from the part of the castle in which the bridal chamber was situated.

Some of the more courageous hurried up stairs; it was too late—the wretched bridegroom had burst, on that fatal night, into a sudden and most horrible paroxysm of insanity. The mangled form of the unfortunate and expiring lady bore attestation to the mortal virulence with which the disease had operated on the wretched husband, who died a victim to it himself after the involuntary murder of his bride. The bodies were interred, as soon as decency would permit, and the story husbed up.

Sir Redmond's hopes of Jane's recovery were diminishing every day, though he still continued to listen to every wild tale told by the domestics; and all his care was supposed to be now directed towards his only surviving daughter. Anne, living in solitude, and partaking only of the very limited education of Irish females of that period, was left very much to the servants, among whom she increased her taste for superstitious and supernatural horrors, to a degree that had a most disastrous effect on her future life.

Among the numerous menials of the Castle,

there was one "withered crone," who had been nurse to the late Lady Blaney's mother, and whose memory was a complete Thesaurus terrorum. The mysterious fate of Jane first encouraged her sister to listen to the wild tales of this hag, who avouched that at one time she saw the fugitive standing before the portrait of her late mother in one of the apartments of the castle, and muttering to herself-" Woe's me, woe's me! how little my mother thought her wee Jane would ever come to be what she is!" But as Anne grew older, she began more "seriously to incline" to the hag's promises, that she could show her her future bridegroom, on the performance of certain ceremonies, which she at first revolted from as horrible and impious; but, finally, at the repeated instigation of the old woman, consented to act a part in. The period fixed upon for the performance of these unhallowed rites, was now anproaching; -it was near the 31st of October, the eventful night, when such ceremonies were, and still are supposed, in the north of Ireland, to be most potent in their effects. All day long the crone took care to lower the mind of the young lady to the proper key of submissive and trembling credulity, by every horrible story she could relate; and she told them with frightful and supernatural energy. This woman was called Collogue by the family, a name equivalent to gossip in England, or cummer in Scotland (though her real name was Bridget Dease); and she verified the name, by the exercise of an unwearied loquacity, an indefatigable memory, and a rage for communicating and inflicting terror, that spared no victim in the household, from the groom, whom she sent shivering to his rug, to the lady of the Castle, over whom she felt she held unbounded sway.

The 31st of October arrived .- the Castle was perfectly quiet before eleven o'clock; half an hour afterwards, the Collogue and Anne Blanev were seen gliding along a passage that led to what is called King John's Tower, where, it is said, that monarch received the homage of the Irish princes as Lord of Ireland, and which, at all events, is the most ancient part of the struc-The Collogue opened a small door with a key which she had secreted about her, and urged the young lady to hurry on. Anne advanced to the postern, and stood there irresolute and trembling like a timid swimmer on the bank of an unknown stream. It was a dark autumnal evening; a heavy wind sighed among the woods of the Castle, and bowed the branches of the lower trees almost to the waves of the Liffey, which, swelled by recent rains, struggled and roared amid the stones that obstructed its channel. The steep descent from the Castle lay before her, with its dark avenue of elms; a few lights still burned in the little village of Leixlip; but from the lateness of the hour it was probable they would soon be extinguished.

The lady lingered—"And must I go alone?" said she, foreseeing that the terrors of her fearful journey could be aggravated by her more fearful purpose.

"Ye must, or all will be spoiled," said the hag, shading the miserable light, that did not

extend its influence above six inches on the path of the victim. "Ye must go alone—and I will watch for you here, dear, till you come back; and then see what will come to you at twelve o'clock."

The unfortunate girl paused. "Oh! Collogue, Collogue, if you would but come with me. Oh! Collogue, come with me, if it be but to the bottom of the castle-hill."

"If I went with you, dear, we should never reach the top of it alive again, for there are them near that would tear us both in pieces."

"Oh! Collogue, Collogue! let me turn back then, and go to my own room—I have advanced too far, and I have done too much."

"And that's what you have, dear, and so you must go further, and do more still, unless, when you return to your own room, you would see the likeness of some one instead of a handsome young bridegroom."

The young lady looked about her for a moment, terror and wild hope trembling at her heart;—then, with a sudden impulse of supernatural courage, she darted like a bird from the terrace of the Castle, the fluttering of her white garments was seen for a few moments, and then the hag, who had been shading the flickering light with her hand, bolted the postern, and, placing the candle before a glazed loophole, sat down on a stone seat in the recess of the tower, to watch the event of the spell. It was an hour before the young lady returned; when her face was as pale, and her eyes as fixed, as those of a dead body, but she held in her grasp a dripping garment.

a proof that her errand had been performed. She flung it into her companion's hands, and then stood panting and gazing wildly about her as if she knew not where she was. The hag herself grew terrified at the insane and breathless state of her victim, and hurried her to her chamber; but here the preparations for the terrible ceremonies of the night were the first objects that struck her, and, shivering at the sight, she covered her eyes with her hands, and stood immoveably fixed in the middle of the room.

It needed all the hag's persuasions (aided even by mysterious menaces), combined with the returning faculties and reviving curiosity of the poor girl, to prevail on her to go through the remaining business of the night. At length she said, as if in desperation, "I will go through with it: but be in the next room; and if what I dread should happen, I will ring my father's little silver bell, which I have secured for the night,—and, as you have a soul to be saved, Collogue, come to me at its very first sound."

The hag promised, gave her last instructions with eager and jealous minuteness, and then retired to her own room, which was adjacent to that of the young lady. Her candle had burned out; but she stirred up the embers of her turf fire, and sat nodding over them, and smoothing her pallet from time to time, but resolved not to lie down while there was a chance of a sound from the lady's room, for which she herself, withered as her feelings were, waited with a mingled feeling of anxiety and terror.

It was now long past midnight, and all was

silent as the grave throughout the castle. hag dezed over the embers till her head touched her knees, then started up as the sound of the bell seemed to tinkle in her ears, then dozed again, and again started as the bell appeared to tinkle more distinctly: -suddenly she was roused. not by the bell, but by the most piercing and horrible cries from the neighbouring chamber. The crone, aghast for the first time, at the possible consequences of the mischief she might have occasioned, hastened to the room. Anne was in convulsions, and the hag was compelled refuctantly to call up the housekeeper (removing meanwhile the implements of the ceremony), and assist in applying all the specifics known at that day, burnt feathers, &c. to restore her. When they had at length succeeded, the housekeeper was dismissed, the door was bolted, and the Collogue was left alone with Anne: the subject of their conference might have been guessed at, but was not known until many years afterwards; but Anne that night held in her hand, in the shape of a weapon with the use of which neither of them was acquainted, an evidence that her chamber had been visited by a being of no earthly form.

This evidence the hag importuned her to destroy, or to remove, but she persisted with fatal tenacity in keeping it. She locked it up, however, immediately, and seemed to think she had acquired a right, since she had grappled so fearfully with the mysteries of futurity, to know all the secrets of which that weapon might yet lead to the disclosure. But from that night it was

observed that her character, her manner, and even her countenance became altered. She grew stern and solitary, shrunk at the sight of her former associates, and imperatively forbade the slightest allusion to the circumstances which had occasioned this mysterious change.

It was a few days subsequent to this event that Anne, who after dinner had left the chaplain reading the life of St. Francis Xavier to Sir Redmond, and retired to her own room to work, and perhaps to muse, was surprised to hear the bell at the outer gate ring loudly and repeatedly—a sound she had never heard since her first residence in the castle: for the few guests who resorted there came and departed as noiselessly as humble visitors at the house of a great man generally do. Straightway there rode up the avenue of elms, which we have already mentioned, a stately gentleman, followed by four servants, all mounted, the two former having pistols in their holsters, and the two latter carrying saddlebags before them: though it was the first week in November, the dinner hour being one o'clock, Anne had light enough to notice all these circumstances. The arrival of the stranger seemed to cause much, though not unwelcome tumult in the castle; orders were loudly and hastily given for the accommodation of the servants and horses:-steps were heard traversing the numerous passages for a full hour—then all was still: and it was said that Sir Redmond had locked with his own hand the door of the room where he and the stranger sat, and desired that no one should dare to approach it. About two

hours afterwards, a female servant came with orders from her master, to have a plentiful supper ready by eight o'clock, at which he desired the presence of his daughter. The family establishment was on a handsome scale for an Irish house'. and Anne had only to descend to the kitchen to order the roasted chickens to be well strewed with brown sugar according to the unrefined fashion of the day, to inspect the mixing of the bowl of sago with its allowance of a bottle of port wine and a large handful of the richest spices, and to order particularly that the peas pudding should have a huge lump of cold salt butter stuck in its centre; and then, her household cares being over, to retire to her room and array herself in a robe of white damask for the occasion. At eight o'clock she was summoned to the supper-room. She came in, according to the fashion of the times, with the first dish; but as she passed through the ante-room, where the servants were holding lights and bearing the dishes, her sleeve was twitched, and the ghastly face of the Collogue pushed close to hers; while she muttered, "Did not I say he would come for you, dear?" Anne's blood ran cold, but she advanced, saluted her father and the stranger with two low and distinct reverences, and then took her place at the table. Her feelings of awe, and perhaps terror, at the whisper of her associate, were not diminished by the appearance of the stranger; there was a singular and mute solemnity in his manner during the meal. He eat nothing. Sir Redmond appeared constrained, gloomy, and thoughtful. At length, starting, he said (without naming the stranger's name), "You will drink my daughter's health?" The stranger intimated his willingness to have that honour, but absently filled his glass with water; Anne put a few drops of wine into hers, and bowed towards him. At that moment, for the first time since they had met, she beheld his face—it was pale as that of a corpse. The deadly whiteness of his cheeks and lips, the hollow and distant sound of his voice, and the strange lustre of his large dark moveless eyes, strongly fixed on her, made her pause and even tremble as she raised the glass to her lips; she set it down, and then with another silent reverence, retired to her chamber.

There she found Bridget Dease busy in collecting the turf that burned on the hearth, for there was no grate in the apartment. "Why are you here?" she said, impatiently.

The hag turned on her, with a ghastly grin of congratulation, "Did I not tell you that he would come for you?"

"I believe he has," said the unfortunate girl, sinking into the huge wicker chair by her bedside; "for never did I see mortal with such a look."

"But is not he a fine stately gentleman?" pursued the hag.

"He looks as if he were not of this world," said Anne.

"Of this world, or of the next," said the hag, raising her bony fore-finger, "mark my words—so sure as the—(here she repeated some of the horrible formularies of the 31st of October)—so sure he will be your bridegroom."

"Then I shall be the bride of a corse," said Anne: "for he I saw to-night is no living man."

A fortnight clapsed, and whether Anne became reconciled to the features she had thought so ghastly, by the discovery that they were the handsomest she had ever beheld-and that the voice, whose sound at first was so strange and unearthly, was subdued into a tone of plaintive softness when addressing her:-or whether it is impossible for two young persons with unoccupied hearts to meet in the country, and meet often, to gaze silently on the same stream, wander under the same trees, and listen together to the wind that waves the branches, without experiencing an assimilation of feeling rapidly succeeding an assimilation of taste:-or whether it was from all these causes combined; but in less than a month Anne heard the declaration of the stranger's passion with many a blush, though without a sigh. He now avowed his name and rank. He stated himself to be a Scottish baronet, of the name of Sir Richard Maxwell: family misfortunes had driven him from his country, and for ever precluded the possibility of his return: he had transferred his property to Ireland, and purposed to fix his residence there for life. Such was his The courtship of those days was statement. brief and simple. Anne became the wife of Sir Richard, and, I believe, they resided with her father till his death, when they removed to their estate in the North. There they remained for several years, in tranquillity and happiness, and had a numerous family. Sir Richard's conduct. was marked by but two peculiarities: he not only shunned the intercourse, but the sight of any of his countrymen, and, if he happened to hear that a Scotsman had arrived in the neighbouring town, he shut himself up till assured of The other was his the stranger's departure. custom of retiring to his own chamber, and remaining invisible to his family on the anniversary of the 30th of October. The lady, who had her own associations connected with that period, only questioned him once on the subject of this seclusion, and was then solemnly and even sternly enjoined never to repeat her inquiry. stood thus, somewhat mysteriously, but not unhappily, when on a sudden, without any cause assigned or assignable, Sir Richard and Lady Maxwell parted, and never more met in this world: nor was she ever permitted to see one of her children to her dving hour. He continued to live at the family mansion, and she fixed her residence with a distant relative in a remote part of the country. So total was the disunion, that the name of either was never heard to pass the other's lips, from the moment of separation until that of dissolution.

Lady Maxwell survived Sir Richard forty years, living to the great age of ninety-six; and, according to a promise, previously given, disclosed to a descendant with whom she had lived, the following extraordinary circumstances.

She said that, on the night of the 30th of October, about seventy-five years before, at the instigation of her ill advising attendant, she had washed one of her garments in a place where four streams met, and performed other unhal-

lowed ceremonies under the direction of the Collogue, in the expectation that her future husband would appear to her in her chamber at twelve o'clock that night. The critical moment arrived, but with it no loverlike form. A vision of indescribable horror approached her bed, and, flinging at her an iron weapon of a shape and construction unknown to her, bade her "recognise her future husband by that." The terrors of this visit soon deprived her of her senses: but. on her recovery, she persisted, as has been said. in keeping the fearful pledge of the reality of the vision, which, on examination, appeared to be incrusted with blood. It remained concealed in the inmost drawer of her cabinet till the morning of her separation. On that morning, Sir Richard Maxwell rose before daylight to join a hunting party.—he wanted a knife for some accidental purpose, and, missing his own, called to Lady Maxwell, who was still in bed, to lend him one. The lady, who was half asleep, answered, that in such a drawer of her cabinet he would find He went, however, to another; and the next moment she was fully awakened by seeing her husband present the terrible weapon to her throat, and threaten her with instant death unless she disclosed how she came by it. She supplicated for life, and then, in an agony of horror and contrition, told the tale of that eventful night. He gazed at her for a moment with a countenance which rage, hatred, and despair converted. as she avowed, into a living likeness of the demon visage she had once beheld (so singularly was the fated resemblance fulfilled), and then VOL. IV.

exclaiming, "You won me by the devil's aid, but you shall not keep me long," left her-to meet no more in this world. Her husband's secret was not unknown to the lady, though the means by which she became possessed of it were wholly unwarrantable. Her curiosity had been strongly excited by her husband's aversion to his countrymen, and it was so stimulated by the arrival of a Scottish gentleman in the neighbourhood some time before, who professed himself formerly acquainted with Sir Richard, and spoke mysteriously of the causes that drove him from his country-that she contrived to procure an interview with him under a feigned name, and obtained from him the knowledge of circumstances which embittered her after-life to its latest hour. His story was this:-

Sir Richard Maxwell was at deadly feud with a younger brother: a family feast was proposed to reconcile them; and, as the use of knives and forks was then unknown in the Highlands, the company met, armed with their dirks, for the purpose of carving. They drank deeply; the feast, instead of harmonizing, began to inflame their spirits; the topics of old strife were renewed: hands, that at first touched their weapons in defiance, drew them at last in fury, and, in the fray. Sir Richard mortally wounded his brother. His life was with difficulty saved from the vengeance of the clan, and he was hurried towards the seacoast, near which the house stood, and concealed there till a vessel could be procured to couvey him to Ireland. He embarked on the night of the 30th of October, and while he was traversing the deck in unutterable agony of spirit, his hand accidentally touched the dirk which he had unconsciously worn ever since the fatal night. He drew it, and, praying "that the guilt of his brother's blood might be as far from his soul as he could fling that weapon from his body," sent it with all his strength into the air. This instrument he found secreted in the lady's cabinet, and whether he really believed her to have become possessed of it by supernatural means, or whether he feared his wife was a secret witness of his crime, has not been ascertained, but the result was what I have stated.

The separation took place on the discovery :—
for the rest,—

I know not how the truth may be, I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

MATURIN.

THE

FORTUNES OF MARTIN WALDECK.

The solitudes of the Harz forest in Germany, but especially the mountains called Blockberg, or rather Brockenberg, are the chosen scenes for tales of witchcraft, demons, and apparitions. The occupation of the inhabitants, who are either miners or foresters, is of a kind that renders them peculiarly prone to superstition, and the natural phenomena which they witness in pursuit of their solitary or subterraneous profession, are often set down by them to the interference of goblins, or the power of magic. Among the various legends current

in that wild country, there is a favourite one, which supposes the Harz to be haunted by a sort of tutelar demon, in the shape of a wild man, of huge stature, his head wreathed with oak leaves, and his middle cinctured with the same, bearing in his hand a pine torn up by the roots. It is certain that many persons profess to have seen such a form, traversing, with huge strides, the opposite ridge of a mountain, when divided from it by a narrow glen; and, indeed, the fact of the apparition is so generally admitted, that modern scepticism has only found refuge by ascribing it to optical deception.

In elder times, the intercourse of the demon · with the inhabitants was more familiar, and, according to the traditions of the Harz, was wont, with the caprice usually ascribed to these earthborn powers, to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes for their weal, and sometimes for their woe. But it was observed, that even his gifts often turned out, in the long run, fatal to those on whom they were bestowed; and it was no uncommon thing for the pastors, in their care of their flocks, to compose long sermons, the burthen whereof was a warning against having any intercourse, direct or indirect, with the Harz demon. The fortunes of Martin Waldeck have been often quoted by the aged to their giddy children, when they were heard to scoff at a danger which appeared visionary.

A travelling capuchin had possessed himself of the pulpit of the thatched church at a little hamlet called Morgenbrodt, lying in the Harz district, from which he declaimed against the

wickedness of the inhabitants, their communication with fiends, witches, and fairies, and, in particular, with the woodland goblin of the Harz. The doctrines of Luther had already begun to spread among the peasantry, for the incident is placed under the reign of Charles V. and they laughed to scorn the zeal with which the venerable man insisted upon the topic. At length, as his vehemence increased with opposition, so their opposition rose in proportion to his vehemence. The inhabitants did not like to hear an accustomed quiet demon, who had inhabited the Brockenberg for so many ages, summarily confounded with Baal Peor, Ashtaroth, and Beelzebub himself, and condemned without reprieve to the bottomless Tophet. The apprehensions that the spirit might avenge himself on them, for listening to such an illiberal sentence, added to their national interest in his behalf. A travelling friar, they said, that is here to-day and away tomorrow, may say what he pleases; but it is we. the ancient and constant inhabitants of the country, that are left at the mercy of the insulted demon, and must, of course, pay for all. Under the irritation occasioned by these reflections, the peasants, from injurious language, betook themselves to stones, and, having pebbled the priest pretty handsomely, they drove him out of the parish, to preach against demons elsewhere.

Three young men, who had been present and assisting on this occasion, were upon their return to the hut, where they carried on the laborious and mean occupation of preparing charcoal for the smelting furnaces. On their way the con-

versation naturally turned upon the demon of the Harz, and the doctrine of the capuchin. Max and George Waldeck, the two elder brothers. although they allowed the language of the capuchin to have been indiscreet and worthy of censure, as presuming to determine upon the precise character and abode of the spirit, yet contended that it was dangerous, in the highest degree, to accept of his gifts, or hold any communication with him. He was nowerful, they allowed, but wayward and capricious: and those who had intercourse with him seldom came to a good end. Did he not give the brave knight, Ecbert of Ravenwald, that famous black steed. by means of which he vanquished all the champions at the great tournament at Bremen? and did not the same steed afterwards precipitate itself with its rider into an abyss so steep and fearful, that neither horse nor man was ever seen more? Had he not given to Dame Gertrude Frodden a curious spell for making butter come? And was she not burnt for a witch by the grand criminal judge of the electorate, because she availed herself of his gift? But these, and many other instances which they quoted, of mischance and ill luck ultimately attending upon the apparent benefits conferred by the Harz spirit, failed to make any impression upon Martin Waldeck, the youngest of the brothers. Martin was youthful, rash, and impetuous; excelling in all the exercises which distinguish a mountaineer, and brave and undaunted from his familiar intercourse with the dangers that attend them. He laughed at the timidity of his brothers. "Tell me not of such folly," he said: "the demon is a good demon-he lives among us as if he were a peasant like ourselves-haunts the lonely crass and recesses of the mountains like a huntsman or goatherd-and he who loves the Harz forest and its wild scenes cannot be indifferent to the fate of the hardy children of the soil. But, if the demon were as malicious as you would make him, how should he derive power over mortals. who barely avail themselves of his gifts, without binding themselves to submit to his pleasure? When you carry your charcoal to the furnace, is not the money as good that is paid you by blaspheming Blaize, the old reprobate overseer, as if you got it from the pastor himself? It is not the goblin's gifts which can endanger you then, but it is the use you shall make of them that you must account for. And were the demon to appear to me at this moment, and indicate to me a gold or silver mine. I would begin to dig away before his back were turned, and would consider myself as under protection of a much greater than he. while I made a good use of the wealth he pointed out to me.

To this the elder brother replied, that wealth ill won was seldom well spent, while Martin presumptuously declared, that the possession of all the treasures of the Harz would not make the slightest alteration on his habits, morals, or character.

His brother entreated Martin to talk less wildly upon this subject, and with some difficulty contrived to withdraw his attention, by calling it to the consideration of the approaching boar chase. This talk brought them to their hut, a wretched wigwam, situated upon one side of a wild, narrow, and romantic dell, in the recesses of the Brockenberg. They released their sister from waiting upon the operation of charring the wood, which requires constant attention, and divided among themselves the duty of watching it by night, according to their custom, one always waking while his brothers slept.

- Max Waldeck, the eldest, watched during the two first hours of the night, and was considerably alarmed by observing, upon the opposite side of the glen, or valley, a huge fire, surrounded by some figures, that appeared to wheel around it with antic gestures. Max at first bethought himself of calling up his brothers; but recollecting the daring character of the youngest, and finding it impossible to wake the elder without also disturbing him-conceiving also what he saw to be an illusion of the demon, sent, perhaps, in consequence of the venturous expressions used by Martin on the preceding evening, he thought it best to betake himself to the safeguard of such prayers as he could murmur over, and to watch in great terror and annovance this strange and After blazing for some alarming apparition. time, the fire faded gradually away into darkness, and the rest of Max's watch was disturbed only by the remembrance of its terrors.

George now occupied the place of Max, who had retired to rest. The phenomenon of a huge blazing fire, upon the opposite bank of the glen, again presented itself to the eye of the watchman. It was surrounded as before by figures,

which, distinguished by their opaque forms, being between the spectator and the red glaring light, moved and fluctuated round it, as if engaged in some mystical ceremony. George, though equally cautious, was of a bolder character than his elder brother. He resolved to examine more nearly the object of his wonder; and, accordingly, after crossing the rivulet which divided the glen, he climbed up the opposite bank, and approached within an arrow's flight of the fire. which blazed apparently with the same fury as when he first witnessed it.

The appearance of the assistants who surrounded it, resembled those phantoms which are seen in a troubled dream, and at once confirmed the idea he had entertained from the first, that they did not belong to the human world. Amongst these strange unearthly forms, George Waldeck distinguished that of a giant overgrown with hair. holding an uprooted fir in his hand, with which, from time to time, he seemed to stir the blazing fire, and having no other clothing than a wreath of oak leaves round his forehead and loins. George's heart sunk within him at recognising the well known apparition of the Harz demon, as he had been often described to him by the ancient shepherds and huntsmen who had seen his form traversing the mountains. He turned. and was about to fly; but, upon second thoughts, blaming his own cowardice, he recited mentally the verse of the Psalmist, "All good angels praise the Lord!" which is in that country supposed powerful as an exorcism, and turned himself once more towards the place where he had VOL. IV. G

seen the fire. But it was no longer visible, the pale moon alone enlightened the side of the valley; and when George, with trembling steps, a moist brow, and hair bristling upright under his collier's cap, came to the spot where the fire had been so lately visible, marked as it was by a scathed oak tree, there appeared not on the heath the slightest vestige of what he had seen. The moss and wild flowers were unscorched, and the branches of the oak tree, which had so lately appeared enveloped in wreaths of flame and smoke, were moist with the dews of midnight.

George returned to his hut, and, arguing like his elder brother, resolved to say nothing of what he had seen, lest he should awake in Martin that daring curiosity which he almost deemed to be allied with impiety.

It was now Martin's turn to watch. household cock had given his first summons, and the night was well nigh spent. Upon examining the state of the furnace, in which the wood was deposited in order to its being coked or charred. he was surprised to find that the fire had not been sufficiently maintained; for, in his excursion and its consequences, George had forgotten the principal object of his watch. Martin's first thought was to call up the slumberers; but, observing that both his brothers slept unwontedly deep and heavily, he respected their repose, and set himself to supply the furnace with fuel without requiring their aid. What he heaped upon it was apparently damp and unfit for the purpose. for the fire seemed rather to decay than to revive.

Martin next went to collect some boughs from a stack which had been carefully cut and dried for this purpose; but, when he returned, he found the fire totally extinguished. This was a serious evil, and threatened them with the loss of their trade for more than one day. The vexed and mortified watchman set about to strike a light. in order to rekindle the fire, but the tinder was moist, and his labour proved in this respect also ineffectual. He was now about to call up his brothers, for circumstances seemed to be pressing, when flashes of light glimmered not only through the window, but through every crevice of the rudely built hut, and summoned him to behold the same apparition which had before alarmed the successive watches of his brethren. His first idea was, that the Muhlladhausers, their rivals in trade, and with whom they had had many quarrels, might have encroached upon their bounds for the purpose of pirating their wood, and he resolved to awake his brothers. and be revenged on them for their audacity. But a short reflection and observation on the gestures and manners of those who seemed to " work the fire," induced him to dismiss this belief, and although rather sceptical in such matters, to conclude that what he saw was a supernatural phenomenon. "But be they men or fiends," said the undaunted forester, "that busy themselves vonder with such fantastical rites and gestures. I will go and demand a light to rekindle our furnace." He relinquished, at the same time, the idea of awaking his brothren. There was a belief that such adventures as he was about to undertake were accessible only to one person at a time; he feared also that his brothers, in their scrupulous timidity, might interfere to prevent his pursuing the investigation he had resolved to commence; and therefore, snatching his boar spear from the wall, the undaunted Martin Waldeck set forth on the adventure alone.

With the same success as his brother George. but with courage far superior, Martin crossed the brook, ascended the hill, and approached so near the ghostly assembly, that he could recognise, in the presiding figure, the attributes of the Harz demon. A cold shuddering assailed him for the first time in his life; but the recollection that he had at a distance dared and even courted the intercourse which was now about to take place, confirmed his staggering courage, and pride supplying what he wanted in resolution, he advanced with tolerable firmness towards the fire, the figures which surrounded it appearing still more wild, fantastical, and supernatural the more near he approached to the assembly. was received with a loud shout of discordant and unnatural laughter, which, to his stunned ears, seemed more alarming than a combination of the most dismal and melancholy sounds that could be imagined. "Who art thou?" said the giant, compressing his savage and exaggerated features into a sort of forced gravity, while they were occasionally agitated by the convulsion of the laughter which he seemed to suppress.

"Martin Waldeck, the forester," answered the hardy youth;—" and who are you?"

"The King of the Waste and of the Mine,"

answered the spectre;—" and why hast thou dared to encroach on my mysteries?"

"I came in search of light to rekindle my fire," answered Martin hardily; and then resolutely asked in his turn, "What mysteries are those that you celebrate here?"

"We celebrate," answered the complaisant demon, "the wedding of Hermes with the Black Dragon. But take thy fire that thou camest to seek, and begone.—No mortal may long look on us and live."

The peasant stuck his spear point into a large piece of blazing wood, which he heaved up with some difficulty, and then turned round to regain his hut, the shouts of laughter being renewed behind him with treble violence, and ringing far down the narrow valley. When Martin returned to the hut, his first care, however much astonished with what he had seen, was to dispose the kindled coal among the fuel, so as might best light the fire of his furnace; but after many efforts. and all exertions of bellows and fire prong, the coal he had brought from the demon's fire became totally extinct, without kindling any of the other. He turned about, and observed the fire still blazing on the hill, although those who had been busied about it had disappeared. conceived the spectre had been jesting with him. he gave way to the natural hardihood of his temper, and, determining to see the adventure to an end, resumed the road to the fire, from which, unopposed by the demon, he brought off in the same manner a blazing piece of charcoal, but still without being able to succeed in lighting his fire. Impunity having increased his rashness, he resolved upon a third experiment, and was as successful as before in reaching the fire; but, when he had again appropriated a piece of burning coal, and had turned to depart, he heard the same harsh supernatural voice which had before accested him, pronounce these words, "Dare not to return hither a fourth time!"

The attempt to rekindle the fire with this last coal having proved as ineffectual as on the former occasions. Martin relinquished his hopeless attempts, and flung himself on his bed of leaves, resolving to delay till the next morning the communication of his supernatural adventure to his brothers. He was awakened from a heavy sleep. into which he had sunk from fatigue of body and agitation of mind, by loud exclamations of surprise and joy. His brothers, astonished at finding the fire extinguished when they awoke, had proceeded to arrange the fuel in order to renew it, when they found in the ashes three huge metallic masses, which their skill (for most of the peasants in the Harz are practical mineralogists) immediately ascertained to be pure gold.

It was some damp upon their joyful congratulations when they learned from Martin the mode in which he had obtained this treasure, to which their own experience of the nocturnal vision induced them to give full credit. But they were unable to resist the temptation of sharing in their brother's wealth. Taking now upon him as head of the house, Martin Waldeck bought lands and forests, built a castle, obtained a patent of nobility, and, greatly to the scorn of the ancient

aristocracy of the neighbourhood, was invested with all the privileges of a man of family. courage in public war, as well as in private feuds. together with the number of retainers whom he kept in pay, sustained him for some time against the odium which was excited by his sudden elevation, and the arrogance of his pretensions. And now it was seen in the instance of Martin Waldeck, as it has been in that of many others. how little mortals can foresee the effect of sudden prosperity on their own dispositions. The evil dispositions of his nature, which poverty had checked and repressed, ripened and bore their unhallowed fruit under the influence of temptation and the means of indulgence. As deep calls unto deep, one bad passion awakened another; the fiend of avarice invoked that of pride, and pride was to be supported by cruelty and oppression. Waldeck's character, always bold and daring, but rendered harsh and assuming by prosperity, soon made him odious, not to the nobles only, but likewise to the lower ranks. who saw, with double dislike, the oppressive rights of the feudal pobility of the empire so remorselessly exercised by one who had risen from the very dregs of the people. His adventure, though carefully concealed, began likewise to be whispered abroad, and the clergy already stigmatized as a wizard and accomplice of fiends the wretch, who, having acquired so huge a treasure in so strange a manner, had not sought to sanctify it by dedicating a considerable portion to the use of the church. Surrounded by enemies, public and private, tormented by a thousand feuds, and threatened by the church with excommunication, Martin Waldeck, or, as we must now call him, the Baron Von Waldeck, often regretted bitterly the labours and sports of his unenvied poverty. But his courage failed him not under all these difficulties, and seemed rather to augment in proportion to the danger which darkened around him, until an accident precipitated his fall.

A proclamation by the reigning Duke of Brunswick had invited to a solemn tournament all German nobles of free and honourable descent. and Martin Waldeck, splendidly armed, accompanied by his two brothers, and a gallantly equipped retinue, had the arrogance to appear among the chivalry of the province, and demand permission to enter the lists. This was considered as filling up the measure of his presumption. A thousand voices exclaimed, "We will have no cinder-sifter mingle in our games of chivalry." Irritated to frenzy, Martin drew his sword, and hewed down the herald, who, in compliance with the general outcry, opposed his entrance into the lists. A hundred swords were unsheathed to avenge what was in those days regarded as a crime only inferior to sacrilege or regicide. Waldeck, after defending himself like a lion, was seized, tried on the spot by the judges of the lists, and condemned, as the appropriate nunishment for breaking the peace of his sovereign, and violating the sacred person of a herald at arms, to have his right hand struck from his body, to be ignominiously deprived of the honour of nobility, of which he was unworthy, and to be

expelled from the city. When he had been stripped of his arms, and sustained the mutilation imposed by this severe sentence, the unhappy victim of ambition was abandoned to the rabble. who followed him with threats and outcries. levelled alternately against the necromancer and the oppressor, which at length ended in violence. His brothers (for his retinue were fled and dispersed) at length succeeded in rescuing him from the hands of the populace, when, satiated with cruelty, they had left him half dead through loss of blood, and through the outrages he had sus-They were not permitted, such was the ingenious cruelty of their enemies, to make use of any other means of removing him, excepting such a collier's cart as they had themselves formerly used, in which they deposited their brother on a truss of straw, scarcely expecting to reach any place of shelter ere death should rescue him from his misery.

When the Waldecks, journeying in this miserable manner, had approached the verge of their native country, in a hollow way, between two mountains, they perceived a figure advancing towards them, which, at first sight, appeared to be an aged man; but, as he approached, his limbs and stature increased, the cloak fell from his shoulders, his pilgrim's staff was changed into an uprooted pine tree, and the gigantic figure of the Harz demon passed before them in his terrors. When he came opposite to the cart which contained the miserable Waldeck, his huge features dilated into a grin of unutterable con-

tempt and malignity, as he asked the sufferer, "How like you the fire my coals have kindled?" The power of motion, which terror suspended in his two brothers, seemed to be restored to Martin by the energy of his courage. He raised himself on the cart, bent his brows, and, clenching his fist, shook it at the spectre with a ghastly look of hate and defiance. The goblin vanished with his usual tremendous and explosive laugh, and left Waldeck exhausted with the effort of expiring nature.

The terrified brethren turned their vehicle towards the towers of a convent, which arose in a wood of pine trees beside the road. They were charitably received by a barefooted and long-bearded capuchin, and Martin survived only to complete the first confession he had made since the day of his sudden prosperity, and to receive absolution from the very priest whom, precisely on that day three years, he had assisted to pelt out of the hamlet of Morgenbrodt. The three years of precarious prosperity were supposed to have a mysterious correspondence with the number of his visits to the spectral fire upon the hill.

The body of Martin Waldeck was interred in the convent where he expired, in which his brothers, having assumed the habit of the order, lived and died in the performance of acts of charity and devotion. His lands, to which no one asserted any claim, lay waste until they were reassumed by the emperor as a lapsed fief, and the ruins of the castle, which Waldeck had called by his own name, are still shunned by the miner

and forester, as haunted by evil spirits. Thus were the miseries attendant upon wealth, hastily attained and ill employed, exemplified in the fortunes of Martin Waldeck.

SIR W. SCOTT.

MARTHA THE GIPSY.

LONDON may appear an unbefitting scene for a story so romantic as that, which I have here set down: but, strange and wild as is the tale I have to tell, it is true; and therefore the scene of action shall not be changed; nor will I alter nor vary from the truth, save that the names of the personages in my domestic drama shall be fictious.

To say that I am superstitious would be, in the minds of many wise personages, to write myself down an ass; but to say that I do not believe that which follows, as I am sure it was believed by him who related it to me, would be to discredit the testimony of a friend, as honourable and brave as ever trod the earth. He has been snatched from the world, of which he was a bright ornament, and has left more than his sweet suffering widow and his orphan children, affectionately to deplore his loss.

It is, I find, right and judicious most carefully and publicly, to disavow a belief in supernatural visitings; but it will be long before I become either so wise or so bold as to make any such unqualified declaration. I am not weak enough to imagine myself surrounded by spirits and phantoms, or jostling through a crowd of spectres, as

I walk the streets; neither do I give credence to all the idle tales of ancient dames, or frightened children, touching such matters: but when I breathe the air, and see the grass grow under my feet, I cannot but feel that He who gives me power to inhale the one, or stand erect upon the other, has also the power to use for special purposes such means and agency, as he, in his wisdom may see fit; and which, in point of fact, are not more incomprehensible to us, than the very simplest effects which we every day witness, arising from unknown causes.

Philosophers may pore, and in the might of their littleness, and the erudition of their ignorance, develope and disclose, argue and discuss; but when the sage, who sneers at the possibility of ghosts, will explain to me the doctrine of attraction and gravitation, or tell me why the wind blows, why the tides ebb and flow, or why the light shines—effects perceptible by all men—then will I admit the justice of his incredulity—then will I join the ranks of the incredulous.—However, a truce with my views and reflections: proceed we to the narrative.

In the vicinity of Bedford-square lived a respectable and honest man, whose name the reader will be pleased to consider, Harding. He had married early; his wife was an exemplary woman; and his son and daughter were grown into that companionable age, at which children repay, with their society and accomplishments, the tender cares which parents bestow upon their offspring in their early infancy.

Mr. Harding held a responsible and respectable

situation under the government, in an office in Somerset House. His income was adequate to all his wants and wishes; his family was a family of love; and perhaps, taking into consideration the limited desires of what may be fairly called middling life, no man was ever more contented, or better satisfied with his lot, than he.

Maria Harding, his daughter, was a modest, unassuming, and interesting girl, full of feeling and gentleness. She was timid and retiring; but the modesty which cast down her fine black eyes, could not veil the intellect which beamed in them. Her health was by no means strong; and the paleness of her cheek—too frequently, alas! lighted by the hectic flush of our indigenous complaint—gave a deep interest to her countenance. She was watched and reared by her tender mother, with all the care and attention which a being so delicate and so ill suited to the perils and troubles of this world demanded.

George, her brother, was a bold and intelligent lad, full of rude health and fearless independence. His character was frequently the subject of his father's contemplation: and he saw in his disposition, his mind, his pursuits, and propensities, the promise of future success in active life.

With these children, possessing as they did the most enviable characteristics of their respective sexes, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, with thankfulness to Providence, acknowledged their happiness, and their perfect satisfaction, with the portion assigned to them in this transitory world.

Maria was about nineteen, and had, as was natural, attracted the regards, and thence gra-

dually chained the affections, of a distant relative, whose ample fortune, added to his personal and mental good qualities, rendered him a most acceptable suitor to her parents, which Maria's heart silently acknowledged he would have been to her, had he been poor and pennyless.

The father of this intended husband of Maria was a man of importance, possessing much personal interest, through which, George, the brother of his intended daughter-in-law, was to be placed in that diplomatic seminary in Downingstreet, whence, in due time, he was to rise through all the grades of office, (which, with his peculiar talents, his friends, and especially his mother, was convinced he would so ably fill), and at last turn out an ambassador, as mighty and mysterious as my Lord Belmont, of whom I have had occasion to speak in another part of this collection of narratives.

The parents, however, of young Langdale and of Maria Harding were agreed, that there was no necessity for hastening the alliance between their families, seeing that the united ages of the couple did not exceed thirty-nine years; and seeing, moreover, that the elder Mr. Langdale, for private reasons of his own, wished his son to attain to the age of twenty-one before he married; and seeing, moreover still, that Mrs. Langdale, who was little more than six-and-thirty years of age herself, had reasons, which she also meant to be private, for seeking to delay as much as possible, a ceremony, the result of which, in all probability, would confer upon her, somewhat too early in life to be agreeable to a lady of her

habits and propensities, the formidable title of grandmamma.

How curious it is, when one takes up a little bit of society, (as a geologist crumbles and twists a bit of earth in his hand, to ascertain its character and quality), to look into the motives and manoeuvrings of all the persons connected with it: the various workings, the indefatigable labours, which all their little minds are undergoing to bring about divers and sundry little points. perfectly unconnected with the great end in view: but which, for private and hidden objects, each of them is toiling to carry. Nobody, but those who really understood Mrs. Langdale, understood why she so readily acquiesced in the desire of her husband to postpone the marriage for another twelvemonth. A stranger would have seen only the dutiful wife according with the sensible husband; but I knew her, and knew that there must be more than met the eye or the ear, in that sympathy of feeling between her and Mr. Langdale, which was not upon ordinary occasions so evidently displayed.

Like the waterman who pulls one way and looks another, Mrs. Langdale aided the entreaties and seconded the commands of her loving spouse, touching the seasonable delay of which I am speaking; and it was agreed, that immediately after the coming of age of Frederick Langdale, and not before, he was to lead to the hymeneal altar the delicate and timid Maria Harding.

The affair got whispered about; George's fortune in life was highly extolled—Maria's excessive happiness prophesied by every body of their acquaintance; and already had sundry younger ladies, daughters and nieces of those who discussed these matters in divan after dinner, begun to look upon poor Miss Harding with envy and maliciousness, and wonder what Mr. Frederick Langdale could see in her: she was proclaimed to be insipid, inanimate, shy, bashful, and awkward; nay, some went so far as to discover that she was absolutely awry.

Still, however, Frederick and Maria went loving on; and their hearts grew as one; so truly, so fondly were they attached to each other. George, who was somewhat of a plague to the pair of lovers, was luckily at Oxford, reading away till his head ached, to qualify himself for a degree, and the distant duties of the office whence he was to cull bunches of diplomatic laurels, and whence were to issue rank and title, and ribands and crosses innumerable.

Things were in this prosperous state, the bark of life rolling gaily along before the breeze, when Mr. Harding was one day proceeding from his residence, to his office in Somerset-place, and in passing along Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, was accosted by one of those female gipsies who are found begging in the streets of the metropolis, and especially in the particular part of the town in question: "Pray remember poor Martha the gipsy," said the woman: "give me a halfpenny for charity, sir."

Mr. Harding was a subscriber to the Mendicity Society, an institution which proposes to check beggary by the novel mode of giving

nothing to the poor: moreover, he was a magistrate—moreover, he had no change; and he desired the woman to go about her business.

All availed him nothing; she still followed him, and reiterated the piteous cry, "Pray remember poor Martha the gipsy."

At length, irritated by the perseverance of the woman—for even subordinates in government hate to be solicited importunately—Mr. Harding, contrary to his usual custom, and contrary to the customary usages of modern society, turned hastily round and fulminated an oath against the supplicating vagrant.

"Curse!" said Martha: "have I lived to this? Hark ye, man—poor, weak, haughty man! Mark me—look at me!"

He did look at her; and beheld a countenance on fire with rage. A pair of eyes blacker than jet, and brighter than diamonds, glared like stars upon him; her black hair dishevelled, hung over her olive cheeks; and a row of teeth whiter than the driven snow displayed themselves from between a pair of coral lips, in a dreadful smile, a ghastly sneer of contempt which mingled in her passion. Harding was riveted to the spot; and, what between the powerful fascination of her superhuman countenance, and the dread of a disturbance, he paused to listen to her.

"Mark me, sir," said Martha; "you and I shall meet again. Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful; but the third will be the last!"

There was a solemnity in this appeal which struck to his heart, coming as it did, only from a vol. IV.

vagrant outcast. Passengers were approaching; and wishing, he knew not why, to soothe the ire of the angry woman, he mechanically drew from his pocket some silver, which he tendered to her.

- "There, my good woman—there," said he, stretching forth his hand.
- "Good woman!" retorted the hag. "Money now? I—I that have been cursed? 'tis all too late, proud gentleman—the deed is done, the curse be now on you." Saying which, she tossed her ragged red cloak across her shoulder, and hurried from his sight, across the street by the side of the chapel, into the recesses of St. Giles's.

Harding felt a most extraordinary sensation: he felt grieved that he had spoken so harshly to the poor creature, and returned his shillings to his pocket with regret. Of course fear of the fulfilment of her predictions did not mingle with any of his feelings on the occasion; and he proceeded to his office in Somerset-place, and performed all the official duties of reading the opposition newspapers, discussing the leading politics of the day with the head of another department, and of signing his name three times, before four o'clock.

Martha the gipsy, however, although he had poohpoohed her out of his memory, would ever and anon flash across his mind; her figure was indelibly stamped upon his recollection; and though, of course, as I before said, a man of his firmness and intellect could care nothing, one way or another, for the maledictions of an ignorant, illiterate being like a gipsy, still his feelings—

whence arising I know not—prompted him to call a hackney coach, and proceed en voiture to his house, rather than run the risk of encountering the metropolitan sibyl, under whose forcible denunciation he was actually labouring.

There is a period in each day of the lives of married people, at which, I am given to understand, a more than ordinarily unreserved communication of facts and feelings takes place; when all the world is shut out, and the two beings, who are in truth but only one, commune together freely and fully upon the occurrences of the past day. At this period, the else sacred secrets of the drawing-room coterie, and the tellable jokes of the after-dinner convivialists, are mutually interchanged by the fond pair, who, by the barbarous customs of uncivilized Britain, have been separated during part of the preceding evening.

Then it is, that the husband informs his anxious consort how he has forwarded his worldly views with such a man—how he has carried his point in such a quarter—what he thinks of the talents of one, of the character of another; while the communicative wife gives her view of the same subjects, founded upon what she has gathered from the individuals composing the female cabinet, and explains why she thinks he must have been deceived upon this point, or misled upon that. And thus, in recounting, in arguing, in discussing and descanting, the blended interests of the happy pair are strengthened, their best hopes nourished, and, perhaps, eventually realized.

A few friends at dinner, and some refreshers

in the evening, had prevented Harding from saying a word to his beloved Eliza about the gipsy: and perhaps, till the "witching time" which I have attempted to define, he would not have mentioned the occurrence even had they been alone. Most certainly he did not think the less of the horrible vision; and when the company had dispersed, and the affectionate couple had retired to rest, he stated the circumstance exactly as it had occurred, and received from his fair lady just such an answer as a prudent, intelligent, and discreet woman of sense would give to such a communication. She vindicated his original determination not to be imposed uponwondered at his subsequent willingness to give, to such an undeserving object, while he had three or four soup-tickets in his pocket-was somewhat surprised that he had not consigned the bold intruder to the hands of the beadleand, ridiculing the impression which the hag's appearance seemed to have made upon her husband's mind, narrated a tour performed by herself with some friends to Norwood, when she was a girl, and when one of those very women had told her fortune, not one word of which ever came true-and, in a discussion of some length, animadverting strongly upon the weakness and implety of putting faith in the savings of such creatures, she fell fast asleep.

Not so, Harding: he was restless and worried, and felt that he would give the world to be able to recall the curse which he had rashly uttered against the poor woman. Helpless as she was, and in distress, why did his passion conquer his

judgment? Why did he add to the bitterness of refusal the sting of malediction? However, it was useless to regret that which was past—and, wearied and mortified with his reflections, he at length followed his better half into that profound slumber, which the length and subject of his harangue had so comfortably ensured her.

The morning came, and brightly beamed the sun-that is, as brightly as it can beam in Lon-The office hour arrived : and Mr. Harding proceeded, not by Charlotte-street, to Somerset House, such was his dread of seeing the ominous woman. It is quite impossible to describe the effect produced upon him by the apprehension of encountering her: if he heard a female voice behind him in the street, he trembled, and feared to look round, lest he should behold Martha. In turning a corner he proceeded carefully and cautiously, lest he should come upon her, unexpectedly; in short, wherever he went, whatever he did, his actions, his movements, his very words, were controlled and constrained by the horror of beholding her again.

The words she had uttered rang incessantly in his ears; nay, such possession had they taken of him, that he had written them down and sealed the document which contained them. "Thrice shall you see me before you die. My visitings will be dreadful: but the third will be the last."

"Calais" was not imprinted more deeply on our queen's heart, than these words upon that of Harding; but he was ashamed of the strength of his feelings, and placed the paper wherein he had recorded them, at the very bottom of his deak.

Meanwhile Frederick Langdale was unremitting in his attentions to Maria: but, as is too often the case, the bright sunshine of their loves was Her health, always delicate, now appeared still more so, and at times her anxious parents felt a solicitude upon her account, new to them: for symptoms of consumption had shown themselves, which the faculty, although they spoke of them lightly to the fond mother and to the gentle patient, treated with such care and caution, as gave alarm to those who could see the progress of the fatal disease, which was unnoticed by Maria herself, who anticipated parties and pleasure and gaieties in the coming spring, which the doctors thought it but too probable she might never enjoy.

That Mr. Langdale's punctilio, or Mrs. Langdale's excessive desire for apparent juvenility. should have induced the postponement of Maria's marriage was, indeed, a melancholy circumstance. The agitation, the surprise, the hope deferred, which weighed upon the sweet girl's mind, and that doubting dread of something unexpected. which lovers always feel, bore down her spirits and injured her health: whereas, had the marriage been celebrated, the relief she would have experienced from all her apprehensions, added to the tour of France and Italy, which the happy couple were to take immediately after their union, would have restored her to health, while it ensured her happiness. This, however, was not to be.

It was now some three months since poor Mr. Harding's rencontre with Martha; and ha-

bit, and time, and constant avocation had conspired to free his mind from the dread she at first inspired. Again he smiled and joked, again he enjoyed society, and again dared to take the nearest road to Somerset House; nay, he had so far recovered from the unaccountable terror he had originally felt, that he went to his desk, and selecting the paper wherein he had set down the awful denunciation of the hag, deliberately tore it into bits, and witnessed its destruction in the fire, with something like real satisfaction, and a determination never more to think upon so silly an affair.

Frederick Langdale was, as usual, with his betrothed, and Mrs. Harding enjoying the egotism of the lovers (for, as I said before, lovers think their conversation the most charming in the world, because they talk of nothing but themselves), when his curricle was driven up to the door to convey him to Tattersall's, where his father had commissioned him to look at a horse, or horses, which he intended to purchase; and Frederick was, of all things in the world, the best possible judge of a horse.

To this sweeping dictum, Mr. Harding, however, was not willing to assent; and therefore, in order to have the full advantage of two heads, which, as the proverb says, are better than one, the worthy father-in-law elect proposed accompanying the youth to the auctioneers at Hyde-Park-Corner, it being one of those few privileged days when the labourers in our public offices make holiday. The proposal was hailed with delight by the young man, who, in order to

show due deference to his elder friend, gave the reins to Mr. Harding, and bowing their adieux to the ladies at the window, away they went, the splendid cattle of Mr. Langdale prancing and curvetting, fire flaming from their eyes, and smoke breathing from their nostrils.

The elder gentleman soon found that the horses were somewhat beyond his strength, even putting his skill wholly out of the question, and in turning into Russell-street, proposed giving the reins to Frederick. By some misunderstanding of words in the alarm which Harding felt. Frederick did not take the reins which he (perfectly confounded) tendered to him. They slipped over the dashing iron between the horses, who thus freed from restraint, reared wildly in the air, and plunging forward dashed the vehicle against a post, and precipitated Frederick and Harding on the curb-stone: the off-horse kicked desperately as the carriage became entangled and impeded, and struck Frederick a desperate blow Harding, whose right arm and on the head. collar-bone were broken, raised himself on his left hand, and saw Frederick weltering in blood apparently lifeless before him. The infuriated animals again plunged forward with the shattered remnant of the carriage, and as this object was removed from his sight, the wretched father-inlaw beheld, looking upon the scene with a fixed and an unmoved countenance - MARTHA THE GIPSY.

It was doubtful whether the appearance of this horrible vision, coupled as it was with the verification of her prophecy, had not a more dreadful effect upon Mr. Harding than the sad reality before him. He trembled, sickened, fainted, and fell senseless on the ground.

Assistance was promptly procured, and the wounded sufferers were carefully removed to their respective dwellings. Frederick Langdale's sufferings were much greater than those of his companion, and in addition to severe fractures of two of his limbs, the wound upon the head presented a most terrible appearance, and excited the greatest alarm in his medical attendants.

. Mr. Harding, whose temperate course of life was greatly advantageous to his case, had suffered comparatively little: a simple fracture of the arm and dislocation of the collar-bone, (which was the extent of his misfortune), were, by skilful treatment and implicit obedience to professional commands, soon pronounced in a state of improvement: but a wound had been inflicted which no doctor could heal. The conviction that the woman, whose anger he had incurred, had, if not the power of producing evil, at least a prophetic spirit, and that he had twice again to see her before the fulfilment of her prophecy. struck deep into his mind: and although he felt himself more at ease when he had communicated to Mrs. Harding the fact of having seen the gipsy at the moment of the accident, it was impossible for him to rally from the shock which his nerves had received. It was in vain he tried to shake off the perpetual apprehension of again beholding her.

Frederick Langdale remained for some time in a very precarious state. All visitors were ex-

cluded from his room, and a wretched space of two months passed, during which his affectionate Maria had never been allowed to see him, nor to write to, nor to hear from him. While her constitution, like that of my poor Fanny Meadows, was gradually giving way to the constant operation of solicitude and sorrow.

Mr. Harding meanwhile recovered rapidly, but his spirits did not keep pace with his mending health: the dread he felt of quitting his house, the tremor excited in his breast by a knocking at the door, or the approach of a footstep, lest the intruder should be the basilisk Martha, were not to be described; and the appearance of his poor Maria did not tend to dissipate the gloom which hung over his mind.

When Frederick at length was sufficiently recovered to receive visitors, Maria was not sufficiently well to visit him: she was too rapidly sinking into an early grave, and even the physician himself appeared desirous of preparing her parents for the worst, while she, full of the symptomatic prospectiveness of the disease, talked anticipatingly of future happiness, when Frederick would be sufficiently reestablished to visit her.

At length, however, the doctors suggested a change of air—a suggestion instantly attended to, but alas! too late; the weakness of the poor girl was such, that upon a trial of her strength it was found inexpedient to attempt her removal.

In this terrible state, separated from him whose all she was, did the exemplary patient linger, and life seemed flickering in her flushing cheek; and her eye was sunken, and her parched lip quivered with pain.

It was at length agreed, that on the following day Frederick Langdale might be permitted to visit her:-his varied fractures were reduced. and the wound on the head had assumed a favourable appearance. The carriage was ordered to convey him to the Hardings at one, and the physician advised by all means, that Maria should be apprized of and prepared for the meeting, the day previous to its taking place. Those who are parents, and those alone, will be able to understand the tender solicitude, the warv caution with which both her father and mother proceeded in a disclosure, so important as the medical men thought, to her recovery -so careful that the coming joy should be imparted gradually to their suffering child, and that all the mischiefs resulting from an abrupt announcement should be avoided.

They sat down by her—spoke of Frederick—Maria joined in the conversation—raised herself in her bed—by degrees, hope was excited that she might soon again see him—this hope was gradually improved into certainty—the period at which it might occur spoken of—that period again progressively diminished: the anxious girl caught the whole truth—she knew it—she was conscious that she should behold him on the morrow—she burst into a flood of tears and sank down upon her pillow.

At that moment the bright sun, which was shining in all its splendour, beamed into the room, and fell strongly upon her flushed countenance.

"Draw the blind down, my love," said Mrs. Harding to her husband. Harding rose and proceeded to the window.

A shriek of horror burst from him—" She is there!" exclaimed he.

- " Who?" cried his astonished wife.
- " She-she-the horrid she!"

Mrs. Harding ran to the window and beheld on the opposite side of the street, with her eyes fixed attentively on the house—Martha, the GIPSY.

. "Draw down the blind, my love, and come away; pray come away," said Mrs. Harding.

Harding drew down the blind.

"What evil is at hand?" sobbed the agonized man.

A loud scream from Mrs. Harding, who had returned to the bedside, was the horrid answer to his painful questions.

Maria was dead!

Twice of the thrice had he seen the dreadful fiend in human shape; each visitation was (as she had foretold) to surpass the preceding one, in its importance of horror—What could surpass this?

Before the afflicted parents lay their innocent child stretched in the still sleep of death; neither of them believed it true—it seemed like a horrid dream. Harding was bewildered, and turned from the corpse of his beloved, to the window he had just left. Martha was gone—and he heard her singing a wild and joyous air at the other end of the street.

The servants were summoned—medical aid was called in—but it was all too late! and the

wretched parents were doomed to mourn their loved, their lost Maria. George, her fond and affectionate brother, who was at Oxford, hastened from all the academic honours which were waiting him, to follow to her grave his beloved sister.

The effect upon Frederick Langdale was most dreadful, it was supposed that he would never recover from a shock so great, and at the moment so unexpected; for, although the delicacy of her constitution was a perpetual source of uneasiness and solicitude, still the immediate symptoms had taken rather a favourable turn during the last few days of her life, and had reinvigorated the hopes which those who so dearly loved her, entertained of her eventual recovery. Of this distressed voung man I never indeed heard any thing, till about three years after, when I saw it announced in the papers that he was married to the only daughter of a rich west-country baronet. which, if I wanted to work out a proverb here, would afford me a most admirable opportunity of doing so.

The death of poor Maria, and the dread which her father entertained of the third visitation of Martha, made the most complete change in the affairs of the family. By the exertion of powerful interest, he obtained an appointment for his son to act as his deputy in the office which he held, and having achieved this desired object, resolved on leaving England for a time, and quitting a neighbourhood where he must be perpetually exposed to the danger which he was now perfectly convinced was inseparable from his next interview with the weird woman.

George, of course, thus checked in his classical pursuits, left Oxford, and at the early age of nineteen commenced active official life, not certainly in the particular department which his mother had selected for his début; and it was somewhat observable, that the Langdales after the death of Maria, not only abstained from frequent intercourse with the Hardings during their stay in England, but that the mighty professions of the purse-proud citizen dwindled by degrees into an absolute forgetfulness of any promise, even conditional, to exert an interest for their son.

Seeing this, Mr. Harding felt that he should act prudentially, by endeavouring to place his son, where, in the course of time, he might perhaps attain to that situation, from whose honourable revenue he could live like a gentleman and "settle comfortably."

All the arrangements which the kind father had proposed being made, the mourning couple proceeded on a lengthened tour of the continent; and it was evident that his spirits mended rapidly when he felt conscious that his liability to encounter Martha was decreased. The sorrow of mourning was soothed and softened in the common course of nature, and the quiet domesticated couple sat themselves down at Lausanne, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," except by their excellent and exemplary son, whose good qualities, it seems, had captivated a remarkably pretty girl, a neighbour of his, whose mother appeared to be equally charmed with the goodness of his income.

There appeared, strange to say, in this affair, no difficulties to be surmounted, no obstacles to be overcome; and the consent of the Hardings (requested in a letter, which also begged them to be present at the ceremony, if they were willing it should take place), was presently obtained by George; and at the close of the second year, which had passed since their departure, the parents and son were again united in that house, the very sight of which recalled to their recollection their poor unhappy daughter and her melancholy fate, and which was still associated most painfully in the mind of Mr. Harding with the hated Gipsy.

The charm, however, had, no doubt, been broken. In the two past years Martha was doubtless either dead, or gone from the neighbourhood. They were a wandering tribe—and thus Mrs. Harding checked the rising apprehensions and renewed uneasiness of her husband; and so well did she succeed, that when the wedding-day came, and the bells rang and the favours fluttered in the air, his countenance was lighted with smiles, and he kissed the glowing cheek of his new daughter-in-law with warmth, and something like happiness.

The wedding took place at that season of the year when friends and families meet jovially and harmoniously, when all little bickerings are forgotten, and when, by a general feeling founded upon religion and perpetuated by the memory of the blessing granted to the world by the Almighty, a universal amnesty is proclaimed; when the cheerful fire, and the teeming board announce

that Christmas is come, and mirth and gratulation are the order of the day.

It unfortunately happened, however, that to the account of Miss Wilkinson's marriage with George Harding, I am not permitted, in truth, to add that they left town in a travelling carriage and four, to spend the honeymoon. Three or four days permitted absence from his office alone were devoted to the celebration of the nuptials, and it was agreed that the whole party, together with the younger branches of the Wilkinsons, their cousins and second cousins, &c. should meet on twelfth-night to celebrate in a juvenile party, the return of the bride and bridegroom to their home.

When that night came it was delightful to see the happy faces of the smiling youngsters: it was a pleasure to behold them pleased—a participation in which, since the highest amongst us, and the most accomplished prince in Europe annually evinces the gratification he feels in such sights, I am by no means disposed to disclaim. And merry was the jest, and gaily did the evening pass; and Mr. Harding, surrounded by his youthful guests, smiled, and for a season forgot his care: yet, as he glanced round the room he could not suppress a sigh, when he recollected that in that very room his darling Maria had entertained her little parties on the anniversary of the same day in former years.

Supper was announced early, and the gay throng bounded down stairs to the parlour, where an abundance of the luxuries of middling life crowded the board. In the centre appeared the great object of the feast-a huge twelfth-cake. and gilded kings and queens stood lingering over circles of scarlet sweetmeats, and hearts of sugar lay enshrined with warlike trophies of the same material.

Many and deep were the wounds the mighty cake received, and every guest watched with a deep anxiety the coming portion, relatively to the glittering splendour with which its frosty surface was adorned. Character-cards, illustrated with pithy mottoes and quaint savings. were distributed; and by one of those little frauds which such societies tolerate, Mr. Harding was announced as king, and the new bride as queen: and there was such charming joking, and such harmless merriment abounding, that he looked to his wife with an expression of content, which she had often but vainly sought to find upon his countenance since the death of his dear Maria.

Supper concluded, the clock struck twelve, and the elders looked as if it were time for the young ones to depart. One half-hour's grace was begged for by the "King," and granted; and Mrs. George Harding on this night was to sing them a song about "poor old maidens"—an ancient quaintness, which by custom and usage ever since she was a little child she had annually performed upon this anniversary; and, accordingly, the promise being claimed, silence was obtained, and she, with all that show of tucker-heaving diffidence which is so becoming in a very pretty downycheeked girl, prepared to commence, when a noise, resembling that produceable by the falling of an eight-and-forty pound shot, echoed through the house. It appeared to descend from the very top of the building down each flight of stairs, rapidly and violently. It passed the door of the room in which they were sitting, and rolled its impetuous course downwards to the basement. As it seemed to leave the parlour, the door was forced open, as if by a gust of wind, and stood ajar.

All the children were in a moment on their feet, huddled close to their respective mothers in groups. Mrs. Harding rose and rang the bell to inquire the meaning of the uproar. Her daughter-in-law, pale as ashes, looked at George; but there was one of the party who moved not—who stirred not:—it was the elder Harding, whose eyes first fixed steadfastly on the half-opened door, followed the course of the wall of the apartment to the fireplace:—there they rested.

When the servants came, they said they had heard the noise, but thought it proceeded from above. Harding looked at his wife; and then turning to the servant, observed carelessly, that it must have been some noise in the street, and desiring him to withdraw, entreated the bride to pursue her song. She did: but the children had been too much alarmed to enjoy it, and the noise had in its character something so strange and so unearthly, that even the elders of the party, although bound not to admit any thing like apprehension before their offspring, felt glad when they found themselves at home.

When the guests were gone, and George's wife lighted her candle to retire to rest, her father-inlaw kissed her affectionately, and prayed God to bless her. He then took a kind leave of his son, and putting up a fervent prayer for his happiness, pressed him to his heart, and bade him adieu with an earnestness, which, under the commonplace circumstance of a temporary separation, was inexplicable to the young man.

When he reached his bedroom he spoke to his wife, and entreated her to prepare her mind for

some great calamity.

"What it is to be," said Harding, "where the blow is to fall I know not; but it is impending over us this night!"

"My life!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding, "what

fancy is this?"

"Eliza, love!" answered her husband, in a tone of unspeakable agony, "I have seen her for the third and last time!"

" Who!"

" MARTHA, THE GIPSY."

"Impossible!" said Mrs. Harding, "you have not left the house to-day!"

- "True, my beloved," replied the husband; "but I have seen her. When that tremendous noise was heard at supper, as the door was supernaturally opened, I saw her. She fixed those dreadful eyes of hers upon me; she proceeded to the fireplace, and stood in the midst of the children, and there she remained till the servant came in."
- "My dearest husband," said Mrs. Harding, this is but a disorder of the imagination!"
- "Be it what it may," said he, "I have seen her. Human or superhuman—natural or supernatural—there she was. I shall not strive to argue upon a point where I am likely to meet

with little credit: all I ask is, pray fervently, have faith, and we will hope the evil, whatever it is, may be averted."

He kissed his wife's cheek tenderly, and after a fitful feverish hour or two fell into a slumber.

From that slumber never woke he more. He was found dead in his bed in the morning!

"Whether the force of imagination, coupled with the unexpected noise, produced such an alarm as to rob him of life, I know not," said my communicant; "but he was dead."

This story was told me by my friend Ellis in walking from the city to Harley-street late in the evening; and when we came to this part of the history we were in Bedford-square, at the dark and dreary corner of it where Caroline-street joins it.

- "And, there!" said Ellis, pointing downwards, is the street where it all occurred!"
- "Come, come," said I, "you tell the story well, but I suppose you do not expect it to be received as gospel."
- "Faith," said he, "I know so much of it, that I was one of the party, and heard the noise."
- "But you did not see the spectre?" cried I—
 "No," said Ellis, "I certainly did not."
- "No," answered I, "nor any body else, I'll be sworn." A quick footstep was just then heard behind us—I turned half round to let the person pass, and saw a woman enveloped in a red cloak, whose sparkling black eyes, shone upon by the dim lustre of a lamp above her head, dazzled me.
- -I was startled-Pray remember old MARTHA, THE GIPSY." said the hag.

It was like a thunderstroke-I instantly slipped

my hand into my pocket, and hastily gave her therefrom a five-shilling piece.

"Thanks, my bonny one," said the woman, and setting up a shout of contemptuous laughter, she bounded down Caroline-street, into Russell-street, singing, or rather velling a joyous song.

Ellis did not speak during this scene—he pressed my arm tightly, and we quickened our pace. We said nothing to each other till we turned into Bedford-street, and the lights and passengers of Tottenham-court-road reassured us.

"What do you think of that?" said Ellis to me.

"SEEING is BELIEVING," was my reply.

I have never passed that dark corner of Bedford-square in the evening since.

ADAM BELL.

This tale, which may be depended on as in every part true, is singular, for the circumstance of its being insolvable either from the facts that have been discovered relating to it, or by reason: for though events sometimes occur among mankind, which at the time seem inexplicable, yet, there being always some individuals acquainted with the primary causes of those events, they seldom fail of being brought to light before all the actors in them, or their confidants, are removed from this state of existence. But the causes which produced the events here related, have never been accounted for in this world; even conjecture is left to wander in a labyrinth, unable to get hold of the thread that leads to the catastrophe.

Mr. Bell was a gentleman of Annandale. in Dumfriesshire, in the south of Scotland, the proprietor of a considerable estate in that district. part of which he occupied himself. He lost his father when he was an infant, and his mother dying when he was about twenty years of age. left him the sole proprietor of the estate, besides a large sum of money at interest, for which he was indebted, in a great measure, to his mother's parsimony during his minority. His person was tall, comely, and athletic; and his whole delight was in warlike and violent exercises. He was the best horseman and marksman in the county. and valued himself particularly upon his skill in the broadsword exercise. Of this he often boasted aloud, and regretted that there was not one in the country whose prowess was in some degree equal to his own.

In the autumn of 1745, after being for several days busily and silently employed in preparing for his journey, he left his own house, and went for Edinburgh, giving, at the same time, such directions to his servants, as indicated his intention of being absent for some time.

A few days after he had left his house, in the morning, while his housekeeper was putting the house in order for the day, her master, as she thought, entered by the kitchen-door, the other being bolted, and passed her in the middle of the floor. He was buttoned in his great coat, which was the same he had on when he went from home; he likewise had the same hat on his head, and the same whip in his hand, which he took with him. At sight of him she uttered a shriek; but,

recovering her surprise, instantly said to him. "You have not staid so long from us, sir." He made no reply, but went sullenly into his own room, without throwing off his great coat. After a pause of about five minutes, she followed him into the room-he was standing at his desk, with his back towards her-she asked him if he wished to have a fire kindled? and afterwards, if he was well enough? but he still made no reply to any of these questions. She was astonished, and returned into the kitchen. After tarrying about other five minutes, he went out at the front door, it being then open, and walked deliberately towards the bank of the river Kinnel, which was deep and wooded, and in that he vanished from her sight. The woman ran out in the utmost consternation to acquaint the men, who were servants belonging to the house; and coming to one of the ploughmen, she told him that their master was come home, and had certainly lost his reason, for that he was wandering about the house, and would not speak. The man loosed his horses from the plough and came home, listened to the woman's relation, made her repeat it again and again, and then assured her that she was raving, for their master's horse was not in the stable, and of course he could not be come home. However, as she persisted in her asseveration with every appearance of sincerity, he went into the linn to see what was become of his mysterious master. He was neither to be seen nor heard of in the whole country! It was then concluded that the housekeeper had seen an apparition, and that something had befallen their master; but on consulting with some old people, skilled in those matters, they learned, that when a wraith, or apparition of a living person, appeared while the sun was up, instead of being a prelude of instant death, it prognosticated very long life: and, moreover, that it could not possibly be a ghost that she had seen, for they always chose the night season for making their visits. In short, though it was the general topic of conversation among the servants, and the people in their vicinity, no reasonable conclusion could be formed on the subject.

The most probable conjecture was, that, as Mr. Bell was known to be so fond of arms, and had left his home on the very day that Prince Charles Stuart and his Highlanders defeated General Hawley on Falkirk Moor, he had gone either with him or the duke of Cumberland to the north. It was, however, afterwards ascertained that he had never joined any of the armies. Week came after week, and month after month, but no word of Mr. Bell. A female cousin was his nearest living relation: her husband took the management of his affairs; and, concluding that he had either joined the army, or drowned himself in the Kinnel, when he was seen to go into the linn, made no more inquiries after him.

About this very time, a respectable farmer, whose surname was M'Millan, and who resided in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, happened to be in Edinburgh about some business. In the evening he called upon a friend, who lived near Holyrood House; and, being seized with an indisposition, they persuaded him to tarry with

them all night. About the middle of the night he grew exceedingly ill, and not being able to find any rest or ease in his bed, imagined he would be the better of a walk. He put on his clothes, and, that he might not disturb the family, slipped quietly out at the back door, and walked in St. Anthony's garden, behind the house. The moon shone so bright, that it was almost as light as noonday; and he had scarcely taken a single turn, until he saw a tall man enter from the other side, buttoned in a drab-coloured great coat. so happened that at that time M'Millan stood in the shadow of the wall, and, perceiving that the stranger did not observe him, a thought struck him that it would not be amiss to keep himself concealed: that he might see what the man was going to be about. He walked backwards and forwards for some time in apparent impatience. looking at his watch every minute; until, at length, another man came in by the same wav. buttoned likewise in a great coat, and having a bonnet on his head. He was remarkably stout made, but considerably lower in stature than the other. They exchanged only a single word: then. turning both about, they threw off their great coats, drew their swords, and began a most desperate and well contested combat.

The tall gentleman appeared to have the advantage. He constantly gained ground on the other, and drove him half round the division of the garden in which they fought. Each of them strove to fight with his back towards the moon, so that she might shine full in the face of his opponent; and many rapid wheels were made

for the purpose of gaining this position. engagement was long and obstinate; and by the desperate thrusts that were frequently aimed on both sides, it was evident that they meant one another's destruction. They came at length within a few yards of the place where M'Millan still stood concealed. They were both out of breath; and at that instant, a small cloud chancing to overshadow the moon, one of them called out, "Hold, we can't see."-They uncovered their heads-wiped their faces .- and as soon as the moon emerged from the cloud, each resumed his guard. Surely that was an awful pause! and short, indeed, was the stage between it and eternity with the one. The tall gentleman made a lounge at the other, who parried and returned it: and as the former sprung back to avoid the thrust, his foot slipped, and he stumbled forward towards his antagonist, who dexterously met his breast in the fall with the point of his sword. and ran him through the body. He made only one feeble convulsive struggle, as if attempting to rise, and expired almost instantaneously.

M'Millan was petrified with horror; but conceiving himself to be in a perilous situation, having stolen out of the house at that dead hour of the night: he had so much presence of mind as to hold his peace, and to keep from interfering in the smallest degree.

The surviving combatant wiped his sword with great composure—put on his bonnet—covered the body with one of the great coats-took up the other, and departed. M'Millan returned quietly to his chamber without awakening any of

the family. His pains were gone, but his mind was shocked and exceedingly perturbed; and, after deliberating until morning, he determined to say nothing of the matter, and to make no living creature acquainted with what he had seen: thinking that suspicion would infallibly rest on him. Accordingly he kept his bed next morning until his friend brought him the tidings that a gentleman had been murdered at the back of the house during the night. He then arose and examined the body, which was that of a young man, seemingly from the country, having brown hair and fine manly features. He had neither letter, book, nor signature of any kind about him, that could in the least lead to a discovery of who he was; only a common silver watch was found in his pocket, and an elegant sword was clasped in his cold bloody hand, which had an A. and B. engraved on the hilt. The sword had entered at his breast, and gone out at his back, a little below the left shoulder. He had likewise received a slight wound on the sword arm.

The body was carried to the dead-room, where it lay for eight days; and though great numbers inspected it, yet none knew who or whence the deceased was; and he was at length buried among the strangers in the Gravfriars' churchyard.

Sixteen years elapsed before M'Millan once mentioned the circumstance of his having seen the duel, to any person; but, at that period, being at Annandale receiving some sheep, that he had bought, and chancing to hear of the astonishing circumstances of Bell's disappearance, he

divulged the whole.—The time, the description of his person, his clothes, and, above all, the sword with the initials of his name engraven on it, confirmed the fact beyond the smallest shadow of doubt, that it was Mr. Bell whom he had seen killed in the duel behind the Abbey. But who the person was that slew him, how the quarrel commenced, or who it was that appeared to his housekeeper, remains to this day a profound secret, and is likely to remain so, until that day when every deed of darkness shall be brought to light.

Some have even ventured to blame M'Millan for the whole, on account of his long concealment of facts; and likewise in consideration of his uncommon bodily strength, and daring disposition, he being one of the boldest and most enterprising men of the age in which he lived; but all who knew him despised such insinuations, and declared them to be entirely inconsistent with his character, which was most honourable and disinterested; and besides, his tale has every appearance of truth—"Pluris est oculatus testis unus quam auriti decem."

REICHTER AND HIS STAGHOUNDS.

ERNEST, or Albert—I forget which,—a king of Bohemia, was a prodigious lover of hunting,—a very Nimrod, in his way. From Prague, the seat of his court, he used to make great excursions into all parts of the kingdom; diving into those thick dark woods that lie scattered over

the face of the country, like the grim and exaggerated cobwebs patching the ceiling of a disused apartment in an antiquated mansion.

One day, when he had returned from the chase, and had sat down to dinner with his nobles, in even a better eating cue than usual,—and he had a royal appetite in ordinary,—and had commenced the attack upon a boar which he had killed with his own hand, and which had been that day roasted,—whole, of course,—his chief huntsman suddenly entered the dining hall.

"May it please your majesty, a man craves admission to your majesty, who"——

"Were he an angel, he must wait the completion of our meal. I thought thou hadst known that. Hans Weller."

The huntsman was a favourite, and, after a low inclination of the head, ventured a reply—

- "He refuses, please your majesty, to wait an instant longer than whilst I can report your answer."
- "Ranch und blitz!" exclaimed the monarch, deserting the boar, and springing on his feet in amazement—"refuses to wait!—what mould of man may he be that sends us such a message?"

"A little man, your majesty,—scarce as high as his dogs."

" Dogs !--what dogs ?"

- "I was about to tell your majesty: he has two dogs,—staghounds. Gütiger Gott! such hounds!"
 - "How!-equal to my Molch?"
- "Molch is a two-month's pup to them! Germany cannot furnish two such other!"

"Away with thee! bring the schlem hither, with his dogs!

And the huntsman went.

Presently he returned, bringing with him a man, scarce four feet high, and whose proportions corresponded with his height. The man was perfectly black, -so black, that his eyes had no whites, and his teeth were like polished jet. His clothing was a close dress of dark red, buttoned at the neck, and extending midway down his legs. Round his shoulders was slung a loose cloak of blue. His head was uncovered, save by the thick hair which twenty torturing irons appeared to have united in crisping and burning. In his hand he held a leash, that confined two mighty staghounds, whose fierce eager eyes, broad chests, and muscular haunches, bespoke their spirit and their power.

The owner of these animals entered the chamber as unconcernedly as if entering an assembly of Westphalian swineherds. Making an indifferent sort of inclination to the king, he stood still, surveying the nobles with a contemptuous curiosity, that bespoke marvellous self-possession. Some frowned, and some muttered. The prime minister, who had been deservedly raised to his station for being seven feet high, and an excellent hand at spearing a boar,—the prime minister frowned at the black man?—One would think that the frown of so big a man ought to have extinguished a creature of four feet.—The prime minister might as well have frowned on a stone.

"So!" said the king; "is it thou that canst not wait our leisure?"

"Yea!" said the black.—His voice was like the roar of a furnace.

"Who, and what art thou?"

"Who am I? I have no name, though I am called by many names. Thou mayst call me Reichter Brand,—What am I? Why, I am the owner of these dogs,—which is all it concerns thee to know."

"Thou art, at least, a most impudent bosewicht," said the easy king. "But, what of thy dogs?—bring them nearer!"

The king and his courtiers examined the dogs with the eyes of sportsmen. The animals were faultless, and raised admiration by their size and apparent strength.

"Wilt thou sell these dogs, Reichter?" asked

the monarch.

" It was therefore I came hither."

"What is their price?"

"Hear me! you shall, to-morrow, hunt with these dogs. All they kill shall be mine, and the dogs are yours."

Man!" exclaimed the king, rejoicing at the easy terms upon which the owner of the dogs insisted, "thou shalt have more than thou askest; thou shalt not only have the game, but wherewithal to buy sauce, I warrant thee! A bunt to-morrow morning, my lords!—you will not fail us."

"Stay!" exclaimed the bishop of Prague, 'your majesty must be informed, that to-morrow St. Martin's day; on which you are bound by our vow, made on the recovery of the royal dy, your daughter, from a dangerous illness,

to partake of no amusement, to take no meat, and, save the pure spring, to taste no liquor."

"Thou art right—thou hast done well to remind us;—we must delay, till the following day, our intended sport. Thou shalt lodge, meanwhile, to thy liking—so hold thee in readiness!"

"I may not stop here," replied Reichter, "after to-morrow: therefore, determine!"

"Mayst not stop! Why, what, in Heaven's name, should be the mighty need for such a one as thou to be a stickler for times! Wait, man!—thou shalt gain the more for thy dogs."

"Not for thy treasury, king of Bohemia!-

to-morrow, or never!"

- "Obstinate schelm!" exclaimed the king; "thou shalt stay;—dost thou dispute with us?—Stay thou shalt: let to-morrow pass—the day after it we will hunt, and the dogs shall be mine."
- "That they shall, and without condition or price, if thou find me here after to-morrow noon," returned the unabashed Black.

"Tis very well," replied the king; "seize him!—a day's confinement may cool this madman's temper."

An eminent lord of the treasury stepped forward to obey the monarch's command. But he was stayed; and, to his astonishment, found himself suddenly laid prostrate, and under the foot of one of the dogs, which detained him with the hold of a lion.

The Black drew off the dog. "Has your majesty determined?" said he.

The overthrow of the courtier had redoubled

the king's anxiety to become the owner of these powerful animals. "I know not," said he, doubtingly; "I would St. Martin had had some other day. Canst thou not," addressing the bishop, "absolve me from this vow?"

"I may not," returned the prelate; "it was made before the pontiff himself; I cannot, and

dare not dissolve it."

The king blasphemed inwardly. "I see not," said he, made a casuist by the emergency, "if I kept holy some other day—or say two—which I would not grudge,—in lieu of to-morrow, why the saint might not be as well pleased. Where is Pierre le Tambour?—Fetch him hither!"

Now, when Madam Nature compounded the essentials and the accidentals of Pierre le Tambour, and placed him in the age of this king of Bohemia of whom we are talking-she played one of those freaks from which the old lady is not wholly free, and anticipated some centuries. Pierre le Tambour was a Frenchman; he was likewise un philosophe.—one of that species of philosophers of whom the race was well known. some twenty or thirty years ago, when they saw fit to philosophize the wits out of all, and the heads off many of their countrymen. How he came to be born so many years before his time, Heaven knows!-how he became a member of the court of the king of Bohemia, befell thus. Having publicly preached the doctrines of Epicurus, at Montpellier, the canons of that place made it much too hot to hold him; so, flying to Bohemia, where it appeared to Le Tambour that men approached more nearly to an unsophisticated state, he addressed himself to the king .--who, finding himself unable to comprehend a syllable of the philosopher's doctrines, was mightily struck with them; and Le Tambour was immediately domiciled into the palace, with a pension of fifty guilders per annum. And .- despite of the opposition which the new comer, of course, experienced from the aborigines of the court. who prophesied the downfall of all boar-hunting and religious principle, in the encouragement of the new philosophy.—he maintained his ground. Fortunately, however, the philosopher,-finding in his new situation abundant supplies of the necessaries of life.—became fat, and of opinion that he had already done enough for the world at large; so that, instead of lecturing in person, he now contented himself with privately expounding to the monarch the doctrines of liberality,which, had his majesty understood them, would, possibly, have produced marvellous changes in. the moral and political state of Bohemia.

When Le Tambour entered the chamber, the king hastily addressed him-

"Come hither, Le Tambour, and solve me this difficulty." And he stated to him the perplexing case.

The philosopher was not a moment at a loss—your philosopher never is:—"Allons," said he, "ce n'est rien—it is not necessary for you to have scruples;—the reason is manifest—attendez. If you break your promise to the saint, the saint is defrauded, and a moral guilt incurred; but give the saint two days, in lieu of one—he is benefited and not injured.—Where is the evil then! apprenezvous?"

The king apprehended well enough, as most other people do, an argument seconding his own inclinations. So, for a moment, he elevated his eyebrows, pressed his lips together—probably to guard his teeth during his temporary abstraction—meditated five seconds, and exclaiming, "I am satisfied,"—proclaimed the morning's hunt; and, giving especial charge that Reichter and his dogs should be well accommodated, turned to the table, with a "Push the bottle about;"—to hear which delighted the courtiers, who loved the philosophy of the Epicureans in the concrete more than the abstract.

The following was a bright sharp morning .-The leafless branches were clothed with a white brilliancy.-The stag, as he rustled from his lair, shook off the hoar frost from his coat, and bounded away on delighted feet. Great was the assemblage before the palace at Prague, prepared for his destruction. There were the king and his nobles-the huntsman, with his assistants-and there was Reichter Brand, with his dogs. neighbouring wood had been searched by the rangers, who reported the discovery of a noble game; and the monarch and his retinue, being mounted and equipped, rode gaily forward, all lightsome and joyous, -except that a shadow, which occasionally crossed the royal countenance, betokened some remnants of a scruple which the logic of the philosopher had not wholly dispersed.

By the side of the king rode Reichter, mounted on a beast as black as his own visage, and scarce larger than one of his dogs. There was something in his countenance keenly sarcastic, which occasionally deepened into malignancy. His eye, except the pupil, was dull, opaque, and unreflecting; but the pupil was bright, and gleamed with intermittent flashes, that lightened over his whole countenance. He spoke not, save when addressed by the king;—but his royal companion started, at times, to hear him, as it were, inwardly murmuring a self-colloquy, in a language that seemed devoid of articulation.

"The stag! the stag!" exclaimed the huntsman and the rangers. The cry was answered by the halloos of the rest of the party. On the brow of a hill, at some distance, they saw the antlered brute stand for a moment at gaze. He tossed aloft his proud brow, as if in disdain of his pursuers; then ranging around with his eye, he selected his path, and bounded away from sight down the declivity. The king's pack—of hounds, that is—opened their mouths, and bayed a pursuit; and among and above them all, rose the quaking voice of Reichter's dogs. Away they went,—hounds, horses, and men,—amid the beating of hoofs, the clamour of the dogs, and the sonorous excitement of the clanging horns!

But, eager as was their pursuit, its termination was, even in the view of the most sanguine, very uncertain. The swiftness of the game surprised the oldest and most experienced sportsmen. The dogs themselves seemed astounded, and cast bewildered glances at each other,—all, except the two new hounds, which, excelling the rest, kept about midway between the pack and the stag.

On they dashed, over hill and plain-through

wood and water! The wild scenery, on either hand, vanished like a dream; and trees and rocks seemed chasing each other in very madness.

This had continued more than an hour, when they found themselves on a level plain, apparently of some miles extent, and circled by the darkest forests of Bohemia. The stag was bounding away with unabated pace. Reichter's dogs still preserved the same relative situation. No other object broke the continuity of the plain, until a man-it might be a weary peasant-was discerned, traversing slowly towards the hunters. He raised his can in salutation, though yet distant from the sportsmen: he had not replaced it. ere one of the two dogs, deviating from the direct track, sprung at his throat, and bore him to the ground. None heard the death-rattle that sounded in his throat, as life deserted his convulsed and quivering limbs.

" Mine-mine-mine!" shouted the Black. with a roar of laughter, that rung back on the ears of the terror-struck hunters from the mockery of a thousand echoes. At the same moment the horses of the black and of the trembling king seemed seized with a preternatural swiftness; Sooner than thought, they had reached the spot where lay the vet shuddering corpse. Reichter stooped from his steed, as they passed, and flung the load on his left shoulder .- where it hung, as

if fastened with fifty cords.

The respiration of the monarch was impeded. as much by the horror with which he was seized. as from the haste with which his courser spurned the ground. He looked on either side; but his companions of the chase and their dogs were vanished,—all, save his hideous companion and the two terrible hounds.

Intermission there was none to their course. The plain was crossed, and the crashing of the interposing branches marked the progress of the riders through the depths of the forest. Every animal fled at their approach, but the toad, that stared at them with his glittering eyes, and the owl, which here, shrouded in a perpetual gloom, pursued them with redoubled hootings.

They left the thicknesses of the forest behind them; and entered a smiling valley, whose sides were clothed with evergreens, lit up with the beams of the noon sun. They passed a neat habitation, before which two lovely children were gambolling. The happy mother sat by the casement rejoicing in the smiles of her offspring. The king grew sick at heart—he closed his eyes with a shudder. There were two savage barks and a scream that would have pierced a demon. "Mine—mine!" The Black laughed louder than before.

The king unclosed his eyes; he saw the valley no longer. The steeds were tramping over a rough and uneven road, whose only limit was a far off craggy mountain. The poor king grew out of patience; for the road was such that his horse jolted him villanously; which, to a man riding after the rate of seventeen English miles an hour, was no light infliction.

"Miserable man that I am!" said he; "Why did I break my vow! and why—oh, why was I tempted with this bloody schelm and his butchering dogs!" The swiftness with which they rode was too great for mortal endurance, coupled with the fatigue which the Bohemian monarch had already experienced. His eyes waxed dim, and the rapid and loud pulsations of the horses' hoofs sank less shrilly and distinctly on his ear. He breathed thickly and heavily; his lips were black and parched. He ceased, at length, to see or to hear; he ceased even to be sensible to the dismaljolts on the crupper, which had hitherto so much annoyed him. Yet, at intervals, his senses were, for a moment, aroused by the fearful bark of the hounds, and the rushing voice of his companion, reiterating the fatal word, as a new victim was added to his burden.

At length, he was sensible of the cold night breeze whistling around him, and slowly recovered from his lethargy. His steed moved smoothly along, over a path which seemed to be of the closest and most even turf. He looked around—the night was dark and chill;—two or three lonely stars seemed shivering mournfully in the sky. The Black was visible by his side, in a dim outline. The load he carried was fearfully increased.

The king mustered up all his courage. "Wretch that thou art!" he exclaimed, "whither are we going, and wherefore?"

- "Thou wilt presently know."
- " Tell me, then, who thou art."
- "I have already told thee. I am Reichter Brand;—by some, I am called the Swift Rider by some, the Red Huntsman—by none aright!"
- "Tell me, then, that right name by which I may call thee."

- "For why? Thou seest you dim stars—you dimmer hills—dost thou not?"
 - "The stars I see—the hills, hardly."
- "Enough! The earth we ride on—it is fine, is it not?"
- "So it seems;—but what is this to the purpose?"
- "Listen!—Hearest thou the roar of the cataract?"
 - " I do ;-but, once again"-
- "Peace! The stars should drop from yon sky—the hills should be rent—the firm ground be shaken to its original atoms—the cateract should stay in the midst of its fall, to hear—though but in a whisper, too light for thine ears to cateh—the name of him that rides by thee! Peace!—the Red Huntsman rides with thee. Ply whip and spur,—our course is scarcely half done."

At every word the blood of the Bohemian king ran colder and colder. "Would," said he, "that my vow were unbroken!—and, oh! would that my saddle were stuffed with somewhat softer material!"

On a sudden, the king discerned, through the gloom, not half a bow-shot from them, a seemingly perpendicular rock. "Stay—stay!" he cried, "we shall be dashed to pieces against".—

As he spoke, his horse sprung forward into the solid rock, as if it had been the unresisting air. Two bounds more, and they stopped, with a suddenness that threw the monarch from his seat. He sprung to his feet;—for awhile his eyes were dazzled.

He found himself in a cave of vast dimensions. Its sides and lofty arch were decked with sta-

lactites, that flamed like the diamonds of the east. In the centre of this strange apartment stood a table, furnished with costly dishes and loads of food. Around it were placed twenty and one stools—nineteen of which were occupied.

The company were habited in the garb of huntsmen. They rose to receive him, and the president pointed to one of the vacant seats. The king took it; and his companion, tossing his burden from his left shoulder, sat down on the other.

"Eat!" said the Black, helping the king to a slice of venison, "or drink!"—handing him a flagon.

"It is too new," said the king, as he replaced the vessel on the table.

"Better shall be got," said the president; "we have waited long to fill our number, and shall not grudge the best bin to a welcome comer. But eat!—thou must, perforce, hunger, after such a ride."

"I thirst more," said the king, recurring to the flagon. Then, seizing his hunting knife, he applied himself to the repast. It was delicious; and the king forgot, for a time, all that had passed. At length his appetite was satisfied. He rose from his seat, and approached a fire, which blazed from a pile of logs,—when his eye rested, for a moment, on the load which Reichter had cast down. He shuddered, and looked, with a horrid suspicion, at the dishes he had quitted.

"Fear nothing," said the president, "thou hast eaten, in truth, the flesh of deer. The game thou loathest so we keep for our betters."

The king was satisfied. But soon he grew sad. "What do I here," thought he, "with beings whose natures I dare not guess? Oh, Bohemia!—Oh, palace of Prague!—when shall I revisit ye?"

"Never," said a voice, in a whisper that thrilled through his frame. He started,—turned, and beheld the president, standing by him,—a tall thin man, worn with time, and pale as death.

"How," exclaimed the king, "remain here

for ever!"

:

- "For ever. Yet, there is one condition to which all who come hither are entitled, ere the cavern's walls are sealed for ever."
 - "What, what is it, for heaven's"-

"Peace!" interrupted the conjoint voices of all around. "Speak not the word again or perish!"

"Listen!" continued the president. "Thou shalt mount again;—Reichter Brand, thy friend, shall ride away—thou shalt follow. If, in four and twenty hours, thou canst overtake him,—thou art free."

"I would willingly delay for a day this trial," returned the monarch, "especially if the roads

are rough in this country."

"Not an hour!—not a minute!—See, thy friend is mounted!—Away, Reichter!—mount thee, king, and follow!"

As he spoke, the Black sprung through the side of the cavern as they had entered. The king was not slow in mounting;—not a moment, and he was again galloping in the midst of darkness, tracking Reichter by the sound of his horse's hoofs. Indeed, the latter seemed disposed to

yield him every advantage; for, ever and anon, he laughed aloud, and the laugh directed the pursuer. Sometimes he turned his head; and the king saw his eyes gleaming, in the night,

bluely and fearfully, like sepulchral fires.

Over hill, valley, and plain,—through stream and flood,—the one fled, and the other pursued. Darkness fled, and day broke. The king found himself in a desert and uncultivated region. Above a mile before him, on the summit of a hill, he saw the accursed Black. He spurred his steed,—he arrived at the summit of the hill. Beneath him lay the waves of a tranquil sea; in the middle of which he perceived the Black, whose horse bore him stoutly through the waters. The king did not hesitate a moment in following. He plunged into the sea, and urged the pursuit.

Suddenly, the sky darkened; the surface of the water began to crisp into a gentle foam; and the wind arose, with a low moaning voice. The storm was nigh—it came nearer and nearer, till it burst in its rage. The loud laugh of the Black rose above its fury, and directed his pursuer.

A gallant vessel was beaten to and fro by the waves. She stemmed their fury; when a flash of lightning kindled her, in a moment, from prow to stern. The king was near the vessel,—he saw the crew lower a boat, which was instantly filled. In a moment more he saw the Black, who spurred his horse into the overladen boat. It overturned; and the yell of agony was drowned again in the exultation of the destroyer. But, in glutting his appetite for death, Reichter had forgotten his pursuer. The monarch sprung forward, and

caught the Black in his gripe: "Mine,—mine,—mine!" shouted the king.

* * * * *

"God and St. Martin defend us!" exclaimed the archbishop of Prague; "your majesty, in starting from your nap, has overset the table, and torn my ears off, as near as may be."

"Peace!" said the king of Bohemia, in a royal tone;—"but what is this?—where am I?—Oh! I have had such a dream!"—and he re-

counted it to the listening courtiers.

"It is very strange!" said he, on concluding;
"it was so like reality;—that hideous voice!—
my ears tingle vet."

"So do mine!" said the archbishop of Prague.

"And what is worse," continued his majesty,

"I feel, as I think, the effects of that cursed

crupper yet." ANONYMOUS.

THE PROVENCAL TALE.

THERE lived, in the province of Bretagne, a noble baron, famous for his magnificence and courtly hospitalities. His castle was graced with ladies of exquisite beauty, and thronged with illustrious knights; for the honours he paid to feats of chivalry invited the brave of distant countries to enter his lists, and his court was more splendid than those of many princes. Eight ministrels were retained in his service, who used to sing to their harps romantic fictions taken from the Arabians, or adventures of chivalry that befell knights dur-

ing the crusades, or the martial deeds of the baron, their lord;—while he, surrounded by his knights and ladies, banqueted in the great hall of his castle, where the costly tapestry that adorned the walls with pictured exploits of his ancestors, the casements of painted glass enriched with armorial bearings, the gorgeous banners that waved along the roof, the sumptuous canopies, the profusion of gold and silver that glittered on the sideboards, the numerous dishes that covered the tables, the number and gay liveries of the attendants, with the chivalric and splendid attire of the guests, united to form a scene of magnificence, such as we may not hope to see in these degenerate days.

Of the baron the following adventure is related. One night, having retired late from the banquet to his chamber, and dismissed his attendants, he was surprised by the appearance of a stranger of a noble air, but of a sorrowful and dejected countenance. Believing that this person had been secreted in the apartment, since it appeared impossible he could have lately passed the antiroom unobserved by the pages in waiting, who would have prevented this intrusion on their lord, the baron, calling loudly for his people, drew his sword, which he had not vet taken from his side, and stood upon his defence. The stranger, slowly advancing, told him that there was nothing to fear; that he came with no hostile design, but to communicate to him a terrible secret, which it was necessary for him to know.

The baron, appeased by the courteous manners of the stranger, after surveying him for some time in silence, returned his sword into the acabbard,

and desired him to explain the means by which he had obtained access to the chamber, and the purpose of this extraordinary visit.

Without answering either of these inquiries, the stranger said, that he could not then explain himself, but that, if the baron would follow him to the edge of the forest, at a short distance from the castle walls, he would there convince him that he had something of importance to disclose.

This proposal again alarmed the baron, who would scarcely believe that the stranger meant to draw him to so solitary a spot, at this hour of the night, without harbouring a design against his life; and he refused to go, observing, at the same time, that, if the stranger's purpose was an honourable one, he would not persist in refusing to reveal the occasion of his visit in the apartment where they were.

While he spoke this, he viewed the stranger still more attentively than before, but observed no change in his countenance, nor any symptom that might intimate a consciousness of evil design. He was habited like a knight, was of a tall and majestic stature, and of dignified and courteous manners. Still, however, he refused to communicate the subject of his errand in any place but that he had mentioned; and, at the same time, gave hints concerning the secret he would disclose, that awakened a degree of solemn curiosity in the baron, which at length induced him to consent to the stranger on certain conditions.

Sir knight, said he, I will attend you to the forest, and will take with me only four of my people, who shall witness our conference.

To this, however, the knight objected.

What I would disclose, said he with solemnity, is to you alone. There are only three living persons to whom the circumstance is known: it is of more consequence to you and your house than I shall now explain. In future years you will look back to this night with satisfaction or repentance, accordingly as you now determine. As you would hereafter prosper—follow me; I pledge you the honour of a knight, that no evil shall befall you. If you are contented to dare futurity—remain in your chamber, and I will depart as I came.

Sir knight, replied the baron, how is it possible that my future peace can depend upon my present determination?

That is not now to be told, said the stranger; I have explained myself to the utmost. It is late; if you follow me, it must be quickly;—you will do well to consider the alternative.

The baron mused, and, as he looked upon the knight, he perceived his countenance assume a singular solemnity.

The baron paced his apartment for some time in silence, impressed by the words of the stranger, whose extraordinary request he feared to grant, and feared also to refuse. At length, he said, Sir knight, you are utterly unknown to me; tell me, yourself,—is it reasonable that I should trust myself alone with a stranger, at this hour, in a solitary forest? Tell me, at least, who you are, and who assisted to secrete you in this chamber.

The knight frowned at these latter words, and was a moment silent; then, with a countenance somewhat stern, he said—

I am an English knight; I am called Sir Bevys of Lancaster,—and my deeds are not unknown at the holy city, whence I was returning to my native land, when I was benighted in the neighbouring forest.

Your name is not unknown to fame, said the baron; I have heard of it. (The knight looked haughtily.) But why, since my castle is known to entertain all true knights, did not your herald announce you? Why did you not appear at the banquet where your presence would have been welcomed, instead of hiding yourself in my castle, and stealing to my chamber at midnight?

The stranger frowned, and turned away in silence; but the baron repeated the questions.

I come not, said the knight, to answer inquiries, but to reveal facts. If you would know more, follow me, and again I pledge the honour of a knight that you shall return in safety. Be quick in your determination—I must be gone.

After some farther hesitation, the baron determined to follow the stranger, and to see the result of his extraordinary request; he therefore again drew forth his sword, and, taking up a lamp, bade the knight lead on. The latter obeyed, and, opening the door of the chamber, they passed into the anti-room, where the baron, surprised to find all his pages asleep, stopped, and, with hasty violence, was going to reprimand them for their carelessness, when the knight waved his hand, and looked so expressively upon the baron, that the latter restrained his resentment, and passed on.

The knight, having descended a staircase,

opened a secret door, which the baron had believed was known only to himself, and proceeding through several narrow and winding passages came at length to a small gate, that opened beyond the walls of the castle. Meanwhile, the baron followed in silence and amazement, on perceiving that these secret passages were so well known to a stranger, and felt inclined to return from an adventure that appeared to partake of treachery as well as danger. Then, considering that he was armed, and observing the courteous and noble air of his conductor, his courage returned, he blushed that it had failed him for a moment, and he resolved to trace the mystery to its source.

He now found himself on the heathy platform, before the great gates of his castle, where, on looking up, he perceived lights glimmering in the different casements of the guests, who were retiring to sleep; and, while he shivered in the blast, and looked on the dark and desolate scene around him, he thought of the comforts of his warm chamber, rendered cheerful by the blaze of wood, and felt, for a moment, the full contrast of his present situation.

The wind was strong, and the baron watched his lamp with anxiety, expecting every moment to see it extinguished; but though the flame wavered, it did not expire, and he still followed the stranger, who often sighed as he went, but did not speak.

When they reached the borders of the forest, the knight turned and raised his head, as if he VOL. IV.

meant to address the baron, but then closing his lips in silence, he walked on.

As they entered beneath the dark and spreading boughs, the baron, affected by the solemnity of the scene, hesitated whether to proceed, and demanded how much farther they were to go. The knight replied only by a gesture, and the baron, with hesitating steps and a suspicious eye, followed through an obscure and intricate path, till, having proceeded a considerable way, he again demanded whither they were going, and refused to proceed unless he was informed.

As he said this, he looked at his own sword and at the knight alternately, who shook his head, and whose dejected countenance disarmed the baron, for a moment, of suspicion.

A little farther is the place whither I would lead you, said the stranger; no evil shall befall you.—I have sworn it on the honour of a knight.

The baron, reassured, again followed in silence, and they soon arrived at a deep recess of the forest, where the dark and lofty chestnuts entirely excluded the sky, and which was so overgrown with underwood, that they proceeded with difficulty. The knight sighed deeply as he passed, and sometimes paused; and having, at length, reached a spot, where the trees crowded into a knot, he turned, and, with a terrific look, pointing to the ground, the baron saw there the body of a man, stretched at its length, and weltering in blood; a ghastly wound was on the forehead, and death appeared already to have contracted the features.

The baron, on perceiving the spectacle, started

in horror, looked at the knight for explanation, and was then going to raise the body, and examine if there were yet any remains of life; but the stranger, waving his hand, fixed upon him a look so earnest and mournful, as not only much

surprised him, but made him desist.

But what were the baron's emotions, when, on holding the lamp near the features of the corpse, he discovered the exact resemblance of the stranger his conductor, to whom he now looked up in astonishment and inquiry! as he gazed, he perceived the countenance of the knight change and begin to fade, till his whole form gradually vanished from his astonished sense! While the baron stood, fixed to the spot, a voice was heard to utter these words:—

The body of Sir Bevys of Lancaster, a noble knight of England, lies before you. He was this night waylaid and murdered, as he journeyed from the holy city towards his native land. Respect the honour of knighthood and the law of humanity; inter the body in Christian ground, and cause his murderers to be punished. As ye observe or neglect this, shall peace and happiness, or war and misery, light upon you and your house for ever!

The baron, when he recovered from the awe and astonishment in which this adventure had thrown him, returned to his castle, whither he caused the body of Sir Bevys to be removed; and, on the following day, it was interred, with the honours of knighthood, in the chapel of the eastle, attended by all the noble knights and ladies who graced the court of Baron de Brunne.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ.

THE dean of the cathedral of Badajoz was more learned than all the doctors of Salamanca. Coimbra, and Alcala, united; he understood all languages, living and dead, and was perfect master of every science divine and human: except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic. and was inconsolable when he reflected on his ignorance in that sublime art. He was told that a very able magician, named Don Torribio, resided in the suburbs of Toledo. Immediately he saddled his mule, departed for Toledo, and alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling. the residence of that great man. " Most reverend magician," said he, addressing himself to the sage, " I am the dean of Badajoz. learned men of Spain will allow me to be their superior; but I am come to request from you a much greater honour, that of becoming your pupil. Deign to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgment, suitable to the benefit conferred, and your own extraordinary merit."

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the best company in hell. He told the dean he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master; for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation which produced nothing but compliments and promises, and that he should but dishonour the occult sciences by prostituting them to the ungrateful. "To the ungrateful!" exclaimed the dean, "has then the great Don Torribio met

with persons who have proved ungrateful? And can he so far mistake me as to rank me with such monsters?" He then repeated all the maxims and anothegms which he had read on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish. In short, he talked so well. that the conjuror, after having considered a moment, confessed he could refuse nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations-" Jacintha." said he, calling to his old woman, "lay down two partridges to the fire. I hope my friend the dean will do me the honour of supping with me to-night." At the same time he takes him by the hand and leads him into the cabinet: there he touched his forehead, uttering three mysterious words, "Ortobolan, Pistafrier, Onagriouf." Then, without further preparation, he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity, the introductory elements of his profound science. His new disciple listened with an attention that scarce permitted him to breathe: when, on a sudden, Jacintha entered, followed by a little old man in monstrous boots, and covered with mud up to the neck, who desired to speak with the dean on very important business. This was the postilion of his uncle, the Bishop of Badajoz, who had been sent express after him, and who had galloped without ceasing quite to Toledo. before he could overtake him. He came to bring him information that, some hours after his departure, his grace had been attacked by so violent an apoplexy that the most terrible consequences were to be apprehended. The dean beartily cursed (inwardly that is, and so as to occasion no scandal) at once the disorder, the patient, and the courier, who had certainly all three chosen the most impertinent time possible. He dismissed the postilion, bidding him make haste to Badajoz, whether he would presently follow him; after which he returned to his lesson, as if there were no such things as either uncles or apoplexies.

A few days after he again received news from Badajoz—but this was worth hearing. The principal chanter, and two old canons, came to inform the dean that his uncle, the right reverend bishop, had been taken to heaven to receive the reward of his piety; and that the chapter, canonically assembled, had chosen him to fill the vacant bishopric, and humbly requested that he would console, by his presence, the afflicted church of Badajoz, now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio, who was present at this harangue, endeavoured to derive advantage from what he learned; and taking aside the new bishop, after having paid him a well turned compliment on his promotion, proceeded to inform him that he had a son, named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity, and good inclination, but in whom he had never perceived either taste or talent for the occult sciences. He had, therefore, he said, advised him to turn his thoughts towards the church, and he had now, he thanked heaven, the satisfaction to hear him commended as one of the most deserving divines among all the clergy of Toledo. He therefore took the liberty, most humbly to request his grace to bestow on Don

Benjamin the deanery of Badajoz, which he could not retain together with his bishopric. am very unfortunate," replied the prelate, apparently somewhat embarrassed, "you will, I hope, do me the justice to believe that nothing could give me so great a pleasure as to oblige you in every request; but the truth is, I have a cousin, to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a dean, and if I do not bestow on him this benefice. I must embroil myself with my family, which would be far from agreeable. But," continued he, in an affectionate manner, "will you not accompany me to Badajoz? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me at the moment when it is in my power to be of service to you. Be persuaded, my honoured master; we will go together. Think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil, and leave me to provide for Don Benjamin: nor doubt, but sooner or later. I will do more for him than you expect. A paltry deanery in the remotest part of Estremadura is not a benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself."

The canon law would, no doubt, have construed this offer of the prelate's into simony. The proposal, however, was accepted, nor was any scruple made by either of these two intelligent persons. Don Torribio followed his illustrious pupil to Badajoz, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him in the episcopal palace; and was treated with the utmost respect by the diocess as the favourite of his grace, and a kind of grand vicar. Under the tuition of so able a master, the Bishop of Badajoz made a rapid

progress in the occult sciences. At first he gave himself up to them, with an ardour which might appear excessive: but this intemperance grew by degrees more moderate, and he pursued them with so much prudence that his magical studies never interfered with the duties of his diocess. He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim. very important to be remembered by ecclesiastics. whether addicted to sorcery, or only philosophers and admirers of literature—that it is not sufficient to assist at learned nocturnal meetings. or adorn the mind with embellishments of human science, but that it is also the duty of divines to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant in the minds of their hearers wholesome doctrine and Christian morality. Regulating his conduct by these commendable principles, this learned prelate was celebrated throughout Christendom for his merit and piety: and, when he least expected such an honour, was promoted to the archbishopric of Compostella. The people and clergy of Badajoz lamented, as may be supposed. an event by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor; and the canons of the cathedral, to testify their respect, unanimously conferred on him the honour of nominating his successor.

Don Torribio did not neglect so alluring an opportunity to provide for his son. He requested the bishopric of the new archbishop, and was refused with all imaginable politeness. He had, he said, the greatest veneration for his old master, and was both sorry and ashamed it was not in his power to grant a thing which appeared so

very a trifle; but, in fact, Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked the bishopric for his natural son; and though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some secret, important, and what was more, very ancient obligations to him. It was therefore an indispensable duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one. But Don Torribio ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice; as he might learn by that, what he had to expect when his turn arrived, which should certainly be the first

opportunity.

This anecdote concerning the ancient obligations of the archbishop, the magician had the goodness to believe, and rejoiced, as much as he was able, that his interests were sacrificed to those of Don Ferdinand. Nothing, therefore, was thought of but preparations for their departure to Compostella, where they were now to reside. Though these were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time they were destined to remain there; for the end of a few months one of the pope's chamberlains arrived, who brought the archbishop a cardinal's cap. with an epistle conceived in the most respectful terms, in which his holiness invited him to assist, by his counsel, in the government of the Christian world; permitting him at the same time to dispose of his mitre in favour of whom he pleased.

Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the courier of the holy father arrived. He had been to see his son, who still continued a priest in a small parish at Toledo. But he presently returned, and was not put to the trouble of asking

for the vacant archbishopric. The prelate ran to meet him with open arms,-" My dear master," said he, "I have two pieces of good news to relate at once. Your disciple is created a cardinal, and your son shall-shortly-be advanced to the same dignity. I had intended in the meantime to bestow on him the archbishopric of Compostella, but, unfortunately for him and for me, my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has, during your absence, written me a cruel letter, by which all my measures have been disconcerted. She will not be pacified unless I appoint for my successor the archdeacon of my former church. Don Pablos de Salazar, her intimate friend and confessor. She tells me it will occasion her death if she should not be able to obtain preferment for her dear father in God. Shall I be the death of my mother?"

Don Torribio was not a person who would incite or urge his friend to be guilty of parricide. nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate. To say the truth, however, this mother was a good kind of woman, nearly superannuated. She lived quietly with her cat and her maid servant, and scarcely knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely. then, that she had procured Don Pablos his archbishopric? Was it not more than probable that he was indebted for it to a Gallician lady, his cousin, at once devout and handsome, in whose company his grace the archbishop had frequently been edified during his residence at Compostella? Be that as it may, Don Torribio followed his eminence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived at

that city ere the pope died. The conclave met all the voices of the sacred college were in favour of the Spanish cardinal. Behold him therefore

Pope.

Immediately after the ceremony of his exaltation. Don Torribio, admitted to a secret audience. wept with joy while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil. He modestly represented his long and faithful services; he reminded his holiness of those inviolable promises which he had renewed before he entered the conclave. He, instead of of demanding the vacant hat for Don Benjamin. finished with most exemplary moderation by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would both esteem themselves too happy if his holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefice: such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this harangue the sovereign pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected he was no longer necessary; that he already knew as much of magic as was sufficient for a pope. After weighing every circumstance, his holiness concluded that Don Torribio was not only a useless but a troublesome pedant; and this point determined, he replied in the following words: "We have learned, with concern, that under pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrible intercourse with the spirit of darkness and deceit; we therefore exhort you, as a father, to expiate your crime by a repentance proportionable to its

enormity. Moreover we enjoin you to depart from the territories of the church within three days, under penalty of being delivered over to the secular arm and its merciless flames."

Don Torribio, without being alarmed, immediately repeated the three mysterious words which no doubt the reader remembers, and going to a window, cried out with all his force, "Jacintha, you need not spit but one partridge; for my friend, the dean, will not sup here to-night," This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary pope. He immediately recovered from the trance, into which he had been thrown by the mysterious words. He perceived that, instead of being in the Vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of Don Torribio, and saw by the clock that it was not a complete hour since he entered that fatal cabinet, where he had been entertained by such pleasant dreams. In that short time he had imagined himself a magician, a bishop, a cardinal, and a pope; and he found at last that he was a dupe and a knave: all was illusion. except the proofs he had given of his deceitful and evil heart. He instantly departed, without speaking a single word, and finding his mule where he had left her, returned to Badajoz.

BLANCHET.

THE STORM SHIP.

In the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when it was under the sway of WouterVan Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes were alarmed one

sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain descended in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses; the lightning was seen to play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times, in vain. to strike its weathercock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom: and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms, that only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children treether, and took refuge in the cellars; after having a shoe on the iron post of every bed post, les. it should attract the lightning. At length the torm abated; the thunder sank into a growl, and the setting sun, breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold.

The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay. It passed from mouth to mouth, and from street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship, in those early times of the settlement, was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. It brought them news from the old world, from the land of their birth, from which they were so

completely severed: to the yearly ship, too, they looked for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessaries. The good vrouw could not have her new cap nor new gown until the arrival of the ship: the artist waited for it with his tools, the burgomaster for his pipe and his supply of Hollands, the schoolboy for his top and marbles, and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new Thus every one, rich and poor, great mansion. and small, looked out for the arrival of the ship. It was the great yearly event of the town of New Amsterdam: and from one end of the year to the other, the ship-the ship-the ship-was the continual topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the populace down to the battery, to behold the wished for sight. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was a matter of some speculation. Many were the groups were collected about the battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster, of slow and pompous gravity, giving his opinion with great confidence to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weather-beaten fellows, who had been seamen or fishermen in their times: and were great authorities on such occasions; these gave different opinions, and caused great disputes among their several adherents: but the man most looked up to, and followed and watched by the crowd, was Hans Van Pelt, an old Dutch sea captain retired from service, the nautical oracle of the place. He reconnoitred the ship through an ancient telescope, covered with tarry canvass, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing. A hum, however, from Van Pelt had always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the meantime the ship became more distinct to the naked eve; she was a stout, round. Dutch built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colours. The evening sun gilded her bellving canvass, as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel who had given notice of her approach, declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight, just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder cloud. The bystanders looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he would say to this report: Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together, and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and, with some difficulty, loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it! What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbour master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her; but after rowing two or three hours, he returned without success.

Sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was hecause his oarsmen, who were rather pursy and short winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands; but this it is probable was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew: who were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers; not a word was spoken by any one on board: they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed left to her own government. Thus she kept on. away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer skv.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in the whole course of his administration. Fears were entertained for the security of the infant settlements on the river, lest this might be an enemy's ship in disguise, sent to take possession. The governor called together his council repeatedly to assist him with their conjectures. He sat in his chair of state, built with timber from the sacred forest of the Hague, and smoked his long jasmin pipe, and listened to all that his counsellors had to say on a subject about which they knew nothing; but in spite of all the conjecturing of the sagest and oldest heads, the governor still continued to doubt.

Messengers were dispatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings-the ship had made no port. Day after day, and week after week, clapsed, but she never returned down the Hudson. As, however, the council seemed solicitous for intelligence, they had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different ports of the river; sometimes near the Pallisadoes, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes in the Highlands: but she was never reported as having been seen above the Highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of these apparitions; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of the thunder storm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappaan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstrow Bay. At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm; but the next flash would show her far off, always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in quiet moonlight nights, she would be seen under some high bluff of the Highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her topsails glittering in the moonbeams; by the time, however, that the voyagers would reach the place, there would be no ship to be seen; and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again, with her topsails in the moonshine! Her appearance was always just after. or just before, or just in the midst of unruly weather; and she was known by all the skippers VOL. IV.

and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of "the storm ship."

These reports perplexed the governor and his council more than ever: and it would be endless to repeat the conjectures and opinions that were uttered on the subject. Some quoted cases in point, of ships seen off the coast of New England, navigated by witches and goblins. Old Hans Van Pelt, who had been more than once to the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, insisted that this must be the flying Dutchman which had so long haunted Table Bay; but being unable to make port, had now sought another harbour. Others suggested, that, if it really was a supernatural apparition, as there was every natural reason to believe, it might be Hendrick Hudson, and his crew of the Halfmoon; who, it is well known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river, in seeking a north-west passage to China. This opinion had very little weight with the governor, but it passed current out of doors; for, indeed, it had already been reported that Hendrick Hudson and his crew haunted the Kaatskill Mountain; and it appeared very reasonable to suppose, that his ship might infest the river where the enterprise was baffled, or that it might bear the shadowy crew to their periodical revels in the mountain.

Other events occurred to occupy the thoughts and doubts of the sage Wouter and his council, and the storm ship ceased to be a subject of deliberation at the board. It continued, however, to be a matter of popular belief and marvellous anecdote through the whole time of the

Dutch government, and particularly just before the capture of New Amsterdam, and the subjugation of the province by the English squadron. About that time the storm ship was repeatedly seen in the Tappaan Zee, and about Weehask, and even down as far as Hoboken; and her appearance was supposed to be ominous of the approaching squall in public affairs, and the downfall of Dutch domination.

Since that time we have no authentic accounts of her; though it is said she still haunts the high-lands, and cruises about Point-no-point. People who live along the river insist that they sometimes see her in summer moonlight; and that in a deep still midnight they have heard the chant of her crew, as if heaving the lead; but sights and sounds are so deceptive along the mountainous shores, and about the wide bays and long reaches of this great river, that I confess I have very strong doubts upon the subject.

It is certain, nevertheless, that strange things have been seen in these highlands in storms, which are considered as connected with the old story of the ship. The captains of the river craft talk of a little bulbous bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk hose and sugar loafed hat, with a speaking trumpet in his hand, which they say keeps about the Dunderberg*. They declare that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunderclap. That some-

^{*} i. e. "The Thunder Mountain." so called from its echoes.

times he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets. tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist. and playing a thousand gambols in the air; or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Anthony's nose; and that, at such times, the hurry scurry of the storm was always greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by the Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thunder gust, that came scouring round the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, yet she laboured dreadfully, until the water came over her gunwale. All the crew were amazed, when it was discovered that there was a little white sugarloaf hat on the mast head. which was known at once to be the hat of the Heer of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast head, and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued labouring and rocking, as if she would have rolled her mast overboard. She seemed in continual danger either of upsetting or of running on shore. this way she drove quite through the highlands. until she had passed Pollopol's Island, where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourne, than the little hat, all at once, spun up into the air like a top; whirled up all the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg, while the sloop righted herself and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck but the fortunate circumstance of having a horseshoe nailed against the mast: a wise precaution against

evil spirits, which has since been adapted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

There is another story told of this foul weather urchin, by Skipper Daniel Ouslesticker, of Fish Hill, who was never known to tell a lie. declared that, in a severe squall, he saw him seated astride of his bowsprit, riding the sloop ashore, full butt against Anthony's nose, and that he was exorcised by Dominie Van Gieson, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sung the hymn of St. Nicholas; whereupon the goblin threw himself up in the air like a ball, and went off in a whirlwind, carrying away with him the night cap of the Dominie's wife; which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weathercock of Esopus' church steeple. at least forty miles off! After several events of this kind had taken place, the regular skippers of the river, for a long time, did not venture to pass the Dunderberg without lowering their peaks, out of homage to the Heer of the mountain: and it was observed that all such as paid this tribute of respect were suffered to pass unmolested *. WASHINGTON IRVING.

[•] Among the superstitions which prevailed in the colonies, during the early times of the settlements, there seems to have been a singular one about phantom ships. The superstitious fancies of men are always apt to turn upon those objects which concern their daily occupations. The solitary ship, which, from year to year, came like a raven in the wilderness, bringing to the inhabitants of a settlement the comforts of life from the world from which they were cut off, was apt to be present to their dreams, whether sleeping or waking. The accidental sight from shore of a sail gliding along the

DEUCALION OF KENTUCKY.

My grandfather was one of the first settlers of Kentucky. He was, by profession, a miller, and built a flour mill at a village in that state. It was called Thyatira—after one of the ancient towns mentioned in the Bible; and he and his neighbours, the founders, expected it would become a great city, but not a vestige of it, neither of the church or mill, now remains—yet I remember it all well. It was a handsome place, situated at the bottom of a range of hills, wooded to the top—a fine stream washed their feet, and the mill stood at the side of a pretty waterfall.

My grandfather left his property in a flourishing condition to my father, who was an enterprising character. He took an active part in the war for independence; and when the peace was adjusted, he returned to Thyatira, where he enlarged the old flour mill, and constructed

horizon of these, as yet, lonely seas, was apt to be a matter of much talk and speculation. There is mention made in one of the early New England writers, of a ship navigated by witches, with a great horse that stood by the mainmast. I have met with another story, somewhere, of a ship that drove on shore in fair, sunny, tranquil weather, with sails all set, and a table spread in the cabin, as if to regale a number of guests, yet not a living being on board. These phantom ships always sailed in the eye of the wind; or ploughed their way with great velocity, making the smooth sea foam before their bows, when not a breath of air was stirring.

Moore has finely wrought up one of these legends of the sea into a little tale, which, within a small compass, contains the very essence of this species of supernatural fiction. I allude to his Spectre Ship bound to Deadman's Isle.

another for sawing the timber, with which the neighbouring mountains were covered. Every body predicted that my father would soon be one of the richest men in the state, and his prospects were certainly undeniable.

I think it is not possible that I shall ever see again a place half so beautiful as the unfortunate Thyatira, and the valley which it overlooked. The valley was green, the stream was clear, and the woods, that clothed the mountains, were of the loftiest kind, and the richest leaf! All is now desolate. Sometimes of a night, as I came across the Atlantic, I thought the bell of the little wooden church, that stood on the slope above the village, rung in my ear, and I heard the dogs, as it were, bark again, and the cocks crow; but the ship would give a lurch and turn my eyes outwards upon the ocean waters all around me, as lone and wild as the deluge that destroyed my native village.

In the summer before the dreadful vellow fever broke out in Philadelphia-I was in that city at the time when the fever raged, which makes me remember it so well.-my father was much troubled by the failure of the stream which supplied The drought dried it up, and his his mill. wheels stood still for want of water. the old neighbours had visited the source of the river in their youth. It was a lake far up among. the mountains, and my father, being a bold and enterprising character, thought, if he could enlarge the opening at the banks of the lake, where the stream issued, he would obtain an abundance of water.

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The scheme was feasible, and he engaged a number of men to go with him to the lake for that purpose. I was then a youth, fond of any adventure, and I accompanied the heroes of the pickaxe and shovel. We had a cheerful journey through the woods: we startled showers of beautiful humming-birds; they were all like apple blossoms scattered in the winds; we slept at night in the woods, and we crossed several ancient Indian war tracks, which we knew by their inscriptions on the rocks; we saw also in the forest artificial mounds, on which trees of the oldest growth were growing. They were the work of the inhabitants before the present race. -perhaps they were antediluvian. Sometimes I think America is the old world that was destroved. But be that as it may, it contains many remains of antiquity that philosophy has not yet explained. The warfare belts of Indians are hieroglyphical lectures. The Egyptians wrote in that language. Did they teach the Indians? Not, however, to dwell on such abstruse matters, I shall just say, that we reached on the second day the lake which supplied the stream. It was about ten miles long and five broad—a bowl in the midst of several hills. It was overlooked by the woods and mountains; but towards our valley. a vast embankment gave it the form of a dam. over the middle of which the stream of Thyatira flowed.

It was the evening when we reached the top of the embankment; we took some refreshment, and my father proposed that we should rest ourselves for that night;—the whole business partook of the nature of a hunting excursion: -our end was labour, but we sweetened the means with pleasure. Accordingly, after our repast, the party severally betook themselves to the sports in which they most delighted. I retired to a rock that overlooked the lake, and seated myself to view the landscape, that in the lone magnificence of mountain, lake, and wood, was spread around me. The spirit of the place held communion with mine, and I was seized with an awful foreboding. Tranquillity floated like a corpse on the water; silence sat in the dumbness of death on the mountains; the woods seemed. as the light faded, to take the form of hearseplumes; and as I looked down towards my native village, I thought of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the day of judgment. What curious sense of the mind, keener than the eve, and quicker than the ear, gave me in that evening the foretaste of what was to happen?

The rest of the party slept well, but I durst not close my eyes. The moment I did so, the ever restless faculty of my spirit discovered the omens of what was to ensue, and frightened me awake. It is amazing how such things happen;—for my part, I think the mind never sleeps, and that our dreams are but the metaphorical medium of its reflections when the five physical senses are shut up. Dreams, I would say, are but the metaphors in which reason thinks. But the mysteries of the kingdom of the soul are more dark and profound than those of the other kingdoms of nature, and I cannot expound them.

At daybreak my father called us cheerily to vol. IV.

work. I know not by what impulse I was actuated. I had been educated by a strange man-a deep classical scholar, who had settled at Thyatira. He had been brought up at Oxford. and he ascribed living powers to all organised existences. The woods were to him endowed with spirits, the streams had intelligence, and the rocks the memory of witnesses bearing testimony. These fancies came thick upon me, and I went to my father, and laid my hand upon his "Forbear, father," said I, "there may be something unhallowed in disturbing the ancient channel of these solitary waters." My father laughed, and again struck his pickage into the mound. It was a fatal stroke, for as he pulled out the weapon, the ground gave, as it were, a shudder, and presently after a groan was heard, as if the whole mound of earth was breaking up.

My father, by the stroke of his pickaxe, had cleft asunder an incrustation of sand, that formed as it were the bowl of the lake. The water rushed through and widened the seam with great The mound, which dammed up the lake, had been formed by a gradual accumulation of fallen timber. The water through the rent insinuated itself among the mass; the mud and sand between the gathered trunks were washed away, and the mass lost its adhesion. course of a few minutes, Heaven knows by what strange aptitude, the stupendous mound began to It became convulsed: it roared with the throes of tearing asunder: the waters of the lake boiled up from the bottom: I ran from the spot; my father and his friends stood aghast and terrified; birds were screaming from the woods below: I called to my father, and to all, for God's sake to follow me: I looked towards the lakeit seemed to me as if its calm level surface was taking the shape of sloping glass: I caught hold of the branch of a tree which grew on the rock where I had contemplated the scene the preceding evening: I felt as it were the globe of the world sliding from under my feet; I exerted myself; I reached the rock; every thing was . reeling around me: I saw the hills and woods moving away. I shut my eyes in terror, and, covering my face with my hands, stretched myself on the rock, as if I lay at the foot of the angel of destruction. I heard a sound louder than thunder: my senses were for a time stunned. What in the meantime happened I know not: but when I had fortitude enough to look around. I found myself on the ledge of an awful precipice -a black and oozy valley, herbless as a grave, where the lake had been; and for the mound where I had left my father and his labourers, a horrible chasm-devastation horrid as the roaring deluge was seen raging down the valley towards Thyatira. The sound lessened as I looked, and a silence succeeded, such as the raven of Noah found upon the earth when she went forth, banqueting on the abolished races of the old world.

GALT.

AN HEIRESS IN JEOPARDY.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions: see much to admire and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity which sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away and be forgotten. It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was the heiress to ten thousand pounds per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time; and in spite of the circumstances being regularly dwelt on by my French governess at Camden House after every heinous misdemeanour, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till at the age of eighteen I was called on to bid adjeu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear my uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me while I am writing—appeared positively frightful, while he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled

and jangled through life; and that the only subject on which they ever agreed was to support the dignity of the Vavasour family. That in a moment of unprecedented unison they had determined that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed whichever party violated these precious conditions was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this pious arrangement I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband; for a husband of an orphan; of a girl who has not a mearer relation than himself in the world; who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her. A professed rake too: who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate; who will think no love, no confidence, no respect due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature! No-I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned-I have the greatest possible respect for guardians, revere their office, and tremble at their authority; but to make myself wretched merely to please them. no, no-I positively cannot think of it.

Well, Time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one; and, on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfill the arrangement. My opinion, I found, was not to be asked. A rich and titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take

him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me.—Can I not see him and judge of his character, unsuspected by himself? This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my godmother,—why not persuade her to let me visit her incog? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on, and a week saw me at Vale Royal, without carriage, without horses, without servants, to all appearance a girl of no pretensions, or expectations, and avowedly dependant on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember, my heart beating audibly as I descended to the dinner-room, where I was to see for the first time the arbiter of my fate; and I never shall forget my start of surprise when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill health, was introduced to me as the noisy, dissolute, distracting, and distracted baronet. Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room. Davs rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and Prudence began to whisper, "You had better return home." Still I lingered-till one evening, towards the close of a long tête-àtête conversation, on my saving "that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year;" he replied, " One admission more-could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted," he continued, with increasing emotion, "with my unhappy situation; but not perhaps aware, that revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If, foregoing more brilliant prospects. vou would condescend to share my retirement ---." His manner, the moments, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me: and Heaven knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gaiety foreign to my heart, "I can say nothing to you, till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour.—See her at once." "But why?" he exclaimed, "could seeing her again and again ever reconcile me to her manners. habits, and sentiments? or any sum of money, however large, induce me to place at the head of my table a humpbacked bas-blue, in green spectacles?" "Humpbacked?" "Yes, from her cradle. But you colour. Do you know her?" " Intimately. She's my most particular friend!" "I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am. I hope you are not offended?" "Offended? Oh no-not offended. Humpbacked. good Heavens!-not the least offended. Humpbacked, of all things in the world:" and I involuntarily gave a glance towards the glass. "I had no conception," he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, " that there was any acquaintance." "The most intimate possible," I returned; "and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute. passionate, awkward, ill disposed young man breathing." "The devil!" "Don't swear, but hear me. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. Further, at present, this deponent saith not;" and, with a face ludicrously distorted with an attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I escaped to my own room. We did not meet again; for the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

Not many weeks afterwards Sir Edgar came The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze-the tenants were carousing on the lawn -when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose, in a darkened room, near a table covered with ponderous volumes, I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and hahs innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had " No, no," said I, in ever been contemplated. a voice that made him start, and drawing up the blinds, "No, no, it is preposterous to suppose Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill bred, awkward, humpbacked girl." Exclamations and explanations, laughter and raillery-intermixed with more serious feelings -followed: but the result of it all was-thatthat-that-we are married. ANONYMOUS.

THE FALLS OF OHIOPYLE.

On the west of the Alleghany mountains rise the branches of the Youghiogeny river. The surrounding country is fertile and woody, and presents strong attractions for the sportsmen, as does also the river, which abounds in fish. These were the principal considerations which induced me, in the autumn of the year 1812, to ramble forth with my dog, amid uninhabited solitudes almost unknown to human footsteps, and where nothing is heard but the rush of winds and the roar of waters. On the second day after my departure from home, pursuing my amusement on the banks of the river, I chanced to behold a small boat, fastened by a rope of twisted grass to the bank of the stream. I examined it. and finding it in good condition. I determined to embrace the opportunity that presented itself of extending my sport, and my fishing tackle was put in requisition. I entered the diminutive vessel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my fourfooted companion, who, by his barking, whining, and delay in coming on board, seemed to entertain manifold objections to the conveyance by water.-a circumstance which somewhat surprised me. At last, however, his scruples being overcome, he entered into the boat, and we rowed off.

My success fully equalled my expectations, and evening overtook me before I thought of desisting from my employment. But there were attractions to a lover of nature which forbade me leaving the element on which I was gliding along. I have mentioned that it was autumn; immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away with the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To me this time of the year is indescribably beautiful. I love to dwell upon those sad and melancholy associations that

suggest themselves to the mind, when nature in her garb of decay presents herself to the eye; it reminds us, that human pride, and human happiness, like the perishing things around us, are hastening rapidly on to their decline: that the spring of life flies; that the summer of manhood passeth away, and that the autumn of our existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death. which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the waters curled its surface in waves that, breaking as they fell, dashed their sparkling foam in showers around. The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds. last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow sombre lustre the umbered foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquillity; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unholy thought, or let one evil feeling obtrude upon his meditation. As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects increased. Immense oaks twisted about their gigantic branches covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees, and thick shrubs, filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage. As the evening advanced. imagination took a wider range, and added to the natural embellishments. The obscure outline of the surrounding forests assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill defined object in ber own fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred headed giant about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. As the motion of the boat varied the point of view, the objects would change their figure, which again, from the same cause, would give way to another, and another, and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances. Distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels, and attendants, dwarfs and squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of phantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions. Thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile that they seemed scarce to afford a resting-place for the moonbeams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the denser masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance; while rising above them, the evening star twinkled with its solitary rays. I could not be said to feel pleasure; it was rapture that throbbed in my heart at the view: my cares, my plans, my very existence, were forgotten in the flood of intense emotions that overwhelmed me at thus beholding in their pride of loveliness the works of the creating Spirit.

In the meantime the boat sailed rapidly onwards, with a velocity so much increased that it awakened my attention. This, however, I attributed to a rather strong breeze that had sprung up. My dog, who had since his entrance into

the boat lain pretty quiet, began to disturb me with his renewed barkings, fawnings, and supplicating gestures. I imagined that he wished to land, and as the air was becoming chill, I felt no objection to comply with his wishes. On looking around, however, and seeing no fit place of landing, I continued my course, hoping shortly to find some more commodious spot. Very great, however, was the dissatisfaction of Carlo at this arrangement; but in spite of his unwillingness he was obliged to submit, and we sailed on.

Shortly, however, my ears were assailed by a distant rumbling noise, and the agitation of my companion redoubled. For some time he kept up an interrupted howling, seemingly under the influence of great fear or of bodily pain. I now remarked, that though the wind had subsided. the rapidity of the boat's course was not abated. Seriously alarmed by these circumstances, I determined to quit the river as soon as possible. and sought with considerable anxiety for a place where I might by any means land. It was in vain: high banks of clay met my view on both sides of the stream, and the accelerated motion of the boat presented an obstacle to my taking advantage of any irregularities in them by which I might otherwise have clambered up to land. In a short time my dog sprang over the side of the boat, and I saw him with considerable difficulty obtain a safe landing. Still he looked at me wistfully, and seemed undecided whether to retain his secure situation or return to his master.

Terror had now obtained complete dominion

The rush of the stream was tremendous, and I now divined too well the meaning of the noise which I have before mentioned. It was no longer an indistinct murmur; it was the roar of a cataract, and I shuddered, and grew cold, to think of the fate to which I was hurrying. without hope or succour, or a twig to catch at to save me from destruction. In a few moments I should in all probability be dashed to atoms on the rocks, or whelmed amid the boiling waves of the waterfall. I sickened at the thought of it. I had heard of death. I had seen him in various forms. I had been in camps where he rages; but never till now did he seem so terrible. the beautiful face of nature which had tempted me to my fate was the same. The clear sky, the moon, the silvery and fleecy clouds were above me, and high in the heavens, with the same dazzling brightness, shone the star of the evening. and in their tranquillity seemed to deride my misery. My brain was oppressed with an unusual weight, and a clammy moisture burst out over my limbs. I lost all sense of surrounding objects, a mist was over my eyes—but the sound of the waterfall roared in my ears, and seemed to penetrate through my brain. These strange fancies took possession of my mind. Things of whose shape I could form no idea would seize me, and whirl me around till sight and hearing fled. Then I would start from the delusion as from a dream. and again the roar of the cataract would ring These feelings succeeded each through my ears. other with indefinite rapidity, for a very few minutes only could have elapsed from the time I became insensible to the time of my reaching the Suddenly I seemed rapt along with inconceivable swiftness, and, in a moment, I felt that I was descending, or rather driven, headlong with amazing violence and rapidity. shock as if my frame had been rent into atoms succeeded, and all thought or recollection was annihilated. I recovered, in some degree, to find myself dashed into a watery abyss, from which I was again vomited forth to be again plunged beneath the waves, and again cast up. As I rose to the surface, I saw the stars dimly shining through the mist and foam; and heard the thunder of the falling river. I was often, as well as I can remember, partly lifted from the water, but human nature could not bear such a situation long, and I became gradually unconscious of the shocks which I sustained. no longer the horrible noise, and insensibility afforded me a relief from my misery.

It was long before I again experienced any sensation. At last I awoke, as it seemed to me, from a long and troubled sleep. But my memory was totally ineffectual to explain to me what or where I was. So great had been the effect of what I had undergone, that I retained not the slightest idea of my present or former existence. I was like a man newly born, in full possession of his faculties; I felt all that consciousness of being, yet ignorant of its origin, which I imagine a creature placed in the situation I have supposed would experience. I know not whether I make myself intelligible in this imperfect narrative of my adventure, but some

allowance will, I trust, be made in consideration of the novel situation and feelings which I have to describe.

I looked around the place in which I was. lay on a bed of coarse materials, in a small but airy chamber. By slow degrees I regained my ideas of my own existence and identity: but I was still totally at a loss to comprehend by what means I came into such a situation. sailing on the river, of my fears and unpleasant sensations, and of being dashed down the falls of Ohiopyle, I retained not the slightest recollection. I cast my eyes around, in hopes of seeing some person who could give me some information of my situation, and of the means by which I was placed in it-but no one was visible. My next thought was to rise and seek out the inhabitants of the house: but on trial I found that my limbs were too weak to assist me, and patience was my only alternative.

After this I relapsed into my former insensibility, in which state I continued a considerable time. Yet I had some occasional glimpses of what was passing about me, I had some floating reminiscences of an old man, who, I thought, had been with me, and a more perfect idea of a female form, which had flitted around. One day, as I lay half sensible on my bed, I saw this lovely creature approach me; I felt the soft touch of her fingers on my brow, and though the pressure was as light as may be conceived from human fingers, it thrilled through my veins, and lingered in my confused remembrance; the sound of her voice, as she spoke in a low tone a few words to the

old man, was music to me—her bright eyes, tempered with the serenity of a pure and blameless mind, beamed upon me with such an expression of charity and benevolence as I never before beheld. During the whole time of my illness, those white fingers, those bright blue eyes, and the sound of that voice, were ever present to my diseased imagination, and exerted a soothing influence over my distempered feelings.

At length the darkness that obscured my mind and memory passed away: I was again sensible, and could call to mind, with some little trouble, a considerable part of the accidents that had befallen me. Still, however, of my reaching the edge of the rock over which the full stream rushes with fearful violence, of the shock which I experienced when dashed down the cataract, and of my terrible feelings. I had a very slight and confused idea. I now longed more ardently than before for some one with whom I might converse about these strange occurrences. and from whom I might gather information concerning these things which were unknown to me. My strength being in some degree recruited, I endeavoured to rise, and succeeding in this attempt. I examined the room in which I lav. but no one was there: my next labour (and a work of labour I found it) was to put on some clothes which I found deposited on a chair, equipped, therefore, as fully as circumstances would admit. I commenced my operations. first step was to enter into an adjoining room. which, fearful of trespassing on forbidden ground, I did with some trepidation. This room was,

however, likewise destitute, as I thought, of inhabitants: and I was about to retire, when the barking of a dog arrested my attention, and turning round. I beheld with no small satisfaction my old fellow-traveller Carlo. Shall I attempt to describe our meeting? It was the language of the heart, inexpressible in words, that spoke in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of my dog, and I was busily engaged in patting and caressing him; when, turning round, I perceived that our privacy had been intruded on. The beautiful creature on whom my wandering fancy had dwelt stood looking at us, supporting with one arm the old man, her father, while, on the other, hung a basket of flowers. I stood gazing at them, without speaking. I know not what magic made me dumb, but not a word escaped my lips. She was the first to speak, and expressed her joy at seeing me able to depart from my couch; chiding me at the same time for so doing without leave. She smiling said. "I am, at present, your physician, and I assure you I shall exercise the power which I have over vou, as such, in as rigorous a manner as possible." "But," added the father, "we should not thus salute a guest by threatening him with subjection; he is our guest, and not our captive." By this time I had recovered the use of my tongue, and began to express my gratitude for this kindness, and my sorrow at the trouble which I was conscious I must have occasioned to them. But my politeness was cut short by the frank assurances of my host, reiterated more gently, but not less warmly, by his lovely daughter, Carlo VOL. IV.

and I were now separated, much against the wishes of both, but my fair physician was inextorable, and I was compelled to turn in again, in seaman's phrase, till the morrow, and to suspend for the same time my curiosity.

The next day at length came, and I requested my entertainers to favour me with answers to the questions which I should propose to them. They smiled at my eagerness, and promised to satisfy my curiosity. It was easily done. The old man had a son, who, passing by the falls of Ohiopyle some nights before, in the evening, was attracted by the moanings and lamentations of a dog, and descending to the bottom of the fall, perceived me at the river side, where I had been entangled among some weeds and straggling roots of trees. From this situation he had great difficulty, first, in securing me, and, having succeeded in that point, in carrying me to his father's dwelling, where I had lain several days, till by his daughter's unremitting attention (the old man himself being unable materially to assist me, and the son compelled to depart from home on urgent business). I had been restored, if not to health, to a state of comparative strength. Such were the facts which I contrived to gather from the discourse of my host and his daughter, notwithstanding their softening down, or slightly passing over every thing, the relation of which might seem to claim my gratitude, or tend to their own praises. themselves, my host was a Pennsylvanian farmer. who, under pressure of misfortune, had retired to this spot, where the exertions of the son sufficed for the support of the whole family, and the

daughter attended to the household duties, and to the comfort of the father.

When the old man and his daughter had answered my queries, I renewed my thanks, which were, however, cut short. If they had been of service to a fellow-creature, it was in itself sufficient reward, even if they had suffered any inconvenience from assisting me, which they assured me was not the case. Many other good things were said at the time, which I forget: for, shall I confess it? the idea that all that had been done for me was the effect of mere general philanthropy displeased me. When I looked at the lovely woman who had nursed me with sisterlike affection. I could not bear to reflect that any other placed in a similar situation might have been benefited by the same care, and have been watched over with equal attention, and greeted with the same good-natured smile: that I was cared for no more than another, and valued merely as a being of the same species with themselves. to whom, equally with any other their sense of duty taught them to do good.

In a day or two my health was so much improved, that I was permitted to walk out in the small garden which surrounded the cottage. Great was my pleasure in looking at this humble dwelling; its thatched roof, with patches of dark green moss and beautiful verdure; its white walls, and chimney with the wreaths of smoke curling about it; the neat glazed windows; the porch, and its stone seat at the door; the clean pavement of white pebbles before it; the green

grass-plat edged with shells, and stones, and flowers, and gemmed with "wee modest" daisies, and the moss-rose tree in the middle, were to me objects on which my imagination could revel for ever: and I sighed to think that I must shortly part from them. It remained for me in some manner to show my gratitude before I parted from my benevolent host; but I was long before I could settle the thing to my mind. I felt unhappy. too, at the thought of leaving the old man, and his beautiful and good daughter; "and vet it cannot be helped," I repeated again and again. " How happy I should be," I thought, " in this lovely spot; and perhaps, the daughter"-dare a man at first acknowledge even to himself that he is in love? "And why should I not be happy?"

I am now married, need I say to whom? And the whitewashed cottage, with its mossy thatch, has the same attractions for me; nay, more, for it is endeared by the ties of love, of kindred, and of happiness. I have lived in it nine years; my children flock around me; my wife loves me; and her father is happy in seeing her happy. Her brother is flourishing in his business, and none in our family are dissatisfied, or in want. Often do I thank God for my blessings, and look back with pleasure to the day when I passed the Falls of Ohiopyle.

ANONYMOUS.

HENRY DE MONTMORENCY.

A FRAGMENT.

THE sullen tolling of the curfew was heard over the heath, and not a beam of light issued from the dreary villages, the murmuring cotter had extinguished his enlivening embers, and had shrunk in gloomy sadness to repose, when Henry de Montmorency and his two attendants rushed from the castle of A——v.

The night was wild and stormy, and the wind howled in a fearful manner. The moon flashed, as the clouds passed from before her, on the silver armour of Montmorency, whose large and sable plume of feathers streamed threatening in the They hurried rapidly on, and, arriving at the edge of a declivity, descended into a deep glen, the dreadful and savage appearance of which was sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart. It was narrow, and the rocks on each side, rising to a prodigious height, hung bellying over their heads: furiously along the bottom of the valley, turbulent and dashing against huge fragments of the rock, ran a dark and swoln torrent, and farther up the glen, down a precipice of near ninety feet, and roaring with tremendous strength, fell, at a single stroke, an awful and immense cascade. From the clefts and chasms of the crag, abrupt and stern the venerable oak threw his broad breadth of shade. and bending his gigantic arms athwart the stream. shed, driven by the wind, a multitude of leaves, while from the summits of the rocks was heard

the clamour of the falling fragments that bounding from its rugged side leapt with resistless fury on the vale beneath.

Montmorency and his attendants, intrepid as they were, felt the inquietude of apprehension: they stood for some time in silent astonishment. but their ideas of danger from the conflicts of the elements being at length alarming, they determined to proceed, when all instantly became dark. whilst the rushing of the storm, the roaring of the cascade, the shivering of the branches of the trees, and the dashing of the rock assailed at once their sense of hearing. The moon, however, again darting from a cloud, they rode forward, and, following the course of the torrent. had advanced a considerable way, when the piercing shrieks of a person in distress arrested their speed: they stopped, and listening attentively, heard shrill melancholy cries repeated, at intervals, up the glen, which gradually becoming more distant, grew faint, and died away. Montmorency, ever ready to relieve the oppressed, couched his lance, and bidding his followers prepare, was hastening on, but again their progress was impeded by the harrowing and stupendous clash of falling armour, which, reverberating from the various cavities around, seemed here and there, and from every direction, to be echoed with double violence, as if a hundred men in armour had, in succession, fallen down in different parts of the valley. Montmorency, having recovered from the consternation into which this singular noise had thrown him, undauntedly pursued his course, and, presently discerned by the

light of the moon, the gleaming of a coat of mail. He immediately made up to the spot, where he found, laid along at the root of an aged oak, whose branches hung darkling over the torrent, a knight wounded and bleeding; his armour was of burnished steel, by his side there lay a falchion, and a sable shield embossed with stude of gold, and, dipping his casque into the stream, he was endeavouring to allay his thirst, but through weakness from loss of blood, with difficulty he got it to his mouth. Being questioned as to his misfortune, he shook his head, and unable to speak pointed with his hand down the glen; at the same moment the shricks, which had formerly alarmed Montmorency and his attendants, were repeated, apparently, at no great distance; and now every mark of horror was depicted on the pale and ghastly features of the dving knight: his black hair, dashed with gore, stood erect, and, stretching forth his hand towards the sound, he seemed struggling for speech, his agony became excessive, and, groaning, he dropped dead upon the earth.

The suddenness of this shocking event, the total ignorance of its cause, the uncouth scenery around, and the dismal wailings of distress, which still poured upon the ear with aggravated strength, left room for imagination to unfold its most hideous ideas; yet Montmorency, though astonished, lost not his fortitude and resolution, but determined following the direction of the sound, to search for the place whence these terible screams seemed to issue, and recommending his men to unsheath their swords and maintain a

strict guard, cautiously followed the windings of the glen, until, abruptly turning the corner of an out-jutting crag, they perceived two corses mangled in a frightful manner, and the glimmering of light appeared through some trees that hung depending from a steep and dangerous part of the rock. Approaching a little nearer, the shricks seemed evidently to proceed from that quarter, upon which, tying their horses to the branches of an oak, they ascended slowly and without any noise towards the light; but what was their amazement, when, by the pale glimpses of the moon, where the eye could penetrate through the intervening foliage, in a vast and vawning cavern, dimly lighted by a lamp suspended from the roof, they beheld half a dozen gigantic figures in ponderous iron armour; their vizors were up, and the lamp, faintly gleaming on their features, displayed an unrelenting sternness capable of the most ruthless deeds. One, who had the aspect and the garb of their leader, and who, waving his scimetar, seemed menacing the rest, held on his arm a massy shield of immense circumference, and which, being streaked with recent blood, presented to the eye an object truly terrific. At the back part of the cave, and fixed to a brazen ring, stood a female figure, and as far as the obscurity of the light gave opportunity to judge, of a beautiful and elegant form. From her the shrieks proceeded; she was dressed in white, and struggling violently and in a convulsive manner, appeared to have been driven almost to madness from the conscious horror of her situation. Two of the banditti were high in dispute, fire flashed from their eves, and their scimetars were half unsheathed, and Montmorency. expecting that in the fury of their passion, they would cut each other to pieces, waited the event: but as the authority of their captain soon checked the tumult, he rushed in with his followers, and hurling his lance, "Villains," he exclaimed. " receive the reward of cruelty!" The lance bounded innocuous from the shield of the leader. who turning quickly upon Montmorency, a severe engagement ensued: they smote with prodigious strength, and the valley resounded to the clangour of their steel. Their falchions, unable to sustain the shock, shivered into a thousand pieces, when Montmorency instantly elevating with both his hands his shield, dashed it with resistless fury against the head of his antagonist; lifeless he dropped prone upon the ground; and the crash of his armour bellowed through the hollow rock.

In the meantime his attendants, although they had exerted themselves with great bravery, and had already dispatched one of the villains, were. by force of numbers overpowered, and being bound together, the remainder of the banditti rushed in upon Montmorency just as he had stretched their commander upon the earth, and obliged him also, notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts of valour, to surrender. The lady who, during the encounter, had fainted away, waked again to fresh scenes of misery, at the moment when these monsters of barbarity were conducting the unfortunate Montmorency and his companions to a dreadful grave. They were led, by a long and intricate passage, mid an assem-VOL. IV.

blage of rocks, which, rising between seventy and eighty feet perpendicular, bounded on all sides a circular plain, into which no opening was apparent but that through which they came. The moon shone bright, and they beheld in the middle of this plain a hideous chasm: it seemed near a hundred feet in diameter, and on its brink grew several trees, whose branches, almost meeting in the centre, dropped on its infernal mouth a gloom of settled horror. "Prepare to die," said one of the banditti, " for in that chasm shall ve be thrown: it is of unfathomable depth, and that ye may not be ignorant of the place ye are so soon to visit, we shall gratify your curiosity with a view of it." So saying, two of them seized the wretched Montmorency, and dragging him to the margin of the abyss, tied him to the trunk of a tree, and having treated his associates in the same manner, "Look," cried a banditto, with a fiendlike smile; "look and anticipate the pleasures of your journey." Dismay and pale affright shook the cold limbs of Montmorency, and as he leant over the illimitable void, the dew sat in big drops upon his forehead. The moon's rays. streaming in between the branches, shed a dim light, sufficient to disclose a considerable part of the vast profundity, whose depth lay hid, for a subterranean river, bursting with tremendous noise into its womb, occasioned such a mist from the rising spray as entirely to conceal the dreary gulf beneath. Shuddering on the edge of this accursed pit stood the miserable warrior; his eves were starting from their sockets, and, as he looked into the dark abvss, his senses, blasted

by the view, seemed ready to forsake him. Meantime the banditti having unbound one of the attendants, prepared to throw him in; he resisted with astonishing strength, shricking aloud for help, and, just as he had reached the slippery margin, every fibre of his body racked with agonizing terror, he flung himself with fury backwards on the ground: fierce and wild convulsions seized his frame, which being soon followed by a state of exhaustion, he was in this condition, unable any longer to resist, hurled into the dreadful chasm; his armour striking upon the rock, there burst a sudden effulgence, and the repetition of the stroke was heard for many minutes as he descended down its rugged side.

No words can describe the horrible emotions, which, on the sight of this shocking spectacle, tortured the devoted wretches. The soul of Montmorency sank within him, and, as they unbound his last fellow sufferer, his eyes shot forth a gleam of vengeful light, and he ground his teeth in silent and unutterable anguish. The inhuman monsters now laid hold of the unhappy man; he gave no opposition, and, though despair sat upon his features, not a shrick, not a groan escaped him, but no sooner had he reached the brink, than making a sudden effort, he liberated an arm, and grasping one of the villains round the waist, sprang headlong with him into the interminable gulf. All was silent—but at length a dreadful plunge was heard, and the sullen deep howled fearfully over its prev. The three remaining banditti stood aghast; they durst not unbind Montmorency, but resolved, as the tree to which he was tied grew near the mouth of the pit, to cut it down, and, by that means, he would fall along with it, into the chasm. Montmorency, who after the example of his attendant, had conceived the hope of avenging himself, now saw all possibility of effecting that design taken away, and as the axe entered the trunk, his anguish became so excessive that he fainted. The villains, observing this, determined, from a malicious prudence, to forbear, as at present he was incapable of feeling the terrors of his situation. They therefore withdrew and left him to recover at his leisure.

Not many minutes had passed away, when life and sensation returning, the hapless Montmorency awoke to the remembrance of his fate. "Have mercy," he exclaimed, the briny sweat trickling down his pallid features. "Oh Christ, have mercy;" then looking around him, he started at the abyss beneath, and shrinking from its ghastly brink, pressed closely against the tree. In a little time, however, he recovered his perfect recollection, and, perceiving that the banditti had left him, became more composed. His hands, which were bound behind him, he endeavoured to disentangle, and, to his inexpressible joy, after many painful efforts, he succeeded so far as to loosen the cords, and, by a little more perseverance, effected his liberty. He then sought around for a place to escape through, but without success: at length as he was passing on the other side of the chasm, he observed a part of its craggy side, as he thought, illuminated, and, advancing a little nearer, he found that it pro-

ceeded from the moon's rays shining through a large cleft of the rock, and at a very inconsiderable depth below the surface. A gleam of hope now broke in upon his despair, and gathering up the ropes which had been used for himself and his associates, he tied them together, and fastening one end to the boll of a tree, and the other to his waist, he determined to descend as far as the illuminated spot. Horrible as was the experiment, he hesitated not a moment in putting it into execution: for, when contrasted with his late fears, the mere hazard of an accident weighed as nothing, and the apprehension that the villains might return before his purpose was secure accelerated and gave vigour to his efforts. Soon was he suspended in the gloomy abyss, and neither the roaring of the river, nor the dashing of the spray, intimidated his daring spirit, but, having reached the cleft, he crawled within it, then, loosing the cord from off his body, he proceeded onwards, and, at last, with rapture no description can paint, discerned the appearance of the glen beneath him. He knelt down, and was returning thanks to heaven for his escape, when suddenly-

DR. DRAKE.

THE LAUGHING HORSEMAN.

"WHERE was the body found?" said the parish clerk.

"In the Deadman's Clough," replied the landlord, "close under the root of the big black elm."

"It is the strangest thing of the kind," said the clerk.

"That has happened in England, in my time," added the landlord.

There was a dead pause. No one else thought fit to join in the conversation of the two worthies, who were, in a manner, the secondary oracles of the parish. But the bystanders filled the yard of the Crow and Teapot, and peeped over each other's shoulders, and under their arms, with a shuddering curiosity, to catch a glimpse of the At times, a half-suppressed whisper would rise among the crowd; and, occasionally, a scuffle took place, as those behind pushed forward those in the front ranks, who, as vehemently, resisted the suggestion. For, anxious as all were to see the mangled and hideous spectacle, none were willing to approach beyond a certain degree of appropinguity, seemingly marked out, by common consent, as the extremity of their advances.

"Lost for three weeks!" ejaculated the landlord, " and found in such a state!"

"Most unfit," said the clerk, "for a Christian body, under an old tree; and might have lain time unknown, without bell or book :-what of his immortal soul!"

"True, true! and such a life as he led, drinking at home-never spent a penny at a public. and gambling abroad, and getting money, the Lord knows how, and yet never a farthing to a starving bodv."

" Nor a penny in the poor's box; but, as to that, he never came within ten graves' length of a church door," said the clerk.

"Never, since the day that we first heard of his winning three hundred guineas from Will Codicil, the rich lawyer's son; and that was the first winning Gripe Gibbon ever made, one way or other." added the host.

"Ay, but he made many a one after; never rattled a dice-box, or chucked a guinea, or dealt a card, but sure it was, great or small, the sweepings always came to one packet," said the landlord's plump wife, who began to feel impatient at the long silence under which she had remained.

"Even so," replied the clerk: "it is to be prayed for, that he may not have lost more than he gained. It ever seemed strange to me, the run of luck he had. I never knew of a gambler that always won,—not one; saving, always, when it might be with the help, with the abetting of—of him—of one that's not to be named."

The insinuation, conveyed by these words, was not lost on the audience. Those who had been most eager in pressing forward towards the centre, now shrunk back a rank. The whole assembly presented a galaxy of faces, most unduly exaggerated in length, and looked at the speaker as if to devour the words of strange import that fell from a man, who, according to his station, spake with authority.

"And I would fain know," continued the speaker, lowering his voice, and assuming a more mysterious tone, "I would fain know the meaning of that bauble that never left him when living, and hangs to his neck, now that he lies there a mangled corse."

When the rising horror, which the sayings of

the clerk had given birth to, had a little subsided, a woman, one of the bystanders, ventured to offer an answer to the implied query.

"I have heard Sukey Barnes, his old housekeeper, when she was well and hearty,-as blithsome an old woman as one would see on a a summer's day,-say her belief, that it was a charm against Him that we know of, and that he prized it more than all his ill gotten winnings: and often, after his riotings, when those fearful fits came on him, he would grasp it with his clasped hands, and cry to it to save him. Morning and night, sleeping and waking, he had it on him; but why, or for what, a Christian soul should put such a faith in a senseless thing o' metal. He only knows."

An oracular "humph!" accompanied with a look from under the bent eyebrows of the clerk. betokened his deep consideration of Meg Svmonds' account; which increased so much the terror of the crowd (and crowds were not by far so enlightened in those times as in our own). that, although it was vet daylight, many a one looked fearfully over the left shoulder, and seemed only to wait an example to depart, with all possible speed, from the vicinity of the fearful thing. At length, the landlord revolved his circumference, and, leading the way with the clerk into the house, was followed by the whole assembly, man, woman, and child, emulously disputing the priority of entrance, and alike desirous of not being the last to quit the vard in which lay the unfortunate object of their anxiety.

The approaching gloom of the evening was

dispelled by the fire of larch faggots, that roared. and fumed, and flustered, in the huge chimney of the inn kitchen, a cheering defiance to the chills of February. A capacious semicircle, widely expanding around this welcome point of attraction, was speedily formed; within which divers round and square tables were laden with earthen jugs, brown as the English barlevcorn juice wherewith they were replete. As the contents of the measures diminished, the courage of the inmates waxed higher; and stories, dark and mysterious. were dealt out in lavish profusion. The atmosphere seemed infected with the contagion of the strange and the supernatural: no subject was broached but savoured of more than earthly interest: none listened to but what spake of the grave, and its fearful scenery, or the still more exciting theme of the delusions and machinations of the enemy of man. The old ran through the memory of their days, and the days of their fathers, to cull from the traditions of the murdered and the slayer. The swollen corpse of the water-fiend's victim-the black damning marks of the strangled-the rattling of the gibbet chains -and the noiseless step of the things that mortal eye may hardly look upon and live, were, by turns, presented to the thirsting and fevered imagination; whilst the young drank in, with greedy ears, the sleep-destroying histories, till not a soul in the room but was saturated with the dreadful topic that thrilled their blood, with the nervous excitement of an irresistible stimulant.

One of the company in particular was chained in attention to these narratives. The subject vol. IV.

seemed, by a sort of enchantment or fascination. to enwrap his soul and chain down every faculty: vet, to look at him, no one would have selected him as an object likely to be affected, in any peculiar degree, by supernatural terrors. He was a young man, apparently not more than five and twenty; his hale frame and ruddy cheeks indicated bodily health, as well as freedom from any burdensome excess of care; and he seemed as well able to defend himself from such foes as might be overcome by dint of strength: but, under the influence of the fears which at present assailed, he became, like Samson, weak-not, indeed. "as another man," but chicken-hearted as a child. Never was man so translated by terror.

He of the timorous mind sat on a pedler's box. which, at once, denoted his profession, and enclosed the chief of his worldly substance. Though not immoderate in its dimensions, it, on this occasion, carried double; for, squatted upon it, close by the owner, sat a favoured she, the faultless Phyllis of the perambulant Corydon, whose left arm half surrounded her reluctant waist, while the right in part supported its owner, as he leaned against the huge chimney-piece, into whose comfortable vicinity he had drawn. It was a moot point, whether the occasional squeezes which the pedler bestowed on the object of his affections were, in fact, the designations of love or fear; whether produced by an ebullition of tender feeling, or by a desire of being certified that he was in the immediate companionship of tangible creatures of flesh and blood-things of his own nature.

And so he sat and listened, and listened and sat, till his blood curdled cold in his veins, and his naturally ourled locks began to assume an inclination to perpendicularity. Briefly,—he was frightened to death, as near as a man might be.

Time passed on. It had grown quite darkwithout a light you could not have seen your hand. Moon and stars were as effectually beclouded, as if they had ceased to exit. broad blaze flickered in the chimney jollily, and gleamed on the little snug diamond windowpanes with infinite gaiety. The ghosts and gob-lins became familiar; and this, added to the cheery look of the apartment, with, here and there, glimpses anticipatory of the wherewith preparing for supper,-taking into consideration, too, the ennobling powers of the stout ale,raised up the hearts of the wondering company. We must except, however, the pedler; he, nerveless, to shake away his fear, still clung to Cicely Simkins:—and peeping now over his right, now over his left shoulder, quivered inwardly at his own shadow, as it rose and fell with the waving of the flame.

The conversation was suddenly interrupted. A loud calling at the outer door of the inn betokened the traveller impatient to deliver his horse to the care of the ostler, and himself to the shelter of the house. The landlord was, extempore, on his legs; and, in a few moments, ushered in, with the customary phrases of hospitality welcome, the new comer.

The traveller, though a good-looking man in the main, had something odd about him,—so

much so, that his appearance for a time put an end to the converse, and a dead blank ensued. He gazed about him carelessly—marched, with great slinging steps, to the hearth; and, rubbing his hands briskly over the flame, took the seat by the pedler's Dulcinea, which the landlord had recently deserted, and called for a pint of usquebaugh.

Now, there was nothing strange in all this:—you or I, or any other traveller, on a cold night, and after a ride, it may be of thirty miles, would have done the same. Yet so it was, that the guests stared, first at each other, and then at the stranger, as if at a loss what to make of it. They looked at the traveller, and scrutinized, as if they would have seen through him,—which they certainly would had he been transparent, or only semi-opaque. But his frame was too dense to admit of such researches; and he lolled as he sat, and stretched his legs to the fire, and sipped his liquor like a man of middle earth.

Stay!—We have given no account of his personal appearance; which, as before hinted, was a little queer. He was a tall man, not corpulent, his legs degenerating to spindle; but what they wanted in natural coatings, was made up by a prodigy of jack-boots, with huge spurs, that jingled and jaunted like a whole company of the tenth hussars. His coat and light pantaloons, of a parson's gray, were worse for wear, and began to rustify. A prim small ruff betokened him of the old school, and accorded well with a steeple-crowned beaver, with superlative brims; when laid aside, this disclosed a head of uncombed

grizzly hair, black as soot. His countenance was of a dark dingy hue, penetrating in expression; he had great beetle brows, and his eyes pierced into you, as if they shot needles. His age might be some fifty—fifty-five, perhaps. There was nothing more in his person worthy of note, except that his features, from time to time, were distorted with an intolerable inclination to laugh.

The landlord interrupted the gathering silence. "Master Thummins!" said he, "that was a good stery you told us awhile ago: can nobody match it? Adzooks! that a can of good ale should pass away without a song or a tale to bear company. Rob Saunders, man! tell us the tale of Old Bess Baudlin and the Evil One. There's many a one here has never heard it; and it's a good tale, well worth the listening."

"Ay, what was that?" said the stranger, joining in the conversation, "what was that tale, landlord?"

"A tale, sir!—and, as I said, a good tale—of an old woman that cheated the—the ——"

"The devil, you mean to say," said the tra-

"The very same," said the landlord.

"Do you know any thing of this tale?" said the traveller, suddenly turning round, and addressing himself to the pedler, who was almost struck dumb at this unexpected address; but he recovered himself, and made answer—

"An' please you, sir! I know nothing at all about it—a thing wholly out of my line of business: but I think, may it please you, that he must be a long-headed lad that cheats the devil."

"Or a pedler," answered the other, drily; both of them hard to deal with, as I am informed."

There was something irresistibly comical in the stranger's manner, though not in his words. He looked around the apartment, and no one could withstand it. Even the gravity of the parish clerk gave way. A universal laughter pervaded; and yet there were many who, though unable to resist the impulse, felt the laughter was strange and fearful. Amid the hubbub, the stranger himself, rising from his seat, and sticking his hands in his pockets, burst into a peal of merriment, that immediately silenced the rest: so loud, so long, so prodigious a laugh was never before heard in a mortal change-house. The very rafters trembled, and the soot fell down the chimney out of sheer amazement.

When the paroxysm was past, the stranger walked out into the yard. Clink, clink, clink, his huge spurs sounded as he went, and every jingle went to the hearts of the hearers, and at each their visages grew paler. The stout-hearted landlord quavered, the parish clerk was dumbfoundered with consternation. What was strange, the faint pedler seemed the least affected by the stranger's appearance and demeanour. When the traveller shut the door upon the company, they respired more easily; but they recovered courage only to disperse, and in two minutes every guest but the clerk and the pedler were gone. They stood their ground, with the landlord, in the spacious kitchen. The cook, barmaid, waiter, and scullion, had all disappeared, in the person

of a stout lass, Nancy Swindells by name; and with her had vanished the host's niece and pedler's mistress, Cicely Simkins.

"This will never do," said the landlord;—
"to have my customers laughed away, in such
a style, is no joke; and who ever heard such a

roaring hyena!"

"The bells of ten parish churches could not, I opine, have clanged out such a rattling," said the clerk.

"And such a strange looking man, too! One must take all customers, and be thankful, Mr. Passover! But, to my thinking, I never saw such an outlandish man in my days. I should not be very extremely astonished if he be a papist; for no good protestant ever indulged, as I may say, in such a merriment; and then his raiment, Mr. Passover! was hardly the comely dress of a Christian man. For myself, on a holiday,-when one can rest, in a manner, from the cares and labours of the world, and appear in a decent attire, something better than ordinary .- I, mainly, wear a coat of good blue, of a respectable cut. with bright buttons, that corresponds gaily with my best red flush waistcoat, and other things conformable, which-"

Longer had he spoken, had not Giles Passover gently laid his hand upon the open mouth.

"With submission, Master Simkins! I doubt whether a dress similar to the one you describe, and which, as my eyes can testify, becomes you well, would sit gaily upon the merry gentleman, your guest. I doubt, too, whether this—you are a man of discretion, Mr. Simkins!—I doubt whether he be a papist."

He assumed, as he spoke, the attitude of doubt. his fore-finger dubiously keeping time to his words; then, drawing the landlord still closer to him, he hemmed, looked round suspiciously, and gasping thrice, as if to take his breath, ejaculated to the host's ear, in a hurried and fearful whisper. "I doubt, sir!—I doubt he's something worse." He had no sooner spoken, than he fell extended upon the floor, senseless and motionless, to the astonishment of his companions: who, ignerant of the cause of this sudden prestration, were like to follow, involuntarily, the example thus set them .- so great were the fears to which it gave birth; for none, save the clerk, had seen the cold shining eyes which, through the window that adjoined the vard, had glared upon him as he spoke, with a concentration of malice and sneering triumph, too fearful for the endurance of. mortality.

On recovering from his fit, the clerk staid no longer question, but ran for his life, leaving behind him his hat and mull; he even forgot his ivory-headed cane,—a companion whose society he was never before known to quit, no, not since he was elected clerk to the parish church of Crowdundle.

"What can be the matter with Mr. Passover?" said the pedler, when, after sundry fruitless efforts, he, at length, regained the faculty of speech.

"The Lord of Heaven only knows," replied the bewildered man of liquors; "I think the house is bewitched, and all that's in it. Another such a stir, and my wits are clean gone. Jack!" continued he, addressing himself to the ostler, who, at that moment, entered from the yard,—
"have we seen aught of the gentleman?"

"What, he in the queer hat and boots? Sure

I have."

"Where—where is he?" inquired the host and

the pedler, in one breath.

"I left him in the yard, staring at old Gibbons yonder, by the light of the stable lamp. Every man to his taste! say I; or else, it's a queer amusement to be gaping at a dead body, at this time o'night, by the light o' a stable lamp. Indeed, you mun know, master! that when he first came in,—for I was cleaning his worship's horse"——

"What!"—oh, ay, I remember now, he came o' horseback; but what sort of cattle may it be?

more bones than beauty, I'll warrant."

"Never saw, never will see again, such a piece of flesh: the bravest black ever wore a tail, and a swinging one he has. Stands eighteen hands, if an inch; such flanks-such joints-such eyes! but, as I was saying, in comes my gentleman. as I was combing his horse. Now, d'ye see, my mind misgave me; for, seeing such a codger come in, and a dead man lying, may be, some ten yards off, and a dark night too, and no light but a farthing rush in a horn lantern, my heart jumped into my mouth in a moment; but, howsomever, I put a bold face on the thing; I were woundily frightened though; and so, says I. 'Good night to you, friend.'-' Good night,' savs he .-- My God! such a voice; it was likeit was like-let me see: splice me if I know VOL. IV.

what it were like! but it made me drop my comb. and turn round with a flisker. care of my horse, my lad!' quoth he .- ' Your horse, says I to myself; 'you're a rum customer, too :- carry that tale a step farther, my dear!'-By the holy! he might have heard every word I had thought; for he cocks up his glim at me,such a blinker!-I shook like a leaf in a March wind, and kept my tongue safe for that time. So. he takes no more notice, but marches up to the corpse, as it was lying there, on Tim Shunter's old barn door, that they pulled down to carry it And I looked slily, with half an eye,-for I didn't care that he should spy me noting him.and, as I live, he was grinning and laughing to himself like, and snuffing up the air; though one would think he might have found somewhat more pleasing to his eyes and his nose,"

Further communication was prevented, by the entry of the object of the discourse; who requested to be shown to his lodging for the night. With great internal reluctance the landlord complied. The stranger courteously bade the pedler a good night, and departed, without removing his boots, the clank of which rang in the ears of every inmate of the dwelling. The landlord returned, looked at his doors, and retired to rest. The pedler crept, with hesitation and doubt, to his chamber, and the ostler withdrew to his den.

It was long ere the pedler slept; and then his dreams were troublous and strange. He awoke again, and lay tossing on his hard couch—his thoughts full of the stranger horseman and his marvellous laugh. Though the stranger had

shown himself more complaisant to him than to the rest, and this had, in some degree, emboldened him; yet to divest himself of fear was impossible. He lay long, panting and wishing for the morning light, to deliver him from the horrors that assailed him, till, at length, a doubtful letharry stole over his senses.

He had lain thus—to his conception the time appeared infinite—when a sudden sound seemed to drop upon his ear, and he shivered as he recognised in it the creak of the stranger's boot, and the clank of his spur, suppressed as if by the cautious and stealthy step of the owner: he shrunk under the bedclothes—he listened—the step approached—his nightcap, perforce, abandoned his head—he felt, he knew that the stranger was in his room! Every nerve was unhinged; a cold sweat burst from him; the bed shook audibly under his tremblings; all was silent, till a voice, which the pedler's fears instantly acknowledged, called him by his name, "Peter Tapeyard, show thy face, man!"

The miserable pedler, thus invoked, raised his countenance above the bedlinen, and beheld, gazing upon him, the traveller, attired as before. There was the same complacence in his looks that had before been manifested in his demeanour towards the man of goods; but, when the latter, essaying to speak, ejaculated, "For the love of God!"—his exordium was cut short by the stranger's altered look; the hue of his face deepened almost to blackness, and his brows contracted hideously over eyes that suddenly gleamed like plates of fire, with a cold and shining light. The

pedler's faculties were suspended, until the voice of his visitor, jarring on his ear, recalled him from his trance of horror.

- "Peter Tapeyard! listen to me,—to thy friend: thou art poor as the poorest of thy trade. Is it not so?"
- A deep groan from the pedler announced a woful affirmative.
- "Yes, thou art poor: I know thee well, though thou knowest not me, Peter! and—but look up, man! and fear not."

The pedler obeyed. The fearfulness of the traveller's aspect had passed away.

- "Thou would'st wed Mistress Simkins, the landlord's niece. Thou need'st not say ay; thy looks speak for thee, and the girl would have thee."
- "Surely she would," replied the pedler,
- "If, thou would'st say, thou wert richer. The landlord is a prudent man, and will not trust his chicken to a cold nest. Now, what would'st thou do to get thee wherewith to obtain the damsel?"
- "I would,"—exclaimed the pedler, then stopped abruptly; for all the stories he had recently heard of the Evil One and his dealings rushed upon his mind, and he shuddered at the thought of consigning his soul to perdition, even for Cicely Simkins. The stranger laughed his intolerable laugh. "Fear not, man! thy soul is safe; what have I to do with thy soul? or who would barter the cast of a bent sixpence for a pedler's soul,—worn threadbare, too, like thine? But time is thort. Listen then: there is hung round the neck

of youder dead fool a box of gold."

"Of gold!" exclaimed the pedler: "it seemed

but as mouldy brass."

"Peace, man!" said the other. "I tell thee it is gold; though, to the clowns that thronged hither, it seemed the base thing thou speakest,—else their reverence for the dead had not held out so long. I wished the gold had been coined into red guineas, such as thou mayest turn them too, if wise. Hesitate not:—they call it a charm to keep away him they call the Evil One. Asses! to think a metal box can guard against his power! Remove the box—take it to the goldsmith of the next town—sell it him—marry Cicely Simkins—thrive, and be happy!—What sayest thou?"

The temptations hung out dazzled the pedler's He might acquire his Cicely—he need no longer tramp about, with the huge box hanging on his back—he might settle in a suug cottage—he might even, in due season, succeed to Cicely's uncle, in the lucrative supremacy of the Crow and the Teapot. And then, where was the harm of taking from the dead what could so well avail the living? besides, here was no contract, supposing his unknown adviser the being he was suspected; there was no agreement to give that gentleman the least control over the natural or spiritual man of Peter Tapeyard. Why, then, should he delay in taking the benefit of the mode pointed out to him of so easily making his fortune?

"Worthy sir!" said he, "I will gladly, and with many thanks, accept your kind offer; as soon as daylight"—

[&]quot;I know what thou would'st say," inter-

rupted the other, "but it may not be. Daylight will bring hither the coroner, and the quacks of the law; and where then will be thy opportunity? The cock must not crow before thy prize is won: basten then, for the morning is coming;—report to me at the breakfast board thy success. Up, then, and be active!—the dead tell no tales."

He seized, as he concluded, the arm of the pedler, as if with the purpose of enforcing his recommendation of a speedy completion of the undertaking. A cry of horror burst from the tortured and terrified man of wares, as he sprung from his trance, awakened by the burning grasp of the stranger. He opened his eyes, and, looking around, found himself alone. The pain that had so acutely pierced him was vanished. arose from his bed, and looked from the narrow casement: -the moon was up, and shining broadly and brilliantly. He looked into the vard-he gazed at the door of the stable, in an outer part of which lay the corpse. Should be descend or not?-was his dream a mere phantom of his disturbed imagination, or an actual indication of a speedy way to the acquisition of wealth? wavered-turned towards his bed.-when, in so doing, his eve fell upon the sleeve of his shirt. It was burnt, as if a band of glowing iron had surrounded it: and on his arm was scorched the visible impress of a man's hand. Here was a sufficing proof of the reality of the visit with which he had been favoured.

He descended the stairs softly and fearfully, casting about him many a wistful look. Often did he stop to tremble and to doubt, as the wind

whistling through some crevice, or the cough of a sleeper, arrested his attention. Once he thought some one passed him;—a cold sweat testified his terrors. More than once, his flesh quivered like a jelly; for he thought he saw glaring on him, through the darkness, the cold blood-chilling light of eves not mortal.

He gained the yard—he approached the stable door; he would have lingered, but could not—suspense was worse than all his fears could fashion. He rushed in—he stood by the dead—seized the box that hung suspended to the need of the deceased. Ere he could remove it the cock sounded his triumphant note.—The traveller's steed, at the moment, neighed loud and shrill! The pedler snatched away his prize, and darted, in an agony of terror, from the spot. He thought the stranger passed him, as he went, dark and frowning;—and his eyes!—at last he regained his chamber.

Early in the morning, as the stranger had predicted, came the officers of the law, to hold an inquest over the body of Gripe Gibbons, Esq. Nothing satisfactory was elicited as to the manner of his death; the verdict of "accidental death" was returned, and preparations were made for interring the deceased in the afternoon.

The stranger appeared not at breakfast; nor had any one seen him since the preceding evening,—the pedler excepted, who had reasons for not being communicative on the subject. Many were the debates occasioned by the traveller's absence; nor was the disappearance of the amulet overlooked, which all connected with the strange

guest. All who had been terrified on the preceding evening resorted to the inn to satisfy their curiosity, bringing with them multitudes of others, who knew, by hearsay only, what had happened; so that if the landlord had profited little by Gripe Gibbons, Esq. in his lifetime, that gentleman proved a source of considerable emolument to him when dead.

The parish clerk, too, called in, on his way to church,—a double degree of mysterious importance in his demeanour, from the events of the preceding night. He spoke little—doubted not the evil one was looking after the soul of the dead—and intimated the propriety of a watch being kept, that night, in the churchyard. As usual on such occasions, his advice was much approved, but not followed; for no one cared to put himself in peril for the sake of Mr. Gibbons's soul.

The only known relative of the deceased, the successor to all his wealth, attended as mourner, in the ceremony of interment, which was performed without parade. The church was not more than a stone's throw from the house; but, from some reason, the bearers thought proper to take a circuitous route, running by the Deadman's Clough, the place where the body had been discovered. They paused a moment as they arrived there. It was a dismal spot—a dark, dreary hollow, whose rugged sides were thick with brambles and wild shrubs. It was filled with vapours, and the rank vegetation that grew there was wet with pestilent dews. A solitary elm, whose black and leafless arms were

flung around with a spectrous wildness, grew near the bottom of the abyss. It was under the half-covered roots of this tree, that a truant lad had been frightened, nigh out of his senses, by discovering the body of the defunct; which, preserved by an intense frost, was, at the end of three weeks' exposure, yet recognisable. All gazed, with fearful interest,—but most the pedler, who sprung back with horror; for, through the gloom which filled the place, it seemed to him that he discerned, fixed upon him, the glaring eyes whose cold light he too well remembered. They proceeded, and the funeral was duly solemnized.

The pedler seized the first opportunity, as they returned, of escaping from the company; he was impatient to realize his golden dreams, and obtain a remuneration for the sore squeeze the stranger had given him. The money arising from the sale of the golden box, he conceived, would furnish a pleasing salve for the scorched arm; so he trudged off with more than usual celerity.

The company, meanwhile, adjourned to the Crow and Teapot; and the spacious kitchen was again crowded with the guests who, the preceding night, had been scattered away in dismay. Again, the ale flowed—again, the subject of the unknown visitor was resumed, and sundry ingenious conjectures published, as to his identity with the arch foe of man. The black horse came in for a share of the conversation; and the visitors thronged to behold the stud of the very Satan. They marvelled at his prodigious size and seeming strength, and found, in his appearance, num-

berless circumstances denoting his infernal origin. Their curiosity satisfied, they slunk back to their ale; and, as a huge fire blazed in the grate, grew snug, and determined to make a night of it.

The pedler's absence was not unnoticed; but the more immediate and momentous subject of their disquisitions was of a nature too exclusively engrossing to admit of participation with another topic; and Peter Tapeyard's absence was speedily forgotten by all—save only the fair Miss Simkins, who, as she busied about, cast many a glance around, to ascertain if the truant swain had not yet appeared.

There is an easy, comfortable coziness in an inn-especially if a country one-and prevailing mostly in the kitchen, towards evening, that mellows the temperament of a guest into a pleasing and indifferent indolence. There is a freedom from all controul-a lolling leg-stretching liberty. that comes sweetly, as the dimness of the latter winter grows into darkness, and the chill descending frost gives zest to the ruddy blaze of a roasting fire. There, between cup and lip, there is no slip-no balk-no hinderance of the passive luxury. There time ambles withal; and the measured tick of the family clock comes, with a friendly and home-breathing voice, to the ear. Should the cold wind whistle without, with what added delight does the guest cherish his palms, and edge still more encroachingly on the hearth! Or, if one of a circle, how rejoices he in the kindly fellowship and participation in the good things within his power! How gaily rises the song—how freely the laugh! How briskly the mantling cup pours forth its contents, lending light to the eye, and smiles to the lip! The guests of the Crow and Teapot were of a class peculiarly fitted to enjoy the pleasing delirium of the spot,—men whose enjoyments were all social, and qualified, neither by nature or education, for refined pleasures. So they ate, and drank, and rejoiced jollily; and were, indeed, in the very riot of their felicity, when the door opened, and the pedler, with starting eyes, pale cheeks, perpendicular hair, and quivering frame, fell flat on the ground, exclaiming, with a voice that was almost a shriek of terror, "Brass, and not gold!"

When raised and interrogated, no answer could be obtained from him but an iteration of those words; nor, from that hour to his dving day, could any explanation be got from him of the cause which had so bereaved him of his faculties. It is probable, from the short sentence he uttered. that the box he purloined from the dead was, in truth, of base material; and the representations held out by the stranger designed only to answer some private end of his own, in the removal of the amulet. The further cause of the pedler's violent agitation we presume not to guess at: nor does history afford any, the remotest, light on the subject. However this may be, a strong impression remained on the minds of the spectators that all was not right with Peter Tapevard: -one consequence of which was, that, in the course of the following month. Miss Simkins resigned her hand and name to a substantial and God-fearing dealer in small wares in the neighbouring town of Crowdundle.

That night the landlord and parish clerk determined to watch in the chamber of the former. which commanded a prospect of the churchvard. The stranger had not yet made his appearance: the black steed, much to the host's annovance. remained in his stable unclaimed. They sat patiently; at last, they started, for both heard a noise, seemingly proceeding from the stable. They were yet undetermined whether to descend the stairs or not, when the hollow tramp of the horse was heard under the window; and, looking forth, they beheld the stranger leading his steed in the direction of the churchvard! It was a bright, beamy, moonlight night; and the figures of the horse and his leader seemed doubly dark and black as they intercepted the beams. Arrived at the churchyard, the stranger abandoned his horse, and entered the place where the gravestones were shining in the light.

The gazers were cold with terror.

"There, there!" said the landlord, "he's at the grave! listen, hear him calling the dead!" And they listened and fancied they heard the summons that was to break the bonds of death.

"See, see!" said the clerk, "the ground is moving, like the burrow of a mouldy warp! He's there!—he's there! Gripe Gibbons himself! Fire, man!—fire the blunderbuss!"

Absurd as this suggestion was, the landlord instantly complied. The echo was followed by the deep, high, unnatural laughter of the stranger; but the recoil of the weapon prostrated both the host and his companion, with a violence that left them, for a moment, senseless. The thunderbeat of the strong black horse aroused them—

they rushed to the casement:—far away the horse sprung over hill and hollow, under a double hurthen!

"Gripe Gibbons has paid his reckoning this night!" said the clerk, at length.

"I wish," said the landlord, after a pause, "the other had done so too."—For the horseman had forgotten to discharge his shot.

ANONY MOUS.

STORY OF MACPHERSON.

I RECEIVED yours of the twentieth of October. entreating me to furnish you with the tale, which you say you have heard me relate, concerning the miraculous death of Major Macpherson and his associates among the Grampian Hills. think the story worthy of being preserved, but I never heard it related save once; and though it then made a considerable impression on my mind. being told by one who was well acquainted both with the scene and the sufferers, yet I fear my memory is not sufficiently accurate, with regard to particulars; and without these the interest of a story is always diminished, and its authenticity rendered liable to be called in question. I will. however, communicate it exactly as it remains impressed on my memory, without avouching for the particulars relating to it; in these I shall submit to be corrected by such as are better informed.

I have forgot on what year it happened, but I think it was about the year 1805-6, that Major

Macpherson, and a few gentlemen of his acquaintance, with their attendants, went out to hunt in the middle of that tremendous range of mountains which rise between Athol and Badenoch. Many are the scenes of wild grandeur and rugged deformity which amaze the wanderer in the Grampian deserts: but none of them surpasses this in wildness and still solemnity. No sound salutes the listening ear, but the rushing torrent, or the broken eldrich bleat of the mountain goat. glens are deep and narrow, and the hills steep and sombre, and so high, that their grizzly summits appear to be wrapped in the blue veil that canopies the air. But it is seldom that their tops can be seen; for dark clouds of mist often rest upon them for several weeks together in summer, or wander in detached columns among their cliffs: and during the winter they are abandoned entirely to the storm. Then the flooded torrents, and rushing wreaths of accumulated snows, spend their fury without doing harm to any living creature: and the howling tempest raves uncontrolled and unregarded.

Into the midst of this sublime solitude did our jovial party wander in search of game. They were highly successful. The heath cock was interrupted in the middle of his exulting whirr, and dropped lifeless on his native waste; the meek ptarmigan fell fluttering among her gray crusted stones, and the wild roe foundered in the correi. The noise of the guns, and the cheering cries of the sportsmen, awakened those echoes that had so long slept silent; the fox slid quietly over the hill, and the wild deer bounded away

into the forests of Glendee from before the noisy invaders.

In the afternoon they stepped into a little bothy, or resting lodge, that stood by the side of a rough mountain stream, and having meat and drink, they abandoned themselves to mirth and jollity.

This Major Macpherson was said to have been guilty of some acts of extreme cruelty and injustice in raising recruits in that country, and was, on that account, held in detestation by the common people. He was otherwise a respectable character, and of honourable connexions, as were also the gentlemen who accompanied him.

When their hilarity was at the highest pitch. ere ever they were aware, a young man stood before them, of a sedate, mysterious appearance, looking sternly at the major. Their laughter was hushed in a moment, for they had not observed any human being in the glen, save those of their own party, nor did they so much as perceive when their guest entered. Macpherson appeared particularly struck, and somewhat shocked at the sight of him: the stranger beckoned to the major, who followed him instantly out of the bothy: the curiosity of the party was aroused, and they watched their motions with great punctuality; they walked a short way down by the side of the river, and appeared in earnest conversation for a few minutes, and from some involuntary motions of their bodies, the stranger seemed to be threatening Macpherson. and the latter interceding; they parted, and though then not above twenty yards distant, before the major got half way back to the bothy, the stranger guest was gone, and they saw no more of him.

> I cannot tell how the truth may be, I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

But what was certainly extraordinary, after the dreadful catastrophe, though the most strict and extended inquiry was made, neither this stranger nor his business could be discovered. The countenance of the major was so visibly altered on his return, and bore such evident marks of trepidation, that the mirth of the party was marred during the remainder of the excursion, and none of them cared to ask him any questions concerning his visitant, or the errand that he came on.

This was early in the week, and on the Friday immediately following, Macpherson proposed to his companions a second expedition to the mountains. They all objected to it on account of the weather, which was broken and rough, but he persisted in his resolution, and finally told them that he must and would go, and those who did not choose to accompany him might tarry at home. The consequence was, that the same party, with the exception of one man, went again to hunt in the forest of Glenmore.

Although none of them returned the first night after their departure, that was little regarded, it being customary for the sportsmen to lodge occasionally in the bothies of the forest; but when Saturday night arrived, and no word from them, their friends became dreadfully alarmed. On Sunday, servants were despatched to all the

inns and gentlemen's houses in the bounds, but no accounts of them could be learned. solitary dog only returned, and he was wounded and maimed. The alarm spread-a number of people rose, and in the utmost consternation went to search for their friends among the moun-When they reached the fatal bothydreadful to relate! they found the dead bodies of the whole party lying scattered about the place! Some of them were considerably mangled. and one nearly severed in two. Others were not marked with any wound, of which number I think it was said the major was one, who was lying flat on his face. It was a scene of woe. lamentation, and awful astonishment, none being able to account for what had happened; but it was visible that it had not been effected by any human agency. The bothy was torn from its foundations, and scarcely a vestige of it leftits very stones were all scattered about in different directions; there was one huge corner stone in particular, which twelve men could scarcely have raised, that was tossed to a considerable distance, vet no marks of either fire or water were visible. Extraordinary as this story may appear, and an extraordinary story it certainly is, I have not the slightest cause to doubt the certainty of the leading circumstances; with regard to the rest, you have them as I had them. In every mountainous district in Scotland, to this day, a belief in supernatural agency prevails, in a greater or less degree. Such an awful dispensation as the above was likely to rekindle every lingering spark of it. HOGG.

THE BROTHERS.

OPTIMUS and Pessimus were brothers—but brothers in blood alone, not in disposition. Optimus, even in his swaddling clothes, was seldom or never known to cry; and though they came into the world on the same day, Optimus smiled many weeks before his brother. Mothers, who know how truly engaging are the smiles of an infant, will not be surprised at the early preference the mother of these twins gave to Optimus; though she loved Pessimus also with a very tender affection, which indeed he seemed to require; for he was always crying, and she imagined he could not be in health.

In childhood, the same difference of disposition continued. Optimus was delighted with every new plaything, and seemed to receive amusement from every circumstance that occurred. A look of hilarity continually animated his face; he never seemed to make any particular search after pleasure, but she came of her own accord, and presented herself to him. Pessimus, on the contrary, was seldom diverted, and never delighted; he looked on his playthings with scorn, threw them away with disgust; and then, seeing how happy his brother was with them, cried to have them back again.

The parents of these boys both dying, their maternal grandfather, a man who had been a sailor, and who was pleased with the gay honesty of Optimus, adopted him, and declared his intention to provide for him. The old man was not

rich, but the father of Optimus had died quite poor: it was therefore a fortunate circumstance for the boy. Pessimus, however, was still more fortunate. An uncle, who had made a large fortune in a very respectable mercantile line. and who had no children, took Pessimus into his house, initiated him into the mysteries of commerce, and, charmed with his serious and reflecting turn, so unusual in a young man, gave him every reasonable hope that he would make him his heir. Optimus, whom his grandfather could not support in idleness, went to sea, and had very few opportunities of cultivating much friendship with his brother, who, indeed, attended so closely to business, that he gave himself very little concern about any thing that passed beyond the Royal Exchange. His uncle died, and all his mercantile concerns, all his extended interest devolved upon Pessimus. Riches flowed in upon him from every quarter of the world. He married a lovely and accomplished woman, who brought him a fine family of promising children. He had a noble house in London, and a charming villa and paddock about twenty miles from it. man was held in higher estimation on Change than Pessimus; every bargain of consequence was offered to him-every disputed cause was willingly submitted to his arbitration. Nothing. in short, seemed wanting to his happiness: every thing smiled—except Pessimus.

He one summer took his whole family into the west of England, to a beautiful and romantic watering place, where they were all delighted with the adjacent country; and as Pessimus could not spare so much time from business as his wife and children wished to pass in this delightful spot, he left them there, with a promise to return and fetch them at a stated period.

The sudden influx of some unexpected business. however, detained him in town longer than the appointed time, and the weather was become gloomy, and occasionally stormy before his return. The very night of his arrival there was a terrible storm, and the morning brought with it an account that a ship had been wrecked on the rocks, and that the wretched crew had just escaped with their lives, and were coming on shore in the different boats that had gone out to their assistance. All the inhabitants and all the strangers in the place flocked to the shore to see the landing of these unfortunate people, and amongst the rest Pessimus and his family. He was making a serious and melancholy harangue on the vanity and instability of human pursuits, intermingled with many pathetic reflections on the lamentable situation of these poor sailors, which drew tears from the eyes of his auditors, when the first boat-Exclamations of joy and gladness full landed. resounded on all sides; the drenched seamen were taken to different houses—the publicans tapped their best ale, and a general holiday seemed to prevail.

"What insensible, unfeeling mortals!" cried Pessimus; "how is my pity thrown away on wretches who are not awakened to their own misery."

He was proceeding in his philippic, when a second boatfull reached the shore; and as he surveyed the countenances of the individuals as they landed, one of them flew towards him with an exclamation of joy, saying to his comrades, "Did not I tell you I was a lucky dog?"

Pessimus gazed for a moment, and then opened his arms to receive his brother! A shower of sympathizing tears fell from his eyes at the condition in which he beheld Optimus—stripped to his checked shirt and trowsers, and apparently nothing saved from the wreck. He expressed his commiseration in the most pathetic terms, till Optimus interrupted him by saying—"Ah, you are the same Pessimus still! Reserve your pity for those who want it; for my part, brother, I am happy; and if you could but feel the delight of being safe on shore, when you had expected to be drowned, you would own I rather deserve congratulation than pity!"

"Thou art the strangest fellow!" exclaimed Pessimus; "hast thou not lost every thing?"

"Let's discuss that at the inn," cried Optimus;
"I feel I have not lost my appetite; I have not eaten these sixteen hours."

Pessimus lifted up his hands and eyes, accompanied his brother and his fellow sailors to the inn, saw them fall to most heartily on a cold round of beef, and heard them express their happiness at their safety in so many different ways, that he felt something like the sensation of envy arise in his bosom. After the hunger and thirst of the jovial crew were satisfied, Pessimus took his brother home with him to his own lodgings, accommodated him with some of his own apparel, and desired to hear his story.

"Nay," said Optimus, " tell me first what

situation I find you in. How are you going on in the world?"

Pessimus, who always felt a relief in giving vent to a complaint, explained to his brother the state of his affairs, and descanted at large on the uncertainty of all mercantile connections, the frequency of bankruptcies, the untoward posture of public events, the alarming state of the popular mind, the increasing expenses of a family, the difficulty of settling a number of children in eligible situations, the multiplicity of cares that harassed and oppressed him; and, in short, concluded with the confession that he was far from happy.

"I know not what thou wouldst have." replied Optimus. "I believe thou art sick of too much prosperity. I am sorry that, in circumstances apparently so fortunate, thou shouldst meet with any drawbacks on thy felicity. my part, I have been a lucky dog all my life-I have no reason to complain of Fortune; but I'll tell thee my story.-When I went to live with my grandfather, the old gentleman was always talking so much about the pleasures of a sailor's life, that he soon inspired me with a desire of going to sea. I made two or three voyages under a friend of his, a Captain Harris; and a good seaman he was as ever reefed a sail. order and discipline under him, I warrant ye! Well, poor fellow! he died of the yellow fever in the West Indies, and I succeeded to the command of the ship. It was at the end of this first voyage. as captain, that I saw and fell in love with my Nancy: but her father was rich, and grandfather was poor. The old gentleman said way; so I went another voyage. In this interval my grandfather died, and almost all he had went with him. I had now nothing but my ship and my industry to depend upon; but I saw no reason why I should not do well, and so I told my Nancy: but she was dutiful, as became a daughter: and though I own I wished her to marry me without her father's consent, yet I loved her the better for refusing, because an obedient daughter is sure to make a good wife. So I went out again. I made a pretty good voyage this time, and renewed my suit to the old gentleman; but he would not hear of it. He told me plainly he designed his daughter for somebody else; but this. Nancy assured me in private, should never be. She said her father might have a right to refuse her to me, but nothing should make her give her hand to another, while her heart was I bade her take courage, promised to be constant to her, and told her I doubted not but we should make it out right at last. I set sail again, and though I made but an indifferent vovage this time, yet it was a lucky one to me: for Nancy had caught the small pox and lost all her beauty. Her father, who had been proud of her beauty, now told her she might marry her sailor, and be damned, if she would; but a hundred pounds was all he would give her. The fortune he had meant for her should go to her sister, who was a pretty girl, though not so pretty as my Nancy had been. However the money bought the girl a lord for her husband, and when I came home. Nancy met me with tears in her eyes, and said she was going apprentice to a milliner, for she never would be my wife, changed as she

was in person and in fortune. I dried up her tears, told her the change was a very lucky one, that I loved her better than ever, for that she had shown me more of her goodness of heart. had a great deal of trouble to persuade her now: but at last I succeeded, and never was there a better girl or a better wife. The hundred pounds her father gave her just set us up in a small house; and I had saved a little money upon the whole. I made some better voyages, and I was now coming home with great glee, because I hope to find my Nancy safely delivered of her fourth child. We don't live far from hence, brother, and you must pay us a visit, and see what a happy couple we are. Now, though I have lost my ship, damme! I have no owners to account to: and what we have on shore is safe. I'm sound wind and limb, and must set out a sailor againthat's all !"

At happiness so invincible in the midst of so many disappointments, Pessimus stared with astonishment. He went to his brother's house, however, saw his Nancy, and found her plain indeed from the ravages of the small pox; but she had a face beaming with intelligence, and she welcomed Optimus with a smile that far counterbalanced his shipwreck. Pessimus made his brother captain of one of his own ships, and more than reinstated his affairs on their former footing. More than this assistance Optimus would not accept; and Pessimus returned to his magnificent villa, his noble town house, his increasing opulence, and his irreproachable character, to marvel at the cheerful felicity of his humble brother.

SJOMYMOKA.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

PROSE WRITERS.

PART VIII.

TRAGIC AND PATHETIC.



Look there! what is that ! p. 296.

Chiswick:

PRINTED BY AND FOR C. WHITTINGHAM,

COLLEGE HOUSE.

1827.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

PART VIII.

Tragic and Pathetic.

THE BRIDAL OF LUCY ASHTON.

 ${f A}$ free the dreadful scene that had taken place at the castle, Lucy was transported to her own chamber, where she remained for some time in a state of absolute stupor. Yet afterwards. in the course of the ensuing day, she seemed to have recovered, not merely her spirits and resolution, but a sort of flighty levity that was foreign to her character and situation, and which was at times chequered by fits of deep silence and melancholy, and of capricious pettishness. Lady Ashton became much alarmed, and consulted the family physicians. But as her pulse indicated no change, they could only say that the disease was on the spirits, and recommended gentle exercise and amusement. Miss Ashton never alluded to what had passed in the state room. It seemed doubtful even if she was conscious of it, for she was often observed to raise her hands to her reck, as if in search of the ribbon that had VOL. IV. CC

been taken from it, and mutter, in surprise and discontent, when she could not find it, "It was the link that bound me to life."

Notwithstanding all these remarkable symptoms, Lady Ashton was too deeply pledged to delay her daughter's marriage, even in her present state of health. It cost her much trouble to keep up the fair side of appearances towards Bucklaw. She was well aware that if he once saw any reluctance on her daughter's part, he would break off the treaty, to her great personal shame and dishonour. She therefore resolved. that if Lucy continued passive, the marriage should take place upon the day that had been previously fixed, trusting that a change of place, of situation, and of character, would operate a more speedy and effectual cure upon the unsettled spirits of her daughter, than could be attained by the slow measures which the medical men recommended. Sir William Ashton's views of family aggrandizement, and his desire to strengthen himself against the measures of the Marquis of A----, readily induced him to acquiesce in what he could not perhaps have resisted, if willing to do so. As for the young men. Bucklaw and Colonel Ashton, they protested, that, after what had happened, it would be most dishonourable to postpone for a single hour the time appointed for the marriage, as it would be generally ascribed to their being intimidated by the intrusive visit and threats of Ravenswood.

Bucklaw would indeed have been incapable of such precipitation, had he been aware of the state of Miss Ashton's health, or rather of her

mind. But custom, upon these occasions, permitted only brief and sparing intercourse between the bridegroom and the bride—a circumstance so well improved by Lady Ashton, that Bucklaw neither saw nor suspected what would otherwise have been obvious to him.

On the eve of her bridal day, Lucy appeared to have one of her fits of levity, and surveyed with a degree of girlish interest the various preparations of dress, &c. &c. which the different members of the family had prepared for the occasion.

The morning dawned bright and cheerily. The bridal guests assembled in gallant troops from distant quarters. Not only the relations of Sir William Ashton, and the still more dignified connexions of his lady, together with the numerous kinsmen and allies of the bridegroom, were present upon this joyful ceremony, gallantly mounted, arrayed, and caparisoned, but almost every Presbyterian family of distinction, within fifty miles, made a point of attendance upon an occasion which was considered as giving a sort of triumph over the Marquis of A-, in the person of his kinsman. Splendid refreshments awaited the guests on their arrival, and, after it was finished, the cry was to horse. The bride was led forth between her brother Henry and her mother. Her gaiety of the preceding day had given place to a deep shade of melancholy. which, however, did not misbecome an occasion so momentous. There was a light in her eyes. and a colour in her cheek, which had not been kindled for many a day, and which, joined to here great beauty, and the splendour of her dress, occasioned her entrance to be greeted with a universal murmur of applause, in which even the ladies could not refrain themselves from joining. While the cavalcade were getting to horse, Sir William Ashton, a man of place and of form, censured his son Henry for having begirt himself with a military sword of preposterous length, belonging to his brother, Colonel Ashton.

"If you must have a sword," he said, "upon such a peaceful occasion, why did you not use the short weapon sent from Edinburgh on purpose?"

The boy vindicated himself by saying it was lost.

"You put it out of the way yourself, I suppose," said his father, "out of ambition to wear that thing that might have served Sir William Wallace—but never mind, get to horse now, and take care of your sister."

The boy did so, and was placed in the centre of the gallant train. At the time, he was too full of his own appearance, his sword, his laced cloak, his feathered hat, and his managed horse, to pay much regard to any thing else; but he afterwards remembered to the hour of his death, that when the hand of his sister, by which she supported herself on the pillion behind him, touched his own, it felt as wet and cold as sepulchral marble.

Glancing wide over hill and dale, the fair bridal procession at length reached the parish church, which they nearly filled; for, besides domestics, above a hundred gentlemen and ladies were present upon the occasion. The marriage ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Presbyterian persuasion, to which Bucklaw of late had judged it proper to conform.

On the outside of the church, a liberal dole was distributed to the poor of the neighbouring parishes, under the direction of Johnny Mortheuch, who had lately been promoted from his desolate quarters at the Hermitage, to fill the more eligible situation of sexton at the parish church of Ravenswood. Dame Gourlay, with two of her contemporaries, the same who assisted at Alice's late wake, seated apart upon a flat monument, or through stane, sat enviously comparing the shares which had been allotted to them in dividing the dole.

"Johnny Mortheuch," said Annie Winnie, "might have minded auld lang syne, and thought of his auld kimmers, for as braw as he is with his new black coat. I hae gotten but five herring instead o' sax, and this disna look like a good saxpennys, and I dare say this bit morsel o' beef is an unce lighter than ony that's been dealt round, and its a bit o' the tenony hough, mair by token, that yours, Maggie, is out o' the back

sey."

"Mine, quo' she?" mumbled the paralytic hag, "mine is half banes, I trow. If grit folk gie poor bodies ony thing for coming to their weddings and burials, it suld be something that wad do them gude, I think."

"Their gifts," said Ailsie Gourlay, "are dealt for nae love of us—nor for respect for whether we feed or starve. They wad gie us whinstances for loaves, if it would serve their ain vanity, and yet they expect us to be as gratefu', as they ca' it, as if they served us for true love and liking."

"And that's truly said," answered her com-

"But, Ailsie Gourlay, ye're the auldest o' us three, did ye ever see a mair grand bridal?"

"I winna say that I have," answered the hag; but I think soon to see as braw a burial."

"And that wad please me as weel," said Annie Winnie, "for there's as large a dole, and folk are no obliged to girn and laugh, and mak murgeons, and wish joy to these hellicate quality, that lord it over us like brute beasts. I like to pack the dead dole in my lap, and rin ower and auld rhyme:—

My loaf in my lap, my penny in my purse, Thou art ne'er the better, and I'm ne'er the worse

"That's right, Annie," said the paralytic woman; "God send us a green yule and a fat kirkyard."

"But I wad like to ken, Lucky Gourlay, for ye're the auldest and wisest amang us, whilk o' these revellers' turns it will be to be streekit first."

"D'ye see yon dandilly maiden," said Dame Gourlay, "a' glistenin' wi' goud and jewels, that they are mounting on the white horse behind that hare brained callant in scarlet, wi' the lang sword at his side?"

"But that's the bride!" said her companion, her cold heart touched with some sort of compassion; "that's the very bride hersel! Eh, whow! sae young, sae braw, and sae bonny—and is her time sae short?"

"I tell ye," said the sibyl, "her winding sheet is up as high as her throat already, believe it wha list. Her sand has but few grains to rin out, and nae wonder—they've been weel shaken. The leaves are withering fast on the trees, but she'll never see the Martinmas wind gar them dance in swirls like the fairy rings."

"Ye waited on her for a quarter," said the paralytic woman, "and got twa red pieces, or I

am far beguiled."

"Ay, Ay," answered Ailsie, with a bitter grin;
"and Sir William Ashton promised me a bonny red gown to the boot o' that—a stake, and a chain, and a tar barrel, lass!—what think ye o' that for a propine?—for being up early and down late for fourscore nights and mair wi' his dwining daughter. But he may keep it for his own leddy, cummers."

"I hae heard a sough," said Annie Winnie, "as if Leddy Ashton was nae canny body."

"D'ye see her yonder," said Dame Gourlay, "as she prances on her gray gelding out at the kirk yard?—there's mair o' utter deevilry in that woman, as brave and fair fashioned as she rides yonder, than in a' the Scotch witches that ever flew by moonlight over North Berwick Lair."

"What's that ye say about witches, ye damned hags?" said Johnny Mortheuch, "are ye casting your cantrips in the very kirk yard, to mischieve the bride and bridegroom? Get awa' hame, for if I tak my souple t'ye, I'll gar ye find the road faster than ye wad like."

"Eh, sirs!" answered Ailsie Gourlay, "how bra' are we wi' our new black coat and our weel pouthered head, as if we had never kenn'd hunger nor thirst oursels!—and we'll be screwing up our bit fiddle, doubtless, in the ha' the night, amang a' the other elbo' jiggers for miles round. Let's see if the pins haud, Johnny—that's a', lad."

"I take ye a' to witness, gude people," said Mortheuch, "that she threatens me wi' mischief, and forespeaks me. If any thing but gude happens to me or my fiddle this night, I'll make it the blackest night's job she ever stirred in. I'll hae her before presbytery and synod—I'm half a minister mysel, now that I'm a bedral in an inhabited parish."

Although the mutual hatred betwixt these hags and the rest of mankind had steeled their hearts against all impressions of festivity, this was by no means the case with the multitude at The splendour of the bridal retinue—the gay dresses—the spirited horses—the blithsome appearance of the handsome women and gallant gentlemen assembled upon the occasion, had the usual effect upon the minds of the populace. The repeated shouts of "Ashton and Bucklaw for ever!"-the discharge of pistols, guns, and musket-arms, to give what was called the bridal shot. evinced the interest the people took in the occasion of the cavalcade, as they accompanied it upon their return to the castle. If there was here and there an elder peasant or his wife who sneered at the pomp of the upstart family, and remembered the days of the long descended Ravenswoods, even they, attracted by the plentiful cheer which the castle that day afforded to rich and poor, held their way thither, and acknowledged, notwithstanding their prejudices, the influence of l'Amphitrion où l'on dine.

Thus accompanied with the attendance both of rich and poor, Lucy returned to her father's house. Bucklaw used his privilege of riding next to the bride, but, new to such a situation, rather endeavoured to attract attention by the display of his person and horsemanship, than by any attempt to address her in private. They reached the castle in safety, amid a thousand iovous acclamations.

It is well known that the weddings of ancient days were celebrated with a festive publicity rejected by the delicacy of modern times. The marriage guests upon the present occasion were regaled with a banquet of unbounded profusion. the relics of which, after the domestics had feasted in their turn, were distributed among the shouting crowd, with as many barrels of ale as made the hilarity without correspond to that within the The gentlemen, according to the fashion of the times, indulged, for the most part, in deep draughts of the richest wines, while the ladies, prepared for the ball which always closed a bridal entertainment, impatiently expected their arrival in the state gallery. At length the social party broke up at a late hour, and the gentlemen crowded into the saloon, and, enlivened by wine and the joyful occasion, laid aside their swords. and handed their impatient partners to the floor. The music already rung from the gallery, along VOL. IV. a a

the fretted roof of the ancient state apartment. According to strict etiquette, the bride ought to have opened the ball, but Lady Ashton, making an apology on account of her daughter's health, offered her own hand to Bucklaw as a substitute for her daughter's.

But as Lady Ashton raised her head gracefully, expecting the strain at which she was to begin the dance, she was so much struck by an unexpected alteration in the ornaments of the apartment, that she was surprised into an exclamation,—" Who has dared to change the pictures?"

All looked up, and those who knew the usual state of the apartment, observed, with surprise, that the picture of Sir William Ashton's father was removed from its place, and in its stead that of old Sir Malise Ravenswood seemed to frown wrath and vengeance upon the assembled party below. The exchange must have been made while the apartments were empty, but had not been observed until the torches and lights in the sconces were kindled for the ball. The haughty and heated spirits of the gentlemen led them to demand an immediate inquiry into the cause of what they deemed an affront to their host and to themselves: but Lady Ashton, recovering herself, passed it over as the freak of a crazy wench who was maintained about the castle, and whose susceptible imagination had been observed to be much affected by the stories which Dame Gourlay delighted to tell concerning "the former family," so Lady Ashton named the Ravenswoods. The obnoxious picture was immediately removed. and the ball was opened by Lady Ashton, with a grace and dignity which supplied the charms of youth, and almost verified the extravagant encomiums of the elder part of the company, who extolled her performance as far exceeding the dancing of the rising generation.

When Lady Ashton sat down, she was not surprised to find that her daughter had left the apartment, and she herself followed, eager to obviate any impression which might have been made upon her nerves by an incident so likely to affect them as the mysterious transposition of the portraits. Apparently she found her apprehensions groundless, for she returned in about an hour, and whispered the bridegroom, who extricated himself from the dancers, and vanished from the apartment. The instruments now played their loudest strains-the dancers pursued their exercise with all the enthusiasm inspired by youth. mirth, and high spirits, when a cry was heard so shrill and piercing, as at once to arrest the dance and the music. All stood motionless; but when the vell was again repeated, Colonel Ashton snatched a torch from the sconce, and demanding the key of the bridal chamber from Henry, to whom, as bridesman, it had been intrusted, rushed thither, followed by Sir William and Lady Ashton, and one or two others, near relations of the family. The bridal guests waited their return in stupified amazement.

Arrived at the door of the apartment, Colonel Ashton knocked and called, but received no answer, except stifled groans. He hesitated no longer to open the door of the apartment, in which

he found opposition, from something which lay against it. When he had succeeded in opening it, the body of the bridegroom was found lying on the threshold of the bridal chamber, and all around was flooded with blood. A cry of surprise and horror was raised by all present; and the company, excited by this new alarm, began to rush tumultuously towards the sleeping apartment. Colonel Ashton, first whispering to his mother-" Search for her-she has murdered him!" drew his sword, planted himself in the passage, and declared he would suffer no person to pass excepting the clergyman, and the medical person present. By their assistance, Bucklaw, who still breathed, was raised from the ground, and transported to another apartment, where his friends, full of suspicion and murmuring, assembled round him to learn the opinion of the surgeon.

In the meanwhile, Lady Ashton, her husband, and their assistants, in vain sought Lucy in the bridal bed and in the chamber. There was no private passage from the room, and they began to think that she must have thrown herself from the window, when one of the company, holding his torch lower than the rest, discovered something white in the corner of the great old fashioned chimney of the apartment. Here they found the unfortunate girl, seated, or rather couched like a hare upon its form—her head-gear dishevelled; her night clothes torn and dabbled with blood,—her eyes glazed, and her features convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity. When she saw herself discovered she gibbered, made

mouths, and pointed at them with her bloody fingers, with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac.

Female assistance was now hastily summoned: the unhappy bride was overpowered, not without the use of some force. As they carried her over the threshold, she looked down, and uttered the only articulate words that she had yet spoken, saving, with a sort of grinning exultation, "So. you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom?" She was by the shuddering assistants conveyed to another and more retired apartment, where she was secured as her situation required, and closely watched. The unutterable agony of the parentsthe horror and confusion of all who were in the castle—the fury of contending passions between the friends of the different parties, passions augmented by previous intemperance, surpasses description.

The surgeon was the first who obtained something like a patient hearing; he pronounced that the wound of Bucklaw, though severe and dangerous, was by no means fatal, but might readily be rendered so by disturbance and hasty removal. This silenced the numerous party of Bucklaw's friends, who had previously insisted that he should, at all rates, be transported from the castle to the nearest of their houses. They still demanded, however, that in consideration of what had happened, four of their number should remain to watch over the sick bed of their friend. and that a suitable number of their domestics. well armed, should also remain in the castle. This condition being acceded to on the part of Colonel Ashton and his father, the rest of the bridegroom's friends left the castle, notwithstanding the hour and the darkness of the The cares of the medical man were next employed in behalf of Miss Ashton, whom he pronounced to be in a very dangerous state. Farther medical assistance was immediately sum-All night she remained delirious. the morning she fell into a state of absolute insensibility. The next evening, the physicians said, would be the crisis of her malady. It proved so, for although she awoke from her trance with some appearance of calmness, and suffered her night clothes to be changed, or put in order, yet as soon as she put her hand to her neck, as if to search for the fatal blue ribbon, a tide of recollections seemed to rush upon her, which her mind and body were alike incapable of bearing. Convulsion followed convulsion, till they closed in death, without her being able to utter a word explanatory of the fatal scene.

The provincial judge of the district arrived the day after the young lady had expired, and executed, though with all possible delicacy to the afflicted family, the painful duty of inquiring into this fatal transaction. But there occurred nothing to explain the general hypothesis, that the bride, in a sudden fit of insanity, had stabbed the bridegroom at the threshold of the apartment. The fatal weapon was found in the chamber, smeared with blood. It was the same poniard which Henry should have worn upon the wedding day, and which his unhappy sister had probably contrived to secrete upon the preceding evening, when it had been shown to her among other articles of preparation for the wedding.

The friends of Bucklaw expected that upon his recovery he would throw some light upon this dark story, and eagerly pressed him with inquiries, which for some time he evaded under pretext of weakness. When, however, he had been transported to his own house, and was considered as in a state of convalescence, he assembled those persons, both male and female, who had considered themselves as entitled to press him on this subject, and returned them thanks for the interest they had expressed in his behalf, and their offers of adherence and support. you all," he said, "my friends, to understand, however, that I have neither story to tell, nor injuries to avenge. If a lady shall question me henceforward upon the incidents of that unhappy night, I shall remain silent, and in future consider her as desirous to break off her friendship with me. But if a gentleman shall ask me the same question. I shall regard the incivility as equivalent to an invitation to meet him in the Duke's Walk, and I expect that he will rule himself accordingly."

A declaration so decisive admitted no commentary; and it was soon after seen that Bucklaw had arisen from the bed of sickness a sadder and a wiser man than he had hitherto shown himself. He dismissed Craigengelt from his society, but not without such a provision as, if well employed, might secure him against indigence and against temptation.

Bucklaw afterwards went abroad, and never returned to Scotland; nor was he known ever to hint at the circumstances attending his fatal max riage. By many readers this may be deemed.

overstrained, romantic, and composed by the wild imagination of an author, desirous of gratifying the popular appetite for the horrible; but those who are read in the private family history of Scotland during the period in which the scene is laid, will readily discover, through the disguise of borrowed names and added incidents, the leading particulars of an over true tale.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE

CATASTROPHE OF DIRK HATTERAICK AND GLOSSIN.

THE jail at the county town of the shire of was one of those old fashioned dungeons which disgraced Scotland until of late years. When the prisoners arrived there, Hatteraick, whose violence and strength were well known, was secured in what was called the condemned ward. This was a large apartment near the top of the A round bar of iron, about the thickness of a man's arm above the elbow, crossed the apartment horizontally at the height of about six inches from the floor, and was built into the wall at either end. Hatteraick's ankles were secured within shackles, which were connected by a chain at the distance of about four feet, with a large iron ring, which travelled upon the bar we have described. Thus a prisoner might shuffle along the length of the bar from one side of the room to the other, but could not recede farther from it in any other direction than the length of the chain admitted. When his feet had been thus secured, the keeper removed his handcuffs, and left his person at liberty in other respects.

Hatteraick had not been long in this place of confinement, before Glossin arrived at the same prison house. In respect to his comparative rank and education, he was not ironed, but placed in a decent apartment, under the inspection of Mac Guffog, who, since the destruction of the Bridewell of Portanferry by the mob, had acted here as an under turnkey. When Glossin was enclosed within this room, and had solitude and leisure to calculate all the chances against him and in his favour, he could not prevail upon himself to consider the game as desperate. estate is lost." he said, "that must go; and, between Pleydell and Mac Morlan, they'll cut down my claim on it to a trifle. My character: -but if I get off with life and liberty, I'll get money yet, and varnish that over again. Let me see: -This Bertram was a child at the time-his evidence must be imperfect—the other fellow is a deserter, a gipsy, and an outlaw.-Meg Merrilies, d-n her, is dead. These infernal bills !-Hatteraick brought them with him, I suppose, to have the means of threatening me, or extorting money from me. I must endeavour to see the rascal:-must get him to stand steady; must get him to put some other colour upon the business."

His mind teeming with schemes of future deceit to cover former villany, he spent the time in arranging and combining them till the hour of supper. Mac Guffog attended upon this occasion. After giving him a glass of brandy, and VOL. IV.

sounding him with one or two cajoling speeches, Glossin made it his request that he would help him to an interview with Dirk Hatteraick. "Impossible! utterly impossible! it's contrary to the express order of Mr. Mac Morlan, and the captain (as the head jailor of a county jail is called in Scotland) would never forgie me."

"But why should he know of it?" said Glossin, slipping a couple of guineas into Mac Guffog's hand.

The turnkey weighed the gold, and looked sharp at Glossin, "Eye, eye, Mr. Glossin, ye ken the ways o' this place.—Lookee, at lockup hour, I'll return and bring ye up stairs to him.—But ye must stay a' night in his cell, for I must carry the keys to the captain for the night, and I cannot let you out again until morning—then I'll visit the wards half an hour earlier than usual, and ye may get out, and be snug in your ain birth when the captain gangs his rounds."

When the hour of ten had pealed from the neighbouring steeple, Mac Guffog came prepared with a small dark lantern. He said softly to Glossin, "Slip your shoes off, and follow me." When Glossin was out of the door, Mac Guffog, as if in the execution of his ordinary duty, and speaking to a prisoner within, called aloud, "Good night to you, sir," and locked the door, clattering the bolts with much ostentatious noise. He then guided Glossin up a steep and narrow stair, at the top of which was the door of the condemned ward; he unbarred and unlocked it, and giving Glossin the lantern, made a sign to him to enter, and locked the door behind him with the same affected accuracy.

In the large dark cell into which he was thus introduced, Glossin's feeble light for some time enabled him to discover nothing. At length he could dimly distinguish a pallet bed stretched upon the floor beside the great iron bar which traversed the room, and on that bed reposed the figure of a man. Glossin approached him, "Dirk Hatteraick!"

"Donner and hagel!" said the prisoner, sitting up, and clashing his fetters as he rose, "then my dream is true! Begone, and leave me to myself it will be your best!"

"What! my good friend, will you allow the prospect of a few weeks' confinement to depress

vour spirit?"

"Yes—when I am only to be released by a halter—let me alone—go about your business, and turn the lamp from my face."

"Pshaw! my dear Dirk, don't be afraid-I

have a glorious plan to make all right."

"To the bottomless pit with your plans! you have planned me out of ship, cargo, and life; and I dreamt this moment that Meg Merrilies dragged you here by the hair, and gave me the long clasped knife she used to wear—you don't know what she said. Sturm wetter! it will be your wisdom not to tempt me!"

"But, Hatteraick, my good friend, do but

rise and speak to me."

"I will not!—you have caused all the mischief; you would not let Meg keep the boy; she would have returned him after he had forgot all."

"Why, Hatteraick, you are turned driveller!"
"Wetter! will you deny that all that cursed.

attempt at Portanferry, which lost both ship and crew, was your device for your own job?"

"But the goods, you know---"

- "Curse the goods! we could have got plenty more; but, der deyvil! to lose the ship and the fine fellows, and my own life, for a cursed coward villain, that always works his own mischief with other people's hands! Speak to me no more—I'm dangerous!"
- "But, Dirk—but, Hatteraick, hear me only a few words."
 - " Hagel! nein."
 - " Only one sentence."
 - " Tausand curses,-rein!"
- "At least get up, for an obstinate Dutch brute," said Glossin, losing his temper, and pushing Hatteraick with his foot.
- "Donner and blitzen!" said Hatteraick, springing up and grappling with him, "you will have it then?"

Glossin struggled and resisted, but so ineffectually, under his surprise at the fury of the assault, that he fell under Hatteraick, the back part of his neck coming full upon the iron bar with stunning violence. The death-grapple continued. The room immediately below the condemned ward, being that of Glossin, was, of course, empty; but the inmates of even the second apartment beneath felt the shock of Glossin's heavy fall, and heard a noise as of struggling and of groans. But all sounds of horror were too congenial to this place to excite much curiosity or interest.

In the morning, faithful to his promise, Mac

Guffog came. "Mr. Glossin," said he, in a whispering voice.

" Call louder," answered Dirk Hatteraick.

" Mr. Glossin, for God's sake come away!"

"He'll hardly do that without help," said Hatteraick.

"What are you chattering there for, Mac Guf-

fog?" called out the captain from below.

"Come away, for God's sake!" repeated the turnkey. At this moment the jailor made his appearance with a light. Great was his surprise. and even horror, to observe Glossin's body lying doubled across the iron bar, in a posture that excluded all idea of his being alive. Hatteraick was quietly stretched upon his pallet within a yard of his victim. In lifting Glossin, it was found he had been dead for some hours. His body bore uncommon marks of violence. The spine, where it joins the scull, had received severe injury by his first fall. There were distinct marks of strangulation about the throat, which corresponded with the blackened state of his The head was turned backward over the shoulder, as if the neck had been wrung round with desperate violence. So it would seem that his inveterate antagonist had fixed a fatal gripe upon the wretch's throat, and never quitted it while life lasted. The lantern, crushed and broken to pieces, lay beneath the body.

Mac Morlan was in the town, and came instantly to examine the corpse. "What brought Glossin here?" said he to Hatteraick.

"The devil!" answered the ruffian.

" And what did you do to him?"

"Sent him to hell before me!" replied the miscreant.

"Wretch! you have crowned a life spent without a single virtue, with the murder of your miserable accomplice!"

"Virtue? donner! I was always faithful to my ship owners-always accounted for cargo to the last stiver. Hark ye! let me have pen and ink, and I'll write an account of the whole to our house; and leave me alone for a couple of hours, will ye-and let them take away that piece of carrion, donner!" Mac Morlan deemed it the best way to humour the savage; he was furnished with writing materials, and left alone. When they again opened the door, it was found that this determined villain had anticipated jus-He had adjusted a cord taken from the truckle bed, and attached it to a bone, the relique of his yesterday's dinner, which he had contrived to drive into the wall at a height as great as he could reach, standing upon the bar. Having fastened the noose, he had the resolution to drop his body, as if to fall on his knees, and to retain that posture until resolution was no longer necessarv. The letter he had written to his owners. though chiefly upon the business of their trade. contained many allusions to the younker of Ellangovan, as he called him, and afforded absolute confirmation of all Meg Merrilies and her nephew had told. SIR W. SCOTT.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

"This is the evening on which, a few days ago, we agreed to walk to the bower at the waterfall. and look at the perfection of a Scottish sunset. Every thing on earth and heaven seems at this hour as beautiful as our souls could desire. Come, then, my sweet Anna, come along, for, hy the time we have reached the bower, with your gentle steps, the great bright orb will be nearly resting its rim on what you call the Ruby Mountain. Come along, and we can return before the dew has softened a single ringlet on your fair forehead." With these words, the happy husband locked kindly within his own the arm of his young English wife; and even in the solitude of his unfrequented groves, where no eye but his own now beheld her, looked with pride on the gracefulness and beauty that seemed so congenial with the singleness and simplicity of her soul.

They reached the bower just as the western heaven was in all its glory. To them, while they stood together gazing on that glow of fire that burns without consuming, and in whose mighty furnace the clouds and the mountain tops are but as embers, there seemed to exist no sky but that region of it in which their spirits were entranced. Their eyes saw it,—their souls felt it; but what their eyes saw or their souls felt they knew not, in the mystery of that magnificence. The vast black bars,—the piled up masses of burnished gold,—the beds of softest saffron and and richest purple, lying surrounded with con-

sun himself was for moments unheeded in the gorgeousness his light had created,-the show of storm, but the feeling of calm, over all that tumultuous vet settled world of cloud that had come floating silently and majestically together. and yet, in one little hour, was to be no more ;what might not beings endowed with a sense of beauty, and greatness, and love, and fear, and terror, and eternity, feel when drawing their breath together, and turning their steadfast eves on each other's faces, in such a scene as this?

But from these high and bewildering imaginations, their souls returned insensibly to the real world in which their life lay; and still feeling the presence of that splendid sunset, although now they looked not towards it, they let their eves glide, in mere human happiness, over the surface of the inhabited earth. The green fields that, in all varieties of form, lay stretching out before them, the hedge-rows of hawthorn and sweet briar, the humble coppices, the stately groves, and, in the distance, the dark pine forest loading the mountain side, were all their own,and so too were a hundred cottages, on height or hollow, shelterless or buried in shelter, and all alike dear to their humble inmates, on account of their cheerfulness or their repose. given to them this bright and beautiful portion of the earth, and he had given them along with it hearts and souls to feel and understand in what lay the worth of the gift, and to enjoy it with a deep and thoughtful gratitude.

"All hearts bless you, Anna; and do you

know that the Shepherd Poet, whom we once visited in his Shealing, has composed a Gaelic song on our marriage, and it is now sung by many a pretty Highland girl, both in cottage and on hill side. They wondered, it is said, why I should have brought them an English lady: but that was before they saw your face, or heard how sweet may be an English voice even to a Highland ear. They love you, Anna; they would die for you, Anna, for they have seen you with your sweet body in silk and satin, with a jewel on your forehead, and pearls in your hair, moving to music in your husband's hereditary hall; and they have seen you too in russet garb, and ringlets unadorned, in their own smoky cottages. blithe and free as some native shepherdess of the hills. To the joyful and the sorrowful art thou alike dear: and all my tenantry are rejoiced when you appear, whether on your palfrey on the heather, or walking through the hav or harvest field, or sitting by the bed of sickness: or welcoming, with a gentle stateliness, the old withered mountaineer to his chieftain's gate."

The tears fell from the lady's eyes at these kind, loving, and joyful words; and, with a sob, she leaned her cheek on her husband's bosom. "Oh! why—why should I be sad in the midst of the undeserved goodness of God? Since the farthest back time I recollect in the darkness of infancy, I have been perfectly happy. I have never lost any dear friend, as so many others have done. My father and mother live, and love me well; blessings be upon them now, and for ever! You love me, and that so tenderty, wol. IV.

that at times my heart is like to break. But, my husband—forgive me—pity me—but upbraid me not, when I tell you that my soul, of late, has often fainted within me, as now it does,—for oh! husband! husband!—the fear of death is upon me; and as the sun sank behind the mountain, I thought that moment of a large burial place, and the vault in which I am to be interred."

These words gave a shock to her husband's heart, and, for a few moments, he knew not how to cheer and comfort her. Almost before he could speak, and while he was silently kissing her forehead, his young wife, somewhat more composedly, said, "I strive against it-I close my eyes to contain, to crush the tears that I feel gushing up from my stricken heart; but they force their way through, and my face is often ruefully drenched in solitude. Well may I weep to leave this world-thee-my parents-the rooms in which, for a year of perfect bliss, I have walked, sat, or slept in thy bosom-all these beautiful woods, and plains, and hills, which I have begun to feel every day more and more as belonging unto me, because I am thy wife. But, husband! beyond, far far beyond them all, except him of whose blood it is, do I weep to leave our baby that is now unborn. May it live to comfort you-to gladden your eyes when I am gone-vea, to bring tears sometimes into them, when its face or form may chance to remember you of the mother who bore it, and died that it might see the day."

The lady rose up with these words from her

husband's bosom: and, as a sweet balmy whispering breath of wind came from the broom on the river's bank, and fanned her cheeks. she seemed to revive from that desponding dream: and, with a faint smile, looked all round the silvan hower. The cheerful hum of the bees. that seemed to be hastening their work among the honey flowers before the fall of dark,-the noise of the river that had been unheard while the sun was setting.—the lowing of the kine going leisurely homewards before their infant drivers,-and the loud lofty song of the blackbird in his grove,—these, and a thousand other mingling influences of nature, touched her heart with joy. - and her eyes became altogether free from tears. Her husband, who had been deeply affected by words so new to him from her lips, seized these moments of returning peace to divert her thoughts entirely from such causeless terrors. "To this bower I brought you, to show you what a Scottish landscape was, the day after our marriage,-and, from that hour to this, every look, smile, word, and deed of thine has been after mine own heart, except these foolish tears. But the dew will soon be on the grass, -so come, my beloved,-nay, I will not stir unless you smile. There, Anna! you are your beautiful self again!" And they returned cheerful and laughing to the hall; the lady's face being again as bright as if a tear had never dimmed its beauty. The glory of the sunset was almost forgotten in the sweet, fair, pensive silence of the twilight, now fast glimmering on to one of those clear summer nights which divide, for a few hours, one day from another with their transitory pomp of stars.

Before midnight, all who slept awoke. was hoped that an heir was about to be born to that ancient house; and there is something in the dim and solemn reverence which invests an unbroken line of ancestry, that blends easily with those deeper and more awful feelings with which the birth of a human creature, in all circumstances, is naturally regarded. Tenderly beloved by all as this young and beautiful lady was, who, coming a stranger among them, and, as they felt, from another land, had inspired them insensibly with a sort of pity mingling with their pride in her loveliness and virtue, it may well be thought that now the house was agitated. and that its agitation was soon spread from cottage to cottage to a great distance round. Many a prayer, therefore, was said for her; and God was beseeched soon to make her, in his mercy, a joyful mother. No fears, it was said, were entertained for the lady's life; but after some hours of intolerable anguish of suspense. her husband, telling an old servant whither he had gone, walked out into the open air, and, in a few minutes, sat down on a tombstone, without knowing that he had entered the little churchvard, which, with the parish church, was within a few fields and groves of the house. He looked around him: and nothing but graves-gravesgraves. "This stone was erected by her husband, in memory of Agnes Ilford, an Englishwoman, who died in child-bed, aged nineteen." This inscription was every letter of it distinctly

legible in the moonlight; and he held his eyes fixed upon it—reading it over and over with a shudder; and then rising up, and hurrying out of the church yard, he looked back from the gate, and thought he saw a female figure all in white, with an infant in her arms, gliding noiselessly over the graves and tombstones. But he looked more steadfastly—and it was nothing. He knew it was nothing; but he was terrified; and he turned his face away from the churchyard. The old servant advanced towards him; and he feared to look him in the face, lest he should know that his wife was a corpse.

"Life or death?" at length he found power to utter. "My honoured lady lives, but her son breathed only a few gasps—no heir, no heir. I was sent to tell you to come quickly to my lady's chamber."

In a moment the old man was alone, for, recovering from the torpidity of fear, his master had flown off like an arrow, and now with soft footsteps was stealing along the corridor towards the door of his wife's apartment. But as he stood within a few steps of it, composing his countenance and strengthening his heart, to behold his beloved Anna lying exhausted, and too probably ill, ill indeed,—his own mother, like a shadow, came out of the room, and not knowing that she was seen, clasped her hands together upon her breast, and lifting up her eyes with an expression of despair, exclaimed, as in a petition to God, "Oh! my poor son!-my poor son! what will become of him?" She looked forward, and there was her son before her, with a face like ashes, tottering and speechless. She embraced and supported him—the old and feeble supported the young and the strong. "I am blind, and must feel my way; but help me to the bedside, that I may sit down and kiss my dead wife. I ought to have been there, surely, when she died."

The lady was dying, but not dead. It was thought that she was insensible, but when her husband said, "Anna—Anna!" she fixed her hitherto unnoticing eyes upon his face, and moved her lips, as if speaking, but no words were heard. He stooped down and kissed her forehead, and then there was a smile over all her face, and one word, "Farewell!" At that faint and loving voice he touched her lips with his, and he must then have felt her parting breath; for when he again looked on her face, the smile upon it was more deep, placid, steadfast, than any living smile, and a mortal silence was on her bosom that was to move no more.

They sat together, he and his mother, looking on the young, fair, and beautiful dead. Sometimes he was distracted, and paced the room raving, and with a black and gloomy aspect. Then he sat down perfectly composed, and looked alternately on the countenance of his young wife, bright, blooming, and smiling in death; and on that of his old mother, pale, withered, and solemn in life. As yet he had no distinct thoughts of himself. Overwhelming pity for one so young, so good, so beautiful, and so happy, taken suddenly away, possessed his disconsolate soul; and he would have wept with joy to see her restored

to life, even although he were to live with her no more, though she were utterly to forget him; for what would that be to him, so that she were but alive! He felt that he could have borne to be separated from her by seas, or by a dungeon's walls; for in the strength of his love he would have been happy, knowing that she was a living being beneath Heaven's sunshine. But in a few days is she to be buried!—And then was he forced to think upon himself, and his utter desolation, changed in a few hours from a too perfect happiness, into a wretch whose existence was an anguish and a curse.

At last he could not sustain the sweet, sad, beautiful sight of that which was now lying stretched upon his marriage bed; and he found himself passing along the silent passages, with faint and distant lamentations meeting his ear. but scarcely recognised by his mind, until he felt the fresh air, and saw the grav dawn of morning. Slowly and unconsciously he passed on into the woods, and walked on and on, without aim or object, through the solitude of awakening nature. He heard or heeded not the wide ringing songs of all the happy birds; he saw not the wild flowers beneath his feet, nor the dew diamonds that glittered on every leaf of the motionless trees. The ruins of a lonely hut on the hill side were close to him, and he sat down in stupefaction, as if he had been an exile in some foreign country. He lifted up his eyes, and the sun was rising, so that all the eastern heaven was tinged with the beautifulness of joy. The turrets of his own ancestral mansion were visible

among the dark umbrage of its ancient grove: fair were the lawns and fields that stretched away from it towards the orient light, and one bright bend of the river kindled up the dim scenery through which it rolled. His own family estate was before his eyes, and as the thought rose within his heart, "all that I see is mine," vet felt he that the poorest beggar was richer far than he, and that in one night he had lost all that was worth possessing. He saw the church tower, and thought upon the place of graves. "There will she be buried .- there will she be buried," he repeated with a low voice, while a groan of mortal misery startled the little mosswren from a crevice in the ruin. He rose up. and the thought of suicide entered into his sick heart. He gazed on the river, and murmuring aloud in his hopeless wretchedness, said, "Why should I not sink into a pool and be drowned? But oh! Anna, thou who wert so meek and pure on earth, and who art now bright and glorious in heaven, what would thy sainted and angelic spirit feel, if I were to appear thus lost and wicked at the judgment seat?"

A low voice reached his ear, and, looking round, he beheld his old, faithful, white headed servant on his knees,—him who had been his father's foster brother, and who, in the privilege of age and fidelity and love to all belonging to that house, had followed him unregarded,—had watched him as he wrung his hands, and had been praying for him to God while he continued sitting in that dismal trance upon that mouldering mass of ruins. "Oh! my young master,

pardon me for being here.—I wished not to overhear your words; but to me you have ever been kind, even as a son to his father.—Come, then, with the old man, back into the hall, and forsake not your mother, who is sore afraid."

They returned, without speaking, down the glens, and through the old woods, and the door was shut upon them. Days and nights passed on, and then a bell tolled; and the churchyard, that had sounded to many feet, was again silent. The woods around the hall were loaded with their summer glories; the river flowed on in its brightness; the smoke rose up to heaven from the quiet cottages; and nature continued the same,-bright, fragrant, beautiful, and happy. But the hall stood uninhabited: the rich furniture now felt the dust: and there were none to gaze on the pictures that graced the walls. He who had been thus bereaved went across seas to distant countries, from which his tenantry, for three springs, expected his return; but their expectations were never realized, for he died abroad. His remains were brought home to Scotland. according to a request in his will, to be laid by those of his wife; and now they rest together, beside the same simple monument. ANON.

ELLEN PERCY IN THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

I was truly thankful to be thus spared from contest; for I had begun to feel the consequences of breathing the polluted air of confinement. A heavy languor was upon me. My eyes turned pained.

I was restless, vet I moved from the light. uneasily, for my limbs seemed burdened beyond their strength. In vain I tried to struggle against these harbingers of disease. Infection had done its work, and my disorder increased every hour. The physician, at his evening visit, observing my haggard looks, desired that I should immediately endeavour to obtain some rest. But to sleep during the hour that was to decide poor Jessie's fate, I should at any time have found impossible. I watched her till the appointed time was past: saw her drop into the promised sleep; sat motionless beside her during the anxious hours of its continuance: and, with a joy which brightened even the progress of disease, beheld her lifting upon me once more the eye of intelligence, and beaming upon me once more the smile of ease.

Spent with the exertion which I had made, I could scarcely reach my chamber. I immediately began to collect my little property for removal; but before my preparations, trifling as they were, could be finished, my strength failed, and I sunk upon my bed.

A strange confusion seemed now to seize me. Black shadows swam before my eyes, succeeded by glares of bloody light. Then hideous phantoms crowded round me, till my very breathing was oppressed by their numbers; and one of them, more frightful than the rest, laid on my forehead the weight of his fiery hand. Then came a confused hope that all was but a frightful dream, from which I struggled to rouse myself.

I spoke, as if my own voice could dispel the terrible illusion. I endeavoured to rise, that I might shake off this dreadful sleep. In an instant I was on the brink of a fearful precipice, from which I shrunk in vain. Hands invisible hurried me down the fathomless abyss.

Again I perceived that these horrors were illusory. I strove to convince myself that I was indeed in my own chamber, surrounded by objects familiar to my sight. My mind rallied its last strength, to recall the remembrance of my situation. Along with this, a dark suspicion of the truth stole upon me.

"Merciful Heaven!" I cried, "are my senses indeed wandering; and must I be driven forth homeless while fever is raging in my brain! Forbid it! Oh forbid it!"

By a violent effort I flung myself on my knees. With an earnestness which hastened the dreaded evil. I supplicated an escape from this worst calamity, and implored that the body might perish before the spirit were darkened. But ere the melancholy petition was closed, its fervour had wandered into delirium.

A time passed which I have no means to measure; and I saw a female form approach me. She seemed alternately to wear the aspect of my mother and of Miss Mortimer; yet she rejected my embrace; and when I called her by their names, she answered not. She clothed me in what seemed the chill vestments of the grave; she hurried me through the air with the rapidity of light; then consigned me to two dark and fearful shapes; and again I was hurried on.

At last the breath of heaven for a moment

cooled my throbbing brow. I looked up, and saw that I was in the hands of two persons of unknown and rugged countenances. They lifted me into a carriage. It drove off with distracting speed.

The succeeding days are a blank in my being.

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I was awakened as from the deepest sleep, by a cry wild and horrible. It was followed by shouts of dissonant laughter, unlike the cheering sounds of human mirth. They seemed but the body's convulsion, in which the spirit had no part. I started and listened; a ceaseless hum of voices wearied my ear.

A recollection of the past came upon me, mixed with a strange uncertainty of my present state. The darkness of midnight was around me: why then was its stillness broken by more than the discords of day? I spoke, in hopes that some attendant might be watching my sick bed ;-no one answered to my call. I half raised my feeble frame to try what objects I could discern through the gloom. High above my reach, a small lattice poured in the chill night wind, but gave no light that could show aught beyond its own form and position. As I looked fixedly towards it, I perceived that it was grated. "Am I then a prisoner?" thought I. "But it matters not. A narrower cell will soon contain all of poor Ellen that a prison can confine." And, worn out with my effort, I laid myself down with that sense of approaching dissolution, which sinks all human situations to equality.

I closed my eyes, and my thoughts now flew

unbidden to that unknown world from which, in the days of levity, they had shrunk affrighted; and to which, even in better times, they had often been turned with effort.

Presently a female voice, as if from the adjoining chamber, began a plaintive song: which now died away, now swelled in mournful caprice. till, as it approached the final cadence, it wandered with pathetic wildness into speech. I listened to the hopeless lamentation,-heard it quicken into rapid utterance, sink into the low inward voice, then burst into causeless energy: -and I felt that I was near the haunt of madness. The shuddering of horror came over me for a moment. But one thought alone has power to darken the departing spirit with abiding gloom. The worst earthly sorrows play over her as a passing shadow, and are gone. "Poor maniac!" thought I, "thou and the genius which now guides and lights mankind will soon alike be as I am !"

But why record the feeble disjointed efforts of a soul struggling with her clog of earth? Oh had my strivings to enter the strait gate been then to begin, where should I, humanly speaking, have found strength for the endeavour? My mind, weakened with my body, could feel indeed, but could no longer reason; it could keenly hope and fear, but it could no longer exercise over thought that guidance which makes thinking a rational act. Worn out at last with feelings too strong for my frame, I sunk to sleep; and, in spite of the dreariest sounds which rise from human misery, slept quietly till morning.

Then the daylight gave a full view of my melancholy abode. Its extent was little more than sufficient to contain the low flock bed on which I lay. The naked walls were carved with many a quaint device, and one name was written on them in every possible direction, and joined with every epithet of endearment. Well may I remember them; for often, often, after having studied them all, have I turned wearily to study them again.

As I lay contemplating my prison, a step approached the door, the key grated in the lock, and a man of a severe and swarthy countenance stood before me. He came near, and offered me some food of the coarsest kind, from which my sickly appetite turned with disgust; but when he held a draught of milk and water to my lips, I eagerly swallowed it, making a faint gesture of thanks for the relief. The stern countenance relaxed a little. "You are better this morning," said the man.

"I soon shall be so," answered I with a languid smile.

Without farther conference he was turning to depart, when recollecting that I should soon need other cares, and shrinking with womanly reluctance from owing the last offices to any but a woman, I detained him by a sign. "I have a favour to beg of you," said I. "I shall not want many."

"Well!" said the man, lingering with a look of idle curiosity.

"When I am gone," said I, "will you persuade some charitable woman to do whatever

must be done for me; for I was once a gentlewoman, and have never known indignity."

The man promised without hesitation to grant my request. Encouraged by my success, I proceeded. "I have a friend too, perhaps you would write to him."

"Oh yes!—who is he?" said the man, look-

ing inquisitively.

"Mr. Maitland, the great West India merchant. Tell him that Ellen Percy died here; and dying remembered him with respect and gratitude."

The man looked at me with a strong expression of surprise, which quickly gave place to an incredulous smile; then turned away, saying carelessly, "Oh, yes, I'll be sure to tell him;" and quitted the cell.

During that day, my trembling hopes, my solemn anticipations, were interrupted only by the return of the keeper, to bring my food at stated hours. But, on the following day, I became sensible of such amendment, that the natural love of life began to struggle with the hopes and the fears of "untried being."

With the prospect of prolonged existence, however, returned those anxieties which, in one form or other, beset every heart that turns a thought earthward. The idea of confinement in such a place, of imprisonment, perhaps perpetual, mingled the expectations of recovery with horror. To live only to be sensible to the death of all my affections, of all my hopes, of all my enjoyments!

—To retain a living consciousness in that place where was no "knowledge, nor work, nor de-

vice."—To look back upon a dreary blank of time, and forward to one unvaried waste!—To pine for the fair face of nature! perhaps to live till it was remembered but as a dream! Gracious Heaven! what strength supported me under such thoughts of horror! Language cannot express the fearful anxiety with which I awaited the return of the only person who could relieve my apprehensions.

The moment he appeared I eagerly accosted him. "Tell me," I cried, "why I am here: Surely I am no object for such an institution as this. Mr. and Mrs. Boswell know that my fever was caught in attending on their own child."

"To be sure they do;" said the man soothingly.

"Why then have they sent me to such a place

The man was silent for a moment, and then answered, "Why, what sort of a place do you take this for? You don't think this is a madhouse, do you?" Then, seeing that I looked at him with surprise and doubt, he added, "This is only an asylum, a sort of infirmary for people who have your kind of fever."

I now perceived that he thought it necessary to humour me as a lunatic. "For mercy's sake," I cried, "do not trifle with me. You may easily convince yourself that I am in perfect possession of my reason,—do so then, and let me be gone. This place is overpowering to my spirits."

"The moment you get well," returned the man coolly, " you shall go. We would not keep

you after that, though you would give us ever so much. But I could not be answerable to let you out just now, for fear of bringing back your fever."

With this assurance I was obliged for the present to be contented. Yet a horrible fear sometimes returned, that he would only beguile me with false hopes from day to day; and when he next brought my homely repast, I again urged him to fix a time for my release. "I am recovering strength so rapidly," said I, "that I am sure in a few days I may remove."

"Oh yes!" answered he, "I think in a fortnight at farthest you will be quite well, provided you keep yourself quiet, and don't fret yourself about fancies."

While he spoke, I fixed my eyes earnestly upon him, to see whether I could discover any sign of mental reservation; but he spoke with all the appearance of good faith, and I was satisfied.

MRS. BRUNTON.

ADAM BLAIR.

SELDOM has the earth held a couple of human beings so happy in each other as were Mr. Adam Blair and his wife. They had been united very early in love, and early in wedlock. Ten years had passed over their heads since their hands were joined together; and during all that time their heart-strings had never once vibrated in discord. Their pleasures had been the same, and these innocent; their sorrows had been all YOLL IV.

in common; and their hours of affliction had, even more than their hours of enjoyment, tended to knit them together. Of four children whom God had given them, three had been taken speedily away;—one girl only, the first pledge of their love, had been spared to them. She was now a beautiful fair-haired creature, of eight years old. In her rested the tenderness and the living delight of both; yet, often at the fall of evening would they walk out hand in hand with their bright-eyed child, and shed together tears, to her mysterious, over the small grassy mounds in the adjoining village cemetery, beneath which the lost blossoms of their affection had been buried.

Adam Blair had had his share of human suffering; but hitherto the bitter cup had always contained sweetness at the close of the draught. The oil and the balm had flowed plentifully for every wound, and his spirit was not only unbroken, but composed, happy, cheerful, "with sober cheer." The afflictions that had been sent to him had kept him calm; and all men said that he was an humble, but none that he was a dejected Christian. What the secret errors of his spirit might have been, it is not for us to guess. But he was destined to undergo severer chastenings; and who shall doubt that there was cause enough for the uplifting of the rod of love?

After the death of the last of these three infants, Mrs. Blair dried her tears, and endeavoured to attend as usual to all the duties of her household. But the serenity of her temper had been tinged with a shade of grief which she could not dispel; and although she smiled upon her

husband, it was with pale lips and melancholy eyes that she did so. If there were moments in which all her sorrows were forgotten, these were few and transitory. Her husband subdued himself that he might constrain her; he talked with her in a tone that was manly as well as tender: he talked like a Christian as well as a father: he caressed his remaining child, and twined the fingers of the mother's hand among her flowing ringlets; he hoped the best; he hoped even to the last. But if it be true that love often lends keenness to the eye, it is not less true that the sight of affection is sometimes the slowest and the dimmest of all; and he had kept striving to nourish his hopes, and striving successfully too. for many months after it had been once a common remark among the kind-hearted people of Cross-Meikle, that "the minister's wife, poor body, would never hold up her head again."

And, in truth, it was as they said. It may be, the seated disease of the mind, by slow but sure degrees, communicated its poison to the body; at all events, the frame, like the inhabiting spirit, soon exhibited all the features of decay. The long melancholy summer passed away, and the songs of the harvest reapers were heard in the surrounding fields; while all, from day to day, was becoming darker and darker within the manse of Cross-Meikle. Worn to a shadow—pale as ashes—feeble as a child—the dying mother had, for many weeks, been unable to quit her chamber; and the long-hoping husband at last felt his spirit faint within him; for even he perceived that the hour of separation could not

much farther be deferred. He watched—he prayed by her bedside—he strove even yet to smile and to speak of hope, but his lips trembled as he spake; and neither he nor his wife were deceived, for their thoughts were the same, and years of love had taught them too well all the secrets of each other's looks as well as hearts.

Nobody witnessed their last parting. room was darkened, and no one was within it but themselves and their child, who sat by the bedside, weeping in silence, she knew not wherefore-for of death she knew little, except the terrible name; and her father had as vet been. if not brave enough to shed no tears, at least strong enough to conceal them.—Silently and gently was the pure spirit released from its clay: but manly groans were, for the first time, heard above the sobs and wailings of the infant; and the listening household shrunk back from the door, for they knew the blow had been stricken; and the voice of humble sympathy feared to make itself heard in the sanctuary of such affliction. The village doctor arrived just at that moment; he listened for a few seconds, and, being satisfied that all was over, he also turned away. horse had been fastened to the book by the manse door; he drew out the bridle, and led the animal softly over the turf, but did not mount again until he had far passed the outskirts of the green.

Perhaps an hour might have elapsed before Mr. Blair opened the window of the room in which his wife died. His footstep had been heard for some time hurriedly traversing and re-

traversing the floor: but at last he stopped where the nearly fastened shutters of the window admitted but one broken line of light into the chamber. He threw every thing open with a bold hand, and the uplifting of the window produced a degree of noise, to the like of which the house had for some time been unaccustomed; he looked out, and saw the external world bright before him, with all the rich colourings of a September evening. The sun had just sunk behind the distant screen of the Argyll and Dunbartonshire hills; the outline of huge Benlomond glowed like a blood-red jewel against the wide golden sky beyond; a thick and hazy cloud of mist had gathered over the rich valleys to the westward. through which, here and there, some far-off bending of the river flashed for a moment in a streak of reflected crimson: near at hand, the tall elms that surround the village churchvard stood with all their brown leaves whispering in the faint breeze of the twilight; a fine herd of cattle were passing along the neighbouring "green loaning." in a long deliberate line; the hum of the village sent an occasional echo through the intervening hedge-rows; all was quiet and beautiful above and below; the earth seemed to be clothed all over with sights and sounds of serenity; and the sky, deepening into darker and darker blue overhead, showed the earliest of its stars intensely twinkling, as if ready to harbinger or welcome the coming moon.

The widowed man gazed for some minutes in silence upon the glorious calm of nature, and then turned with a sudden start to the side of the room where the wife of his bosom had so lately breathed;—he saw the pale dead face; the black ringlet parted on the brow; the marble hand extended upon the sheet; the unclosed glassy eyes; and the little girl leaning towards her mother in a gaze of half-horrified bewilderment. He drew near to the couch—grasped the cold hand, and cried, "Oh God! oh God!"—a shriek, not a prayer; he closed the stiffening eyelids over the soft but ghastly orbs; kissed the brow, the cheek, the lips, the bosom, and then rushed down the stairs, and away out, bareheaded, into the fields, before any one could stop him, or ask whither he was going.

There is an old thick grove of pines almost immediately behind the house; and after staring about him for a moment on the green, he leapt hastily over the little brook that skirts it, and plunged within the shade of the trees. breeze was rustling the black boughs high over his head, and whistling along the bare ground beneath him. He rushed he knew not whither. on and on, between those naked brown trunks. till he was in the heart of the woods: and there. at last, he tossed himself down on his back among the withered fern leaves and mouldering Here every thing accorded with the fir-cones. gloom of a sick and shuddering soul, and he lay in a sort of savage stupor, half-exulting as the wind moaned and sighed through the darkness about him, in the depth (as he thought, the utmost depth) of abandonment and misery. Long-restrained, long-vanquished passions took their turn to storm within him-herce thoughts chased

each other through his bosom-sullen dead despair came to banish or to drown them-mournful gleams of tenderness melted all his spirit for a moment, and then made room again for the strong graspings of horror. All the past things of life floated before him, distinct in their lineaments, vet twined together, the darkest and the gavest, into a sort of union, that made them all appear alike dark. The mother, that had nursed his years of infancy—the father, whose hairs he had long before laid in the grave-sisters, brothers, friends, all dead and buried—the angel forms of his own early-ravished offspring-all crowded round and round him, and then rushing away, seemed to bear from him, as a prize and a trophy, the pale image of his expiring wife. Again she returned, and she alone was present with him-not the pale expiring wife, but the voung radiant woman - blushing, trembling, smiling, panting on his bosom, whispering to him all her hopes, and fears, and pride, and love, and tenderness, and meekness, like a bride; and then again all would be black as night. He would start up and gaze around, and see nothing but the sepulchral gloom of the wood, and hear nothing but the cold blasts among the leaves. a moment, it seemed as if years and years had intervened since he had become a widower. Every thing looked distant, chill, remote, uncertain, cut off by the impassable wide gulf of death. Down he lay again, and, covering his face with his hands, struggled to overcome the strength of delusions, with which all his soul was surrounded. Now boiling with passions, now calm as the dead, fearing, hoping, doubting, believing, lamenting, praying, and cursing—yes, cursing—all in succession.—Oh! who shall tell what ages of agony may roll over one bruised human spirit, in one brief hour?

The storm of desolation was followed by a lowering state of repose. He lay insensible alike to all things, stretched out at all his length, with his eye fixed in a stupid steadfastness upon one great massy branch that hung over him—his bloodless lips fastened together, as if they had been glued-his limbs like things entirely destitute of life and motion-every thing about him cold, stiff, and senseless. Minute after minute passed heavily away as in a dreamhour after hour rolled unheeded into the abvssthe stars twinkled through the pine-tops, and disappeared—the moon arose in her glory, rode through the clear autumn heaven, and vanished -and all alike unnoted by the prostrate widower. He only, in whose hand are all times, and all seasons, and all the workings of the spirit of man, can know what was and was not done within, during the space of apparent blankness. Not in dreams alone, it may be, does the soul work unconsciously.

Adam Blair came forth from among the firtrees in the gray light of the morning, walked leisurely and calmly several times round the garden green, which lay immediately in front of his house, then lifted the latch for himself, and glided with light and hasty footsteps up stairs to the room, where, for some weeks past, he had been accustomed to occupy a solitary bed. The wakeful servants heard him shut his door behind him; one of them having gone out anxiously, had traced him to his privacy, but none of them had ventured to think of disturbing it. Until he had come back, not one of them thought of going to bed. Now, however, they did so, and the house of sorrow was all over silent.

THE RETURN OF AGNES TO HER HOME AFTER HER ELOPEMENT.

Agnes expected to arrive within twelve miles of her native place long before it was dark, and reach the place of her destination before bedtime, unknown and unseen; but she was mistaken in her expectations; for the roads had been rendered so rugged by the frost, that it was late in the evening when the coach reached the spot whence she was to commence her walk; and by the time she had eaten her slight repast, and furnished herself with some necessaries to enable her to resist the severity of the weather, she found that it was impossible for her to reach her long-for-saken home before daybreak.

Still she was resolved to go on:—to pass another day in suspense concerning her father; and her future hopes of his pardon, was more formidable to her than the terrors of undertaking a lonely and painful walk. Perhaps, too, Agnes was not sorry to have a tale of hardship to narrate on her arrival at the house of her nurse, whom she meant to employ as mediator between her and her offended parent.

His child, his penitent child, whom he had brought up with the utmost tenderness, and screened with unremitting care from the ills of life, returning to implore his pity and forgiveness, on foot and unprotected, through all the dangers of lonely paths, and through the horrors of a winter's night, must, she flattered herself, be a picture too affecting for Fitzhenry to think upon without some commiseration; and she hoped he would in time bestow on her his forgiveness:—to be admitted to his presence was a favour which she dared not pressume either to ask or expect.

But in spite of the soothing expectation which she tried to encourage, a dread of she knew not what took possession of her mind.-Every moment she looked fearfully around her. and. as she beheld the wintry waste spreading on every side, she felt awe-struck at the desolateness of her situation. The sound of a human voice would, she thought, have been rapture to her ear: but the next minute she believed that it would have made her sink in terror to the ground. -" Alas!" she mournfully exclaimed, " I was not always timid and irritable as I now feel;but then I was not always guilty :- Oh my child! would I were once more innocent like thee!" So saving, in a paroxysm of grief she bounded forward on her way, as if hoping to escape by speed from the misery of recollection.

Agnes was now arrived at the beginning of a forest, about two miles in length, and within three of her native place. Even in her happiest days she never entered its solemn shade without feeling a sensation of fearful awe; but now that

she entered it, leafless as it was, a wandering wretched outcast, a mother without the sacred name of wife, and bearing in her arms the pledge of her infamy, her knees smote each other, and, shuddering as if danger were before her, she audibly implored the protection of Heaven.

At this instant she heard a noise, and, casting a startled glance into the obscurity before her, she thought she saw something like a human form running across the road. For a few moments she was motionless with terror; but, judging from the swiftness with which the object disappeared that she had inspired as much terror as she felt, she ventured to pursue her course. She had not gone far when she again beheld the cause of her fear; but hearing, as it moved, a noise like the clanking of a chain, she concluded that it was some poor animal which had been turned out to graze.

Still, as she gazed on the object before her, she was convinced that it was a man she beheld; and, as she heard the noise no longer, she concluded that it had been the result of fancy only; but that, with every other idea, was wholly absorbed in terror when she saw the figure standing still, as if waiting for her approach—"Yet why should I fear?" she inwardly observed: "it may be a poor wanderer like myself, who is desirous of a companion;—if so, I shall rejoice in such a rencontre."

As this reflection passed her mind, she hastened towards the stranger, when she saw him look hastily around him, start as if he beheld at a distance some object that alarmed him, and then

without taking any notice of her, run on as fast as before. But what can express the horror of Agnes when she again heard the clanking of a chain, and discovered that it hung to the ankle of the stranger!—" Surely he must be a felon," murmured Agnes:—" O my poor boy! perhapa we shall both be murdered!—This suspense is not to be borne, I will follow him, and meet my fate at once."—Then, summoning all her remaining strength, she followed the alarming fugitive.

After she had walked nearly a mile further, and, as she did not overtake him, had flattered herself that he had gone in a contrary direction, she saw him seated on the ground, and, as before, turning his head back with a sort of convulsive quickness; but as it was turned from her, she was convinced she was not the object which he was seeking. Of her he took no notice; and her resolution of accosting him failing when she approached, she walked hastily past, in hopes that she might escape him entirely.

As she passed, she heard him talking and laughing to himself, and thence concluded that he was not a felon, but a lunatic escaped from confinement. Horrible as this idea was, her fear was so far overcome by pity, that she had a wish to return, and offer him some of the refreshment which she had procured for herself and child, when she heard him following her very fast, and was convinced by the sound, the dreadful sound of his chain, that he was coming up to her.

The clanking of a fetter, when one knows that it is fastened round the limbs of a fellow-creature, always calls forth in the soul of sensibility a sen-

sation of horror: what then, at this moment, must have been its effects on Agnes, who was trembling for her life, for that of her child, and looking in vain for a protector around the still, solemn waste! Breathless with apprehension, she stopped as the maniac gained upon her, and, motionless and speechless, awaited the consequence of his approach.

"Woman!" said he in a hoarse, hollow tone,
"Woman! do you see them? Do you see
them?"—"Sir! pray what did you say, sir?"
cried Agnes in a tone of respect, and curtsying

as she spoke,—for what is so respectful as fear?—"I can't see them," resumed he, not attending to her, "I have escaped them! rascals! cowards! I have escaped them!" and then he jumped and clapped his hands for joy.

Agnes, relieved in some measure of her fears, and eager to gain the poor wretch's favour, told him that she rejoiced at his escape from the rascals, and hoped that they would not overtake him: but while she spoke he seemed wholly inattentive, and jumped as he walked, and made his fetters clank in horrid exultation.

The noise at length awoke the child, who, seeing a strange and indistinct object before him, and hearing a sound so unusual, screamed violently, and hid his face in his mother's bosom.

"Take it away! take it away!" exclaimed the maniac,—" I do not like children." Agnes, terrified at the thought of what might happen, tried to soothe the trembling boy to rest, but in vain; the child still screamed, and the angry agitation of the maniac increased,—" Strangle

it! strangle it!" he cried.-" do it this moment. or-" Agnes. almost frantic with terror, conjured the unconscious boy, if he valued his life, to cease his cries: and then the next moment she conjured the wretched man to spare her child: but, alas! she spake to those incapable of understanding her,—a child and a madman!—The terrified boy still shricked, the lunatic still threatened, and, clenching his fist, seized the left arm of Agnes, who with the other attempted to defend her infant from his fury; when, at the very moment that his fate seemed inevitable, a sudden gale of wind shook the leafless branches of the surrounding trees: and the madman, fancying that the noise proceeded from his pursuers, ran off with his former rapidity.

Immediately the child, relieved from the sight and the sound which alarmed it, and exhausted by the violence of its cries, sunk into a sound sleep on the throbbing bosom of its mother.— But, alas! Agnes knew that it was but a temporary escape:—the maniac might return, and again the child might wake in terrors:—and scarcely had the thought passed her mind when she saw him coming back; but, as he walked slowly, the noise was not so great as before.

"I hate to hear children cry," said he as he approached.—" Mine is quiet now," replied Agnes: then recollecting that she had some food in her pocket, she offered some to the stranger, in order to divert his attention from the child. He snatched it from her hand instantly, and devoured it with terrible voraciousness; but again he exclaimed, "I do not like children; if you

trust them, they will betray you:" Agnes offered him food again, as if to bribe him to spare her helpless boy.—" I had a child once,—but she is dead, poor soul!" continued he, taking Agnes by the arm, and leading her gently forward.—" "And you loved her very tenderly, I suppose?" said Agnes, thinking that the loss of his child had occasioned his malady; but, instead of answering her, he went on:—" They said that she ran away from me with a lover,—but I knew they lied;—she was good, and would not have deserted the father that doted on her.—Besides, I saw her funeral myself.—Liars, rascals, as they are!—Do not tell any one: I got away from them last night, and am now going to visit her grave."

A deathlike sickness, an apprehension so horrible as to deprive her almost of sense, took possession of the soul of Agnes. She eagerly tried to obtain a sight of the stranger's face, the features of which the darkness had hitherto prevented her from distinguishing: she, however, tried in vain; as his hat was pulled over his forehead, and his chin rested on his bosom. But they had now nearly gained the end of the forest, and day was just breaking; and Agnes, as soon as they entered the open plain, seized the arm of the madman to make him look towards her .- for speak to him she could not. He felt. and perhaps resented the importunate pressure of her handfor he turned hastily round-when, dreadful confirmation of her fears. Agnes beheld her father!

It was indeed Fitzhenry, driven to madness by his daughter's desertion and disgrace!

After the elopement of Agnes, Fitzhenry entirely neglected his business, and thought and talked of nothing but the misery which he experienced. In vain did his friends represent to him the necessity of his making amends, by increased diligence, for some alarming losses in trade which he had lately sustained. She, for whom alone he toiled, had deserted him—ruin had no terrors for him.—"I was too proud of her," he used mournfully to repeat,—" and Heaven has humbled me even in her by whom I offended."

Month after month elapsed, and no intelligence of Agnes.—Fitzhenry's dejection increased, and his affairs became more and more involved: at length absolute and irretrievable bankruptcy was become his portion, when he learned, from authority not to be doubted, that Agnes was living with Clifford as his acknowledged mistress.—This was the deathstroke to his reason: and the only way in which his friends (relations he had none, or only distant ones) could be of any further service to him was, by procuring him admission into a private madhouse in the neighbourhood.

Of his recovery little hopes were entertained.

The constant theme of his ravings was his daughter;—sometimes he bewailed her as dead; at other times he complained of her as ungrateful:

but so complete was the overthrow which his reason had received, that he knew no one, and took no notice of those whom friendship or curiosity led to his cell: yet he was always meditating his escape; and, though ironed in conse-

quence of it, the night he met Agnes, he had, after incredible difficulty and danger, effected his

purpose.

But to return to Agnes, who, when she beheld in her insane companion her injured father, the victim probably of her guilt, let fall her sleeping child, and sinking on the ground, extended her arms towards Fitzhenry, articulating in a faint voice, "Oh God! my father!" then prostrating herself at his feet, she clasped his knees in an agony too great for utterance.

At the name of "father," the poor maniac started, and gazed on her earnestly with savage wildness, while his whole frame became convulsed; then, rudely disengaging himself from her embrace, he ran from her a few paces, and dashed himself on the ground in all the violence of frenzy. He raved; he tore his hair; he screamed, and uttered the most dreadful execrations; and, with his teeth shut and his hands clenched, he repeated the word "father," and said the name was mockery to him.

Agnes, in mute and tearless despair, beheld the dreadful scene: in vain did her affrighted child cling to her gown, and in its half-formed accents entreat to be taken to her arms again: she saw, she heeded nothing but her father; she was alive to nothing but her own guilt and its consequences; and she awaited with horrid composure the cessation of Fitzhenry's frenzy, or the direction of its fury towards her child.

At last she saw him fall down exhausted and motionless, and tried to hasten to him, but she was unable to move, and reason and life seemed you. IV.

at once forsaking her, when Fitzhenry suddenly started up, and approached her.—Uncertain as to his purpose, Agnes caught her child to her bosom, and, falling again on her knees, turned on him her almost closing eyes; but his countenance was mild,—and gently patting her forehead, on which hung the damps of approaching insensibility, "Poor thing!" he cried, in a tone of the utmost tenderness and compassion, "Poor thing!" and then gazed on her with such inquiring and mournful looks, that tears once more found their way and relieved her bursting brain, while seizing her father's hand she pressed it with frantic emotion to her lips.

Fitzhenry looked at her with great kindness, and suffered her to hold his hand;—then exclaimed. "Poor thing!—don't cry—don't cry,—I have not cried for many years,—not since my child died.—For she is dead, is she not?" looking earnestly at Agnes, who could only answer by her tears.—"Come," said he, "come," taking hold of her arm, then laughing wildly, "Poor thing! you will not leave me, will you?"—"Leave you!" she replied; "never: I will live with you—die with you."—"True, true," cried he, "she is dead, and we will go visit her grave."—So saying, he dragged Agnes forward with great velocity; but as it was along the path leading to the town, she made no resistance.

Indeed it was such a pleasure to her to see that, though he knew her not, the sight of her was welcome to her unhappy parent, that she sought to avoid thinking of the future, and to be alive only to the present: she tried also to forget that it was to his not knowing her that she owed the looks of tenderness and pity which he bestowed on her, and that the hand which now kindly held hers would, if recollection returned, throw her from him with just indignation.

But she was soon awakened to redoubled anguish, by hearing Fitzhenry, as he looked behind him, exclaim, "They are coming! they are coming!" and as he said this, he ran with frantic haste across the common. Agnes, immediately looking behind her, saw three men pursuing her father at full speed, and concluded that they were the keepers of the bedlam whence he had escaped. Soon after she saw the poor lunatic coming towards her, and had scarcely time to lay her child gently on the ground, before Fitzhenry threw himself in her arms, and implored her to save him from his pursuers.

In an agony that mocks description, Agnes clasped him to her heart, and awaited in trembling agitation the approach of the keepers,-"Hear me! hear me!" she cried; "I conjure you to leave him to my care :- He is my father, and you may safely trust him with me."-" Your father!" replied one of the men: " and what then, child? You could do nothing for him, and you should be thankful to us, young woman, for taking him off your hands .- So come along, master, come along," he continued, seizing Fitzhenry, who could with difficulty be separated from Agnes,-while another of the keepers, laughing as he beheld her wild anguish, said, "We shall have the daughter as well as the father soon. I see, for I do not believe there is a pin to choose between them."

But severe as the sufferings of Agnes were already, a still greater pang awaited her. The keepers, finding it a very difficult task to confine Fitzhenry, threw him down and tried by blows to terrify him into acquiescence. At this outrage Agnes became frantic indeed, and followed them with shricks, entreaties, and reproaches; while the struggling victim called on her to protect him, as they bore him by violence along, till, exhausted with anguish and fatigue, she fell insensible on the ground, and lost in a deep swoon the consciousness of her misery.

MRS. OPIE.

THE RECONCILIATION AND DEATH OF AGNES AND HER FATHER.

EVERY evening, when the weather was fine, Agnes, holding her father's arm, was seen taking her usual walk, her little boy gamboling before them; and never, in their most prosperous hours, were they met with curtsies more low, or bows more respectful, than on these occasions; and many a one grasped with affectionate eagerness the meagre hand of Fitzhenry, and the feverish hand of Agnes, for even the most rigid hearts were softened in favour of Agnes, when they beheld the ravages which grief had made in her form, and gazed on her countenance, which spoke in forcible language the sadness, vet resignation of her mind. She might, if she had chosen it, have been received at many houses where she had formerly been intimate; but she declined it, as visiting would have interfered with the necessary labours of the day, with her constant attention to her father, and with the education of her child. "But when my father recovers," said she to Fanny, "as he will be pleased to find that I am not deemed wholly unworthy, I shall have great satisfaction in visiting with him."

To be brief: - Another year elapsed, and Agnes still hoped; and Fitzhenry continued the same to every eve but hers:-she every day fancied that his symptoms of returning reason increased. and no one of her friends dared to contradict her. But in order if possible to accelerate his recoverv. she had resolved to carry him to London, to receive the best advice the metropolis afforded. when Fitzhenry was attacked by an acute complaint which confined him to his bed. This event. instead of alarming Agnes, redoubled her hopes. She insisted that it was the crisis of his disorder. and expected that health and reason would return together. Not for one moment, therefore, would she leave his bedside; and she would allow herself neither food nor rest, while with earnest attention she gazed on the fast sinking eyes of Fitzhenry, eager to catch in them an expression of returning recognition.

One day after he had been sleeping some time, and she, as usual, was attentively watching by him, Fitzhenry slowly and gradually awoke; and, at last, raising himself on his elbow, looked round him with an expression of surprise, and seeing Agnes, exclaimed, "My child! are you there? Gracious God! is this possible?"

Let those who have for years been pining away life in fruitless expectation, and who see themselves at last possessed of the long-desired blessing, figure to themselves the rapture of Agnes.—
"He knows me! He is himself again!" burst
from her quivering lips, unconscious that it was
too probable that restored reason was here the
forerunner of dissolution.

"Oh my father!" she cried, falling on her knees, but not daring to look up at him—"O my father, forgive me, if possible!—I have been guilty, but I am penitent!"

Fitzhenry, as much affected as Agnes, faltered out, "Thou art restored to me,—and God knows how heartily I forgive thee!" Then raising her to his arms, Agnes, happy in the fulfilment of her utmost wishes, felt herself once more pressed to the bosom of the most affectionate of fathers.

"But surely you are not now come back?" asked Fitzhenry. "I have seen you before, and very lately?"—" Seen me! O yes!" replied Agnes with passionate rapidity;—" for these last five years I have seen you daily; and for the last two years you have lived with me, and I have worked to maintain you!"—" Indeed!" answered Fitzhenry:—" but how pale and thin you are! you have worked too much:—Had you no friends, my child?"

O yes! and, guilty as I have been, they pity, nay, they respect me, and we may yet be happy! as Heaven restores you to my prayers!—True, I have suffered much: but this blessed moment repays me;—this is the only moment of true enjoyment which I have known since I left my home and you!"

Agnes was thus pouring out the effusions of her joy, unconscious that Fitzhenry, overcome

with affection, emotion, and, perhaps, sorrowful recollections, was struggling in vain for utterance.—At last,—"For so many years,—and I knew you not!—worked for me!—attended me!—Bless, bless her, Heaven!" he faintly articulated; and, worn out with illness, and choked with contending emotions, he fell back on his pillow and expired.

That blessing, the hope of obtaining which alone gave Agnes courage to endure contumely, poverty, fatigue, and sorrow, was for one moment her own, and then snatched from her for ever!—No wonder, then, that when convinced her father was really dead, she fell into a state of stupefaction, from which she never recovered;—and, at the same time, were borne to the same grave the father and daughter.

MRS. OPIE.

THE

SISTER-VICTIMS OF CONSUMPTION.

CAROLINE was the first to die. Her character, unlike that of both of her sisters, had been distinguished by great spirit and vivacity, and when they were present, had always diffused something of its own glad light over the serene composure of the one, and the melancholy stillness of the other, without seeming ever to be inconsistent with them; nor did her natural and irrepressible buoyancy altogether forsake her even to the last. With her the disease assumed its most beautiful

Her light blue eves sparkled with astonishing brilliancy-her cheeks, that had always hitherto been pale, glowed with a roselike lustre -although she knew that she was dying, and strove to subdue her soul down to her near fate: yet, in spite of herself, the strange fire that glowed in the embers of her life kindled it often to a kind of airy gladness; so that a stranger would have thought her one on whom opening existence was just revealing the treasures of its joy, and who was eager to unfold her wings, and sail in the calm and sunny future. Her soul, till within a few days of her death, was gay in the exhilaration of disease: and the very night before she died, she touched the harp with a playful hand, and warbled, as long as her strength would permit, a few bars of a romantic tune. No one was with her when she died, for she had risen earlier than her sisters, and was found by them, when they came down to the parlour, leaning back with a smiling face, on the sofa, with a few lilies in her hand, and never more to have her head lifted up in life.

The youngest had gone first, and she was to be followed by Emma, the next in age. Emma, although so like her sister who was now dead, that they had always been thought by strangers to be twins, had a character altogether different. Her thoughts and feelings ran in a deeper channel: nature had endowed her with extraordinary talents, and whatever she attempted, serious acquisition or light accomplishment, in that she easily excelled. Few, indeed, is the number of women that are eminently distinguished among

their sex, and leave names to be enrolled in the lists of fame. Some accidental circumstances of life or death have favoured those few, and their sentiments, thoughts, feelings, fancies, and opinions retain a permanent existence. But how many sink into the grave in all their personal beauty, and all their mental charms, and are heard of no more! Of them no bright thoughts are recorded, no touching emotions, no wild imaginations. All their fine and true perceptions, all their instructive knowledge of the human soul, and all their pure speculation on the mystery of human life, vanish for ever and ave with the parting breath. A fair, amiable, intelligent young maiden has died and is buried -that is all :- and her grave lies in its unvisited rest. Such a one was Emma Beatoun. Her mother, her sisters, and a few dear friends knew what treasures of thought were in her soul. what gleams of genius, and what light of uppretending wisdom. But she carried her pure and high thoughts up with her to heaven, nor did any of them survive her on earth, but a few fragments of hymns, set by herself to plaintive music, which no voice but her own, so deep, and vet so sweet, so mellow, vet so mournful, could ever have fitly sung.

The sufferings of this sister were heavy indeed, and she at last prayed to be relieved. Constant sickness, interrupted only by fits of racking pain, kept the fair shadow for the last weeks of her life to bed, and nothing seemed to disturb her so much, as the incessant care of her dying sister, who seemed to forget her own approaching dooms.

in the tenderest ministrations of love. Emma's religious thoughts had long been of an almost dark and awful character, and she was possessed of a deep sense of her own utter unworthiness in the sight of God. It was feared that, as her end drew near, and her mind was weakened by continual suffering, her last hours might be visited with visions too trying and terrible; but the reverse was the case, and it seemed as if God. to reward a life of meekness, humility, and wisdom, removed all fear from her soul, and showed her the loving rather than the awful mysteries of the Redeemer. On her dead face there sat a smile. just as pleasant and serene as that which lighted the countenance of Caroline, when she fell aslesp for ever with the lilies in her hand. nurse, who had been with them from their infancy, alone observed that she had expired, for there had been no sigh, and the pale emaciated fingers moved not, as they lay clasped together across her breast.

Louisa, the eldest, was now left alone, and although her health had always been the most delicate, there seemed, from some of the symptoms, a slight hope that she yet might recover. That fatal hectic flush did not stain her cheeks; and her pulse, although very faint, had not the irregularity of alarming fever. But there are secrets known but to the dying themselves; and all the encouraging kindness of friends was received by her as sweet proofs of affection, but never once touched her heart with hope. The disease of which both her sisters died was in the blood of her father's family, and she never rose

from her bed, or her couch, or the gray osier seat in the sunny garden, without feeling a deathlike lassitude, that could not long endure. Indeed, she yearned for the grave; and hers was a weariness that could find entire relief only in the perfect stillness of that narrow home.

Had Louisa not felt death within her bosom. there were circumstances that could not have failed to make her desire life, even after her mother and sisters had been taken away. For she had been betrothed, for a year past, to one who would have made her happy. He received an account of the alarming state of the sisters at Pisa, whither he had gone for the establishment of his own health, and he instantly hurried home to Scotland. Caroline and Emma were in their graves: but he had the mournful satisfaction to be with his own Louisa in her last days. Much did he, at first, press her to go to Italy, as a faint and forlorn hope, but he soon desisted from such vain persuasions. "The thought is sweet to lay our bones within the bosom of our native The verdure and the flowers I loved will brighten around my grave-the same trees whose pleasant murmurs cheered my living ear, will hang their cool shadows over my dust; and the eyes that met mine in the light of affection, will shed tears over the sod that covers me, keeping my memory green within their spirits." He who had been her lover-but who was now the friend and brother of her soul, had nothing to say in reply to these natural sentiments. " After all they are but fancies, Henry; but they cling to the heart from which they sprung,—and to be

buried in the sweet churchyard of Blantyre is now a thought most pleasant to my soul."

In dry summer weather, a clear rivulet imperceptibly shrinks away from its sandy bed, till on some morning we miss the gleam and the murmur altogether, and find the little channel dry. Just in this way was Louisa wasting, and so was her life pure and beautiful to the last. before she died, she requested, in a voice that could not be denied, that her brother would take her into the churchvard, and that she might see the grave of her mother and sisters all lying together, and the spot whose daisies were soon to be disturbed. She was carried thither in the sunshine, on her sick chair, for the distance was only a very few hundred yards; and her attendants having withdrawn, she surveyed the graves with a beaming countenance, in presence of her weeping friends. "Methinks," said she, "I hear a hymn, and children singing in the church! No-no-it is only the remembered sound of the psalm I heard the last Sabbath. I had strength to go then. Oh! sweet was it now, as the reality itself!" He who was to have been her husband was wholly overcome, and hid his face in despair. "I go, my beloved, to that holy place, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage—but we shall meet there, purified from every earthly stain. Dry up your tears and weep no more. Kiss-oh kiss me once before I die!" He stooped down, and she had just strength to put her arms round his neck. when, with a long sigh—she expired. J. WILSON,

THE PARTING OF WAVERLEY AND FERGUS MAC IVOR.

AFTER a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened, and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the serjeant of the guard, and was admitted.

The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the castle; a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII.'s time, or somewhat later. The grating of the large old fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison to fling himself into his

"My dear Edward," he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, "this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure. And how does Rose? And how is our old whimsical friend the baron? Well, I am sure, from your looks—and how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant and the bear and boot-jack?"

arms.

"How, O how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things, and at such a moment?"

"Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure—on the sixteenth of November last, for example, when we marched in, side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And since my time is short, let me come to the questions that interest me most—the prince? has he escaped the bloodhounds?"

"He has, and is in safety."

"Praised be God for that! tell me the particulars of his escape."

Waverley communicated that remarkable history, so far as it had then transpired, to which Fergus listened with deep interest. He then asked after several other friends, and made minute inquiries concerning the fate of his own clansmen. They had suffered less than other tribes who had been engaged in the affair; for, having in a great measure dispersed and returned home after the captivity of their chieftain, as was a universal custom among the Highlanders, they were not in arms when the insurrection was finally suppressed, and consequently were treated with less rigour. This Fergus heard with great satisfaction.

"You are rich," he said, "Waverley, and you are generous. When you hear of these poor Mac Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan, and are an adopted son of their race. The

baron, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprize you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?"

Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which he afterwards so amply redeemed, that his memory still lives in these glens by the

name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.

"Would to God," continued the chieftain, "I could bequeath you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race:—or at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms, and be to you what he has been to me, the kindest,—the prayest.—the most devoted.—"

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth, fell fast for that of his foster-brother.

"But," said he, drying them, "that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian Vohr; and these three magic words," said he, half smiling, "are the only open sesame to their feelings and sympathies, and poor Evan must attend his fosterbrother in death, as he has done through his whole life."

"And I am sure," said Mac Combich, raising himself from the floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still, that, in the obscurity of the apartment, Edward was not aware of his presence.—"I am sure

Evan never desired nor deserved a better end than just to die with his chieftain."

"And now," said Fergus, "while we are upon the subject of clanship—what think you now of the prediction of the Bodach Glas?"—

Then, before Edward could answer, " I saw him again last night—he stood in the slip of moonshine which fell from that high and narrow window, towards my bed. Why should I fear him? I thought-to-morrow, long ere this time. I shall be as immaterial as he. 'False spirit.' I said, 'art thou come to close thy walks on earth, and to enjoy thy triumph in the fall of the last descendant of thine enemy?' The spectre seemed to beckon and to smile as he faded from my sight. What do you think of it?-I asked the same question of the priest, who is a good and sensible man; he admitted that the church allowed that such apparitions were possible, but urged me not to permit my mind to dwell upon it, as imagination plays us strange tricks. What do vou think of it?"

"Much as your confessor," said Waverley, willing to avoid dispute upon such a point, and at such a moment. A tap at the door now announced that good man, and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion in the mode in which the church of Rome prescribes.

or Rome prescribes.

In about an hour he was readmitted; soon after

a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, whe struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners. "You see the compliment they pay to our

"You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage—we have laid chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy, and when they free us, they send six soldiers with loaded musketa, to prevent our taking the castle by storm!"

Edward afterwards learned that these severe

precautions had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in

which they had very nearly succeeded.

Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turn-out," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part, let us speak of Flora—a subject which awakens the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me."

"We part not here," said Waverley.

"O yes, we do; you must come no further. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself," he said proudly; " Nature has her tortures as well as art: and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder in the space of a short half hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dving man can suffer firmly may kill a living friend to look upon.-This same law of high treason," he continued with astonishing firmness and composure, " is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland-her own jurisprudence, as I have heard. was much milder; but I suppose one day or other-when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies-they will blot it from their records, as leveling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery of exposing the senseless head-they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of VOL. IV. M M

my native country, which I love so dearly. The baron would have added,—

Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos!

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, were now heard in the courtyard of the castle. "As I have told you why you must not follow me, and these sounds admonish me that my time flies fast, tell me how you found poor Flora?"

Waverley, with a voice interrupted by suffocating sensations, gave some account of the state of her mind.

- "Poor Flora!" answered the chief, "she could have borne her own death, but not mine. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the marriage state—long, long may Rose and you enjoy it!—But you can never know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans, like Flora and me, left alone, as it were, in the world, and being all and all to each other from our very infancy. But her strong sense of duty, and predominant feeling of loyalty, will give new nerve to her mind after the immediate and acute sensation of this parting has passed away: she will then think of Fergus as of the heroes of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell."
- "Shall she not see you, then? She seemed to expect it."
- "A necessary deceit will spare her the last dreadful parting. I could not part with her without tears, and I cannot bear that these men should think they have power to extort them.

She was made to believe she would see me at a later hour; and this letter, which my confessor will deliver, will apprize her that all is over."

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the high sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac Ivor and Evan Mac Combich: "I come." said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge were seen on horseback the high sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military power did not permit to come farther. "This is well got up for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen of them. They look bold enough, now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward the ranks closed around the sledge. and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway. while the governor of the castle and the high sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the high sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King James!" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead march was then heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on: the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway, through which they had been filing for several minutes; the courtvard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupified, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length, a female servant of the governor, struck with compassion at the stupified misery which his countenance expressed, asked him if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended her, but at length it recalled him to himself. Declining the courtesy by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets, till he regained his inn, then threw himself into an apartment, and bolted the door.

In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes, performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprized him that all was finished, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene. I will not attempt to describe his sensations.

SIR W. SCOTT.

THE SMUGGLER.

During my abode in the Isle of Wight, I had become acquainted with two or three families resident within a few miles of the spot where I had taken up my habitation. With one of these (consisting of a widow lady of rank and her two grown-up daughters) I had been previously acquainted in London, and at other places. They had been recommended by the medical adviser of the youngest daughter, who was threatened by &

pulmonary affection, to try the effects of a winter at the back of the island, and I was agreeably surprised to find them inhabitants of a beautiful villa, " a cottage of humility," about three miles from my own cabin at the Undercliff. were agreeable and accomplished women; and a few hours spent in their company formed a pleasing and not unfrequent variety in my solitary life: and in the dearth of society incident to their insulated retreat, my fair friends condescended to tolerate, and even to welcome the eccentric old bachelor with their most gracious smiles. One November evening my ramble had terminated at their abode, and I had just drawn my chair into the cheerful circle round the tea table, when a powdered footman entered, and spoke a few words in a mysterious half whisper to the elder lady, who smiled and replied. "Oh, tell her to come in; there is no one here of whom she need be apprehensive." The communication of which assurance quickly ushered into the room my new acquaintance Margaret Campbell. An old rusty black bonnet was drawn down lower than usual over her face, and her dingy red cloak (under which she carried some bulky parcel) was wrapped closely round a figure that seemed endeavouring to shrink itself into the least possible compass. At sight of me she half started, and dropped her eves with a fearful courtesv. "Ah. Margaret!" I exclaimed, too well divining the object of her darkling embassy. But the lady of the house encouraged her to advance, laughingly saying, "Oh, never mind Mr. ---, he will not inform against us, though he shakes his bead so awfully.

Well, have you brought the tea?"-" And the lace, and the silk scarfs?" chimed in the younger ladies, with eager curiosity sparkling in their eyes, as they almost dragged the important budget, with their own fair hands, from beneath the poor woman's cloak. " Have you brought our scarfs at last? What a time we have been expecting them !"-" Yes, indeed," echoed Lady Mary: " and, depending on your promise of procuring me some, I have been quite distressed for tea. There is really no dependance on your word, Mrs. Campbell; and yet I have been at some pains to impress you with a just sense of your Christian duties, amongst which you have often heard me remark (and I am sure the tracts I have given you inculcate the same lesson), that a strict attention to truth is one of the most essential-Well! where's the tea?"-"Oh! my lady," answered the poor woman, with a humbly deprecating tone and look, "if you did but know what risks we run to get these things, and how uncertain our trade is, you would not wonder that we cannot always oblige our customers so punctually as we would wish-I have brought the silks and scarfs for the young ladies, but the tea ---." "What! no tea vet? Really it is too bad. Mrs. Campbell: I must try if other people are not more to be depended on."-" Indeed, my lady, we have tried hard to get it for your ladyship; but there's such a sharp look out now, and the Ranger has been lying off the island for this week past, our people haven't been able to get nothing ashore, and yet I am sure my husband and son have been upon the watch along the beach, and in the boat, these three nights in all this dreadful weather; and to-night, though it blows a gale, they're out again;" and the poor woman cast a tearful shuddering glance towards the window, against which the wind beat dismally, accompanied with thick driving sleet, that half obscured the glimpses of a sickly moon.

The lady was pacified by these assurances. that the foreign luxury should be procured for her that night, if human exertions, made at the peril of human life, could succeed in landing it. The silks, &c. were examined and approved of by the young ladies, and finally taken and paid for, after some haggling about "the price of blood," as the purchase-money might too justly have been denominated. Mrs. Campbell received it with a deep sigh, and, humbly courtesying, withdrew from the presence, not without (involuntarily, as it were) stealing an abashed glance towards my countenance as she passed She was no sooner out of the room than her fair customers began to expatiate, with rapturous volubility, on the beauty and cheapness of their purchases - an inconsistency of remark that puzzled me exceedingly, as, not five minutes before, while bargaining with the seller, they had averred her goods to be of very inferior manufacture, and exorbitantly dear. "Ay, but," observed the prudent mother, " you were in such a hurry, or you might have made better bargains; but it's always the way-and vet I winked and winked at you both. I should have got those things half as cheap again."

Indulgently tender as I am inclined to be to the little whims and foibles of the sex, I could not, on the present occasion, refrain from hinting to my fair friends a part of what was passing in At first they laughed at my quizzical my mind. scruples, and replied to them with the commonplace remark, that "the few things they occasionally purchased could make no difference: for that the people would smuggle all the same. and find encouragement from others, if not from them." And when I pressed the question a little further, suggesting to their consciences whether all who encouraged the trade were not, in a great measure answerable for the guilt incurred, and the lives lost, in the prosecution of it, they bade me not talk of such horrid things, and huddled away their recent purchases in a sort of disconcerted silence, that spoke anything rather than remorse of conscience, and purposed reformation. My " sermonizing," as it was termed, seemed to have thrown a spell over the frank sociability that usually enlivened our evening coteries. Conversation languished—the piano was out of tune -and the young ladies not in a singing mood. Their mamma broke her netting-thread every three minutes, and, from a dissertation on the degenerate rottenness of modern cotton, digressed insensibly into a train of serious observations on the dangers impending over church and state, from the machinations of evangelical reformersever and anon, when the storm waxed louder and louder, interspersing her remarks with pathetic complaints of the perverseness with which the very elements seemed to conspire with government against the safe landing of the precious bales.

The storm did rage fearfully, and its increasing violence warned me to retrace my homeward way, before the disappearance of a vet glimmering moon should leave me to pursue it in total darkness. Flapping my hat over my eyes, and wrapping myself snugly round in the thick folds of a huge boat-cloak. I issued forth from the cheerful brightness of the cottage parlour into the darkness visible of the wild scene without. Wildly magnificent it was! My path lay along the shore, against which mountainous waves came rolling in long ridges, with a sound like thunder. Sleet, falling at intervals, mingled with the sea surf, and both were driven into my face by the south-east blast, with a violence that obliged me frequently to pause and gasp for Large masses of clouds were hurried in sublime disorder across the dim struggling moon, whose pale light gleamed at intervals, with ghastly indistinctness, along the white sands, and on the frothy summits of the advancing billows. As I pursued my way, buffeting the conflicting elements, other sounds, methought, appeared to mingle in their uproar. The deep and shrill intonation of human voices seemed blended with the wailing and sobbing of the storm; the creaking and labouring of planks, the splash of oars was distinguishable, I thought, in the pause of the receding waves. I was not deceived. A momentary gleam of moonlight glanced on the white sails of a vessel at some distance from the land, and one of her boats (a black speck on the

billows) was discernible, making her way towards the shore. At that moment, another boat close in shore shot by with the velocity of lightning, and at the same instant a man rushed quickly by me, whose tall remarkable figure I recognised for Campbell's, in that dim momentary glance. He darted on with the rapidity of an arrow, and immediately I heard a long shrill whistle reechoed by another and another from the cliffs, from the shore, and from the sea. The moon had almost withdrawn her feeble light. and I could no longer discern any object but the white sands under my feet, and the sea foam that frothed over them. More than two miles of my homeward path was yet before me: and in their progress I should have to cross two gullies furrowed through the sand by land-springs from the adjacent cliffs. Intermingled and bedded in these were several rocky crags, and portions of the foundered cliff, amongst which it was easy to pick one's daylight way; but the impenetrable gloom that now enveloped every object, made me pause for a moment to consider how far it might be safe to continue onward in my wavewashed path. A light streaming from one of the windows of Campbell's cottage, a few furlongs up the beach, decided the result of my deliberation, and I turned towards the little dwelling, purposing to apply there for a lantern and a guide, should the younger Campbell chance to be at home.

I had no need to tap for admittance at the humble door. It was open, and on the threshold stood the mother of the family. The light from

within gleamed across her face and figure, and I could perceive that she was listening with intent breathlessness, and with eves riveted, as if they could pierce the darkness, towards the quarter from whence I was approaching. steps on the loose shingle at length reached the ear, and she darted forward, exclaiming, "Oh. Amy! thank God! here's your father." young woman sprang to the door with a light. and its beams revealed my then unwelcome features, instead of those of the husband and father. "Oh, sir! I thought"——was poor Margaret's eloquently unfinished ejaculation, when she discovered her mistake: " but you are kindly welcome," she quickly added, " for this is no night for any Christian soul to be out in, though my husband and son-Oh, sir! they are both, both tossing in one little boat on that dreadful sea: and that is not all, the Ranger's boats are on the look out for the lugger they are gone to meet, and God knows what may happen-I prayed and beseeched them for this night only to stay peaceably at home, such a night of weather as was working up, but all in vain; we had promised my lady, and the cargo was to be landed to-night-Oh, sir! my lady, and the like of she. little think"——And the poor woman burst into This was no time for admonition and reproof, or for the consolatory remarks so often addressed to the unhappy, of "I told you it would come to this," or "This would not have happened if you had listened to me," or, " Well, you have brought it all upon yourself." The consequences of their illicit traffic were now brought

more forcibly home to the minds of these poor people, by the agonizing suspense they were enduring, than they could have been by any arguments I might have laboured to enforce. I did my best to calm their terrors. To dispel them was impossible, while the tempest raged louder and louder; and independent of that, there were other too reasonable grounds of apprehension. I suggested the probability of Campbell not being in the boat, as he had passed me on the beach so recently; but at all events, he was abroad in a tremendous night, and with a desperate gang expecting and armed against resistance. Forgetting my own purpose of borrowing a lantern to continue my homeward path. I entered the cabin with the distressed females. whose looks thanked me for abiding with them in this their hour of need. A cheerful fire brightened the interior of the little dwelling, where neatness and order still bore testimony that the habits of its inmates had at least been those of peaceful industry. The fire-light gleamed rudely red on the clean brick floor: a carved oak table. and a few clumsy old chairs of the same fashion, were bright with the polish of age and house. wifery; and one, distinguished by capacious arms, a high stuffed back, and red cushion, was placed close beside the ingle nook, the accustomed seat of the father of the family. His pipe lay close at hand, on the high mantel shelf, where a pair of brass candlesticks, a few china cups. some long-shanked drinking glasses, and sundry tobacco stoppers, of fantastical figure, were ranged in symmetrical order. The dresser was elabor rately set out with its rows of vellow ware: its mugs of various shape and quaint diversity of motto and device, its japanned tray, and mahogany tea-chest, proudly conspicuous in the middle. The walls were hung round with nets, baskets, and fishing apparatus, and to the rafter various articles of the same description were appended: but Campbell's duck gun and his two clumsy pistols rested not on the hooks he was wont to call his armoury. An unfinished net was suspended by the chimney corner, at which the vouthful widow had apparently been employed. She resumed her seat and shuttle, but the hand that held it rested idly on her lap, while her eves were riveted in mournful solicitude on the anxious countenance of her mother. There was something peculiarly interesting in this young woman: not beauty of feature, for, excepting a pair of fine dark eyes, shaded by lashes of unusual length. there was nothing uncommon in her countenance, and her naturally dark and colourless complexion was tinged with the sallow hue of sickness;her lips were whiter than her cheek, and her uncommonly tall figure, slender and fragile as the reed, bowed down with the languor of weakness and sorrow. But when she lifted up those dark eyes, their melancholy light was touchingly expressive, and in unison with the general character of the slight shadowy frame that seemed almost transparent to the workings of the wounded spirit within. Amy's young heart had never recovered the shock of her William's untimely death. and her timid, tender nature was weighed down under a perpetual load of conscious self-reproach,

that for her sake, and that of her infants, her father and her brother had engaged in the perilous unlawfulness of their present courses. As she sat looking on her mother's face. I could perceive what thoughts were passing in her mind. At last a large tear, that had been some time collecting, swelled over the quivering lid. and trickled slowly down her cheek, and rising suddenly, and letting fall the netting and shuttle. she came and edged herself on the corner of her mother's chair, and clasping one arm round her neck, and hiding her face on her shoulder, sobbed out, "Mother!"-" My Amy! my dear child!" whispered the fond parent, tenderly caressing her. " why should you always reproach yourself so? You, who have been a good dutiful child, and a comfort to us ever since you were born. Before your poor father fell into evil company, and listened to their temptations, did we not contrive to maintain ourselves, and you and your dear fatherless babies, by honest industry: and where should you have taken refuge, my precious Amy, but under your parents' roof?" A look of eloquent gratitude and a tender kiss was Amy's reply to these fond assurances. For a few moments this touching intercourse of hearts beguiled them from the intense anxiousness with which they had been listening to every sound from without: but the redoubled violence of the storm fearfully roused them from that momentary abstraction, and they started and looked in each other's faces, and then in mine, as if beseeching comfort, when, alas! I had only sympathy to bestow. The conflict of winds and waves

was indeed tremendous, and I felt too forcibly convinced, that if the poor Campbells were indeed exposed to it in their little fishing boat. nothing short of a miracle could save them from a watery grave. There was a chance, however. that the landing of the contraband goods might have been effected by the crew of the lugger. without help from shore, and in that case, the prolonged absence of the father and son might arise from their having proceeded with them to some inland place of concealment. The probability of this suggestion was easily caught at by the conscious pair, but the ray of hope gleamed with transient brightness: a gust of wind, more awful than any which had preceded it, rushed past with deafening uproar, and as it died away, low sobs, and shrill moaning lamentations seemed mingled with its deep bass. We were all silent. now straining our sight from the cabin door into the murky gloom without,-now gathering together round the late blazing hearth, where the neglected embers emitted only a fitful glimmer. The wind rushing through every chink and cranny, waved to and fro the flame of the small candle, declining in its socket, and at last the hour of twelve was struck by the old clock that " ticked behind the door" in its dark and heavy case. At that moment a large venerable looking book, that lay with a few others on a hanging shelf, near the chimney, slipped from the edge on which it rested, and fell with a dull heavy sound at Margaret's feet. It was the Bible that had belonged to her husband's mother, and as she stooped to pick it up, and replace it, she perceived that it had fallen open at the leaf. where. twenty-two years back from that yery day, the venerable parent had recorded, with pious gratitude, the birth of her son's firstborn. "Ah, my dear son! my good Maurice!" ejaculated the heartstruck mother: "I was not used to forget the day God gave thee to me-Thou wert the first to leave me, and now"-She was interrupted by the low inarticulate murmur of a human voice, that sounded near us. We all started. but Amy's ear was familiarized to the tone—it was that of one of her little ones talking and moaning in its sleep. The small chamber where they lay opened from that we were in, and the young mother crept softly towards the bed of her sleeping infants. She was still bending over them, when the outer door was suddenly dashed open, and Campbell-Campbell himself, burst into the cottage. Oh! with what a shriek of ecstasy was he welcomed! With what a rapture of inarticulate words, clinging embraces, and tearful smiles! But the joy was transient, and succeeded by a sudden chill of nameless apprehensions; for, disengaging himself almost roughly from the arms of his wife and daughter, he staggered towards his own old chair, and flinging himself back in it, covered his face with his clasped hands. One only cause for this fearful agitation suggested itself to his trembling wife. "My son! my son!" she shrieked out, grasping her husband's arms, " what have you done with him? He is dead! he is murdered! Oh! I knew it would come to this."-" Peace, woman!" shouted Campbell, in a voice of thunder, unco-VOL. IV. 00

vering his face as he started up wildly from his chair, with a look of appalling fierceness-"Peace, woman! your son is safe:" then his tone suddenly dropping to a low hoarse murmur. he added, "This is not his blood," and he flung on the table his broad white belt, on which the tokens of a deadly fray were frightfully apparent. "Campbell!" I cried, "unhappy man! what have you done? to what have you brought your wretched family? For their sakes, escape, escape for your life, while the darkness favours you." He trembled, and looked irresolute for a moment. but immediately resuming the voice and aspect of desperate sternness, replied, " it is too latethey are at my heels-they tracked me home:" and while he vet spoke, the trampling of feet, and the shout of loud voices was heard: the door burst open, and several rough looking men, in the garb of sailors, rushed into the cottage, "Ah! we have you, my man," they vociferated-" we have you at last, though the young villain has given us the slip."-" Villain!" shouted Campbell: "who dares call my son a villain?" But checking himself instantaneously, he added, in a subdued, quiet tone, " but I am in your power now, you may do what you will;" and once more he seated himself in sullen submissiveness. women clung weeping round him, his unhappy wife exclaiming, "Oh! what has he done? If there has been mischief, it is not his fault-he would not hurt a fly-For all his rough way. be is as tender-hearted as a child-Richard! Richard! speak to them—tell them 'tis a mistake." He neither spoke nor moved, nor lifted up his

eves from the ground on which they were fixed. "No mistake at all," mistress," said one of the men, "he has only shot one of our people, that's all, and we must just fit him with a couple of these new bracelets." And so saying, he began fastening a pair of handcuffs round Campbell's wrists. He offered no resistance, and seemed indeed almost unconscious of what was doing. when the eldest of Amy's children, a pretty little girl of four years old, who having been awakened by the noise, had crept softly from her bed, and made her way unperceived towards her grandfather, burst into a fit of loud sobbing, and climbing up upon his knees, and clasping her little arms about his neck, and laying her soft cheek to his dark rough one, lisped out, " Send away naughty men, grandad-naughty men frighten Amv."

The springs of sensibility that seemed frozen up in Campbell's bosom were touched electrically by the loving tones and caresses of his little darling. He hugged her to his bosom, which began to heave with deep convulsive sobs, and for a moment the tears of the old man and the child mingled with touching silence. As he clasped her thus, the handcuff that was already fastened to his left wrist, pressed painfully on her tender arms, and as she shrunk from it, he seemed first to perceive the ignominious fetter. His brow was wrung with a sudden convulsion, but its distortion was momentary, and turning to his weeping daughter, he said quietly, " Amy, my dear child! take the poor baby; I little thought, dear lamb! she would ever find burt or harm in

her old grandfather's arms." It was a touching scene—even the rough sailors seemed affected by it, and they were more gently executing their task of fitting on the other manacle, when again steps and voices approached; again the door opened. and a second band appeared at it, a group of sailors likewise, bearing amongst them a ghastly burthen, the lifeless body of the unfortunate young man who had been shot in the execution of his duty. by the rash hand of the wretched culprit before us, whose aim was not the less fatal, for having been almost unconsciously taken in the bustle of a desperate conflict. "We've missed our boat. and we could not let him lie bleeding on the beach," said one of the new comers, in reply to an explanation of surprise from those who before occupied the cottage. Campbell's agitation was dreadful-he turned, shuddering, from the sight of his victim. The women stood petrified with I alone retaining some self-possession, advanced to examine if human aid might vet avail to save the poor youth, who was laid (apparently a corpse) on three chairs, near the door. Comprehending my purpose, the humane tenderness of poor Margaret's nature surmounted her agonizing feelings, and she came trembling to assist in the painful examination. The young man's face was turned from us towards the wall. and almost covered by the luxuriant hair (a sailor's pride) which, escaping from the confining ribbon, had fallen in dark wet masses over his cheek and brow. His right hand hung down from his side, and on taking it into mine, I found that it was already cold as marble, and that no

pulse was perceptible in the artery. Margaret had, as expeditiously as her agitation would permit, unclosed his sailor's jacket and checked shirt, and though she started and shuddered at the sight of blood thickly congealed over his bosom, she persisted heroically in her trying His neck handkerchief had been previously untied, and stuffed down as a temporary pledget into the wounded breast. In removing it. Margaret's finger became entangled by a black string passed round the youth's neck, to which a small locket was suspended. She was hastily moving it aside, when the light held by one of the sailors fell upon the medallion. (a perforated gold pocket-piece) and her eve glancing towards it at the same moment, a half choked exclamation burst from her lips, and looking up, I saw her standing motionless, breathless, her hands clasped together with convulsive energy, and her eves almost starting from their sockets, in the stare of indescribable horror with which they were riveted on the suspended token. At last, a shriek (such a one as my ears never before heard, the recollection of which still curdles the blood in my veins) burst from her lips, and brought her daughter and husband (even the unfortunate man himself) to the spot where she stood absorbed in that fearful contemplation. She looked up towards her husband (on whose brow cold drops of agony were thickly gathering, whose white lips quivered with the workings of a tortured spirit), she gazed up in his face with such a look as I shall never forget. It was one of horrid calmness, more fearful to behold than the wildest expressions of

passionate agony, and grasping his fettered hand firmly in one of hers, and with the other pointing to the perforated gold piece, as it lay on the mangled bosom of the dead youth, she said in a slow steady voice, "Look there! what is that? - Who is that, Richard?" His eves riveted themselves with a ghastly stare on the object to which she pointed, then wandered wildly over the lifeless form before him: but the tremulous agitation of his frame ceased, the convulsive working of the muscles of his face changed into rigid fixedness, and he stood like one petrified in the very burst of despair. Once more she repeated, in the same calm deliberate tone, " Who is that, Richard?" and, suddenly leaning forward, dashed aside from the face of the corpse the dark locks that had hitherto concealed it. there!" she shrieked-" I knew it was my son!" and bursting into a frenzied laugh, she called out, "Amy! Amy! your brother is come home! come home on his birthday!-Will nobody bid him welcome? Richard, won't you speak to vour son, to our dear Maurice! won't you bless him on his birthday? And snatching her husband's hand, she endeavoured to drag him towards the pale face of the dead. He to whom this heartrending appeal was addressed, replied only by one deep groan, which seemed to burst up the very fountains of feeling and of life. gered back a few paces—his eyes closed—the convulsion of a moment passed over his features. and he fell back as inanimate as the pale corpse that was still clasped with frantic rapture to the heart of the brainstruck mother. MOZA.

A VISIT TO BEDLAM.

Or those things called sights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bed-To that place, therefore, an acquaintlam is one. ance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to several other shows, proposed a visit. Harley objected to it, Because, said he, I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted, to every idle visitant who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper: especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with a painful reflection, that it is not in their power to alleviate it. He was overpowered, however, by the solicitations of his friend and the other persons of the party (amongst whom were several ladies); and they went in a body to Moorfields.

Their conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return: he seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without showing them some others; who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for show, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside, who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions. looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread and little balls of clay. He delineated the segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent looking man came up, and, smiling at the maniac. turned to Harley, and told him, That gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. He fell a sacrifice, said he, to the theory of comets; for having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton. he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, sir, continued the stranger, I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here. than the man who attends your companions. Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South sea annuities, India stock, and Three per cent. annuities consol. This, said Harley's instructor, was a gentleman well known in Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the West, in

order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden-wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day, that against the next payment of differences he should be some hundreds above a plum.—

It is a spondee, and I will maintain it, interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer. That figure, said the gentleman, whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation; he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr. Bentley.

But delusive ideas, sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited: the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse. It is true, answered Harley, the passions of men are temporary madnesses; and sometimes very fatal in their effects,

It was, indeed, said the stranger, a very mad thing in Charles, to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the north would then have been lost; but the sultan and I VOLIV.

[&]quot; From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

would never have allowed it.——Sir! said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance. Why, yes, answered the other, the sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Chan of Tartary.

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery: he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and, bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex, several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one, whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and showed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror: upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper. who accompanied them, observed it: This, said he, is a young lady, who was born to ride in her coach-and-six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune: but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress: but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. This news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be her grand-The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent: he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her: and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar.

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice: he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eves fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now upon Harley. My Billy is no more! said she, Do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns! -She drew nearer to Harley.-Be comforted. young lady, said he, your Billy is in heaven .--Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?-Alas! I am grown naughty of late: I have almost forgotten to think of heaven: yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest, I sing:—You shall hear me—hush!

" Light be the earth on Billy's breast, And green the sod that wraps his grave."

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

Do you weep again, said she; I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy: you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!—

"Twas when the seas were roaring-"

I love you for resembling my Billy: but I shaft never love any man like him.-She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears .- Nay, that is Billy's ring, said she, you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I platted to-day of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; -but my heart is harmless: my poor heart: it will burst some day: feel how it beats !- She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening-Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler: my Billy is cold !-but I had forgotten the ring.-She put it on his finger-Farewell! I must leave you now.—She would have withdrawn her hand: Harley held it to his lips. -I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly: farewell!-She walked with a hurried step to a

little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper.—Harley looked on his ring.—He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand. Be kind to that unfortunate—He burst into tears, and left them.

CECIL GRAHAM'S STORY.

***WHILE she spoke, she was searching about her bed, and at length produced a small stone, shaped somewhat like a gun flint. "Now," proceeded she, "ye'll just sew that within the lining of your stays, lady; or, with your leave, in the band of your petticoat; and there'll nobody can harm you."

"Thank you, Cecil. But if I rob you of this treasure, who knows how far your own good fortune may suffer?"

"Oh loogh mo chridle "," cried Cecil affectionately, "it's good my part to venture anything for your sake; and if it just please Providence to keep us till we be at Glen Eredine, I'll may be get another."

may be get another.

I could not help smiling at Cecil's humble substitute for the care of Providence, and inwardly moralizing upon the equal inefficacy of others which are in more common repute. But as a casual attempt to correct her superstition would have been more likely to shake her confidence in myself than in the elfin arrow, I quietly

A common term of endearment—literally "Calf of my heart."

accepted of her gift, inquiring when she would be in a situation to replace it.

- "I don't know, lady," answered Cecil with a sigh. "The weather's clear and bonny, and I am wearying sore for home; but—but I'm half feared that Jemmy might no be easy, ye see, when he heard that I was at Eredine."
- "How should it make your husband uneasy to hear that you were at home?"
- "I don't know," said Cecil, looking down with a faint smile, and stopped; then sighing deeply, she proceeded, relieving her embarrassment by twisting the string of her apron with great industry. "Ye see, lady, I have a friend in Glen Eredine—I.—I.—"
- "So much the better, Cecil. That cannot surely be an objection to your going thither."
- "I mean—I would say, a lad like that—I should have married, if it had been so ordered." Cecil stopped and sighed again.
- "And do you think your husband would scruple to trust you, Cecil?" said I.

Her embarrassment instantly vanished, and she looked up steadily in my face, "No, no, lady!" said she, "I'll never think such a thought of him. He's no so ill hearted. But he would think that I might be dowie there, and he so far away; for it's a sore heart to me, that the poor lad has never been rightly himsel', since my father bade marry Jemmy. And he'll no be forbidden to stand and look after me, and to make of little Kenneth there, and fetch hame our cows at night. And ever since my father low solvited.

died, he'll no be hindered to shear my mother's peats, although I have never spoken one word to him, good or bad, since that day that—"

Cecil paused, and drew her sleeve across her eyes. "It was so ordered," said she, " and all's

for the best."

"Yes, but, Cecil, were not you a little hardhearted, to forsake such a faithful lover?"

"Ochone! lady, what could I do? It was well kent that he was no fitting for me. His forbeers were but strangers, with your leave; and though I say it, I'm sib to the best gentles in the land. So you see my father would never be brought in."

"And you dutifully submitted to your father!" said I, my heart swelling as I contrasted the filial conduct of this untutored being with my

own.

- "Woe's me, lady,—I was his own;—he had a good right that I should do his bidding. And besides that, I knew that Robert was no ordained for me;—well knew I that—that I knew well." And while I was musing upon my ill fated rebellion, Cecil kept ringing changes upon these words; for she would rather have repeated the same idea twenty times, than have allowed of a long pause in conversation, where she was the entertainer.
- "How did you discover," I inquired at length, that there was a decree against your marrying Robert?"
 - " I'se tell you, ledy," answered Cecil, lower-

^{*} Cut her turf for firing. + Related.

ing her voice, "we have a seer * in Glen Eredine; and he was greatly troubled with me plainly standing at Jemmy's left hand. And first he saw it in the morning, and always farther up in the day, as the time came near. So he had no freedom in his mind but to tell me. Well, when I heard it, I fell down just as I had been shot, for I knew then what would be. But we must all have our fortunes, ledy. No' that I'm reflecting; for Jemmy's a good man to me; and an easy life I have had with him."

"That is no more than you deserve, Cecil.
A dutiful daughter deserves to be a happy wife."

"Well now, that's the very word that Miss Graham said, when she was that humble as to busk my first curch t with her own hand; ay, that's what she did; and when she saw me sobbing as my heart would break, hersel' laid her own arm about my neck, and says she, just as I had been her equal, 'My dear Cecil,' says she. The Lord bless her! I thought more of these two words, than of all the good plenishing; she gave me. But for a' that, I had a sorrowful time of it at the first; and a sorrowfuller wedding was never in Glen Eredine, altho' Mr. Henry was the best man himsel', for you see Jemmy's his foster brother."

"The best man? Cecil, I do not understand you. I should have thought the bridegroom

[.] One who has the second sight.

[†] The curch, or cap, was never, till lately assumed by Highland females till the morning after marriage. It was then put upon the bride's head by some of her female friends.

[†] Household furniture.

might be the most important personage for that day at least."

Cecil soon made me comprehend, that she meant a brideman, whose office, she said, was to accompany the bridegroom when he went to invite guests to his wedding, and to attend him when he conducted his bride to her home. She told me that, according to the custom of her country, her wedding was not celebrated till some weeks after she had taken the vows of wedlock; the Highland husband, once secure of his prize, prudently postponing the nuptial festivities and the honeymoon, till the close of harvest brought an interval of leisure. while, the forsaken lover, whose attachment had become respectable by its constancy, as well as pitiable by its disappointment, was removed from the scene of his rival's success by the humanity of Henry Graham, who contrived to employ him in a distant part of the country. But, in the restlessness of a disordered understanding, poor Robert left his post, wandered unconsciously many a mile, and reached his native glen on the day of Cecil's wedding.

By means of much rhetoric and gesticulation upon Cecil's part, and innumerable questions upon mine, I obtained a tolerably distinct idea of the ceremonial of this wedding. Upon the eventful morning, the reluctant bride presided at a public breakfast, which was attended by all her acquaintance, and honoured by the presence of "the laird himsel'," I will not bring discredit upon the refinement of my Gael, by specifying the materials of this substantial repast, as they

were detailed to me with naive simplicity by Cecil; but I may venture to tell, that, like more elegant fêtes of the same name, it was succeeded "I danced with the rest." said by dancing. Cecil, "though, with your leave, it made my very heart sick; and many a time I thought, oh, if the dancing were but for my lykwake .. The harbingers of the bridegroom (or to use Cecil's phrase, the send), a party of gay young men and women arrived. Cecil, according to etiquette, met them at the door, welcomed and offered them refreshments; then turned from them, as the prisoner from one who brings his death warrant, struggling to gather decent fortitude from despair.

At last the report of a musket announced the approach of the bridegroom; and it was indispensable that the unwilling bride should go forth to meet him. "The wind might have blawn me like the withered leaf," said Cecil, " I was so powerless: but Miss Graham thought nothing to help me with her own arm. Jemmy and I may be lucky," continued she, with a boding sigh: "but I am sure it was an unchancy place where we had luck to meet:-iust where the road goes low down into Dorch' thallat; the very place where Kenneth Roy, that was the laird's grandfather, saw something that he followed for's ill; and it beguiled him over the rock, where he would have been dashed in pieces though he had been iron. The sun never

^{*} Latewake watches a corpse before interment, at which dancing was formerly customary.

⁺ The dark den.

shines where he fell, and the water's aye black' there. Well, it was just there that Jemmy had luck to get sight of us; so then, ye see, he ran forward to meet me, as the custom is in our country. Oh! I'll never forget that meeting!" Cecil stopped, shuddering with a look of horror, which I dared not ask her to explain. "He took off his bonnet," she continued, "to take, with your leave, what he never took off my mouth before; but,—oh I'll never forget that cry! It was like something unearthly. 'Cecil! Cecil!' it cried; and when I looked up, there's Robert, just where the eagle's nest was wont to be; he was just setting back's foot, as he would that moment spring down."

at moment spring down."
"Did vou save him?"

"I, lady! I could not have saved him, though he had lighted at my foot, I could do nothing but hide my eyes; and my hands closed so very hard, that the nails drew the very blood!"

"Dreadful!" I exclaimed, Cecil's infectious horror making the scene present to me,—" could

nobody save him?"

"Nobody had power to do aught," answered Cecil, "save Mr. Henry, that's always ready for good. He spoke with a voice that made the craigs shake again; and they that saw his eyes, saw the very fire, as he looked steadily upon Robert, and waved him back with's arm. So then the poor lad was not so unsensible, but he knew to do his bidding, for they're no born that dare gainsay him. And then Mr. Henry round by the foot of the craig, and up the hill, as he'd been a roe; and he caused Robert go home

with him to the castle, and caused keep him there, because he could no settle to work. No' that he's unsensible, except when a notion takes him. There's a glen where we used to make caskets when we were herds; and he'll no let the childer' pluck so much as a gowan there; and ever since the lightning tore the great oak, he'll sit beside her sometimes the summer's day, and calls her always "Poor Robert!"

MRS. BRUNTON.

LOUISA VENONI.

A TALE.

If we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward ——, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then

Garlands of flowers for the neck,

resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something besides pictures and operas. I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expenses; and though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind him more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman, was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwell-

ing of a peasant rather above the common rank. before whose door some of his neighbours were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all: but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the stranger, and, with the assistance of his daughter. who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward. after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident, but after some days it abated; and in a little more than a week he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situation seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley, and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth. "When her mother died," said he, "the signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her house; there she was taught many

things, of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life."

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward: and the family concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so well recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music in the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than But his conversation with Louisa-it was that of a superior order of beings!-science. taste, sentiments !--it was long since Louisa had heard these sounds: amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louise's was no less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa, who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. was at the close of a piece of music which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the "That," said she, " nomemory of her mother. body ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I do not know how I came to think of it now. vet I have some reason to be sad." Sir Edward pressed to know the cause: after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.-" To marry, where one cannot love,-to marry such a man, Sir Edward!"-It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir

Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded by swearing that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal.—Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness. Louisa started at that proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him; coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a seques-

tered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears. She turned-and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings. "Are you not well. Sir Edward?" said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken. "I am indeed ill." said he, "but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched: but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness, and to speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of mv dearest benefactress-but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you, Louisa! I go to be wretched; but you may be happy. happy in your duty to a father, happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility.-I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I-may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful by Louisa."

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louisa, he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture, hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner. "This," said he, "if Louisa will deign to accept of it, may sometimes put her in mind of him who once offended, who can never cease to adore her. She may look on it, perhaps, after the original is no more; when this heart shall have forgot to love, and cease to be wretched."

Louisa was at last overcome. Her face was first pale as death; then suddenly it was crossed with a crimson blush. "O, Sir Edward!" said she, "what—what would you have me do?"—He eagerly seized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with furious speed, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

The virtue of Louisa was vanquished; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her seducer, nor the constant and respectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguish which she suffered at the recollection of her past, and the thoughts of her present situation. Sir Edward felt strongly the power of her beauty and her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was still subject to remorse, to compassion,

and to love. These emotions he might, perhaps, soon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding sorrows of Louisa nourished those feelings of tenderness and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: sometimes a few starting tears would speak them; and when time had given her a little more composure, her lute discoursed melancholy music.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louisa to his seat in the country. There she was treated with all the observance of a wife; and, had she chosen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary splendour of one. But she would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage and show that state which she wished always to hide, and, if possible, to forget. Her books and her music were her only pleasures; if pleasures they could be called, that served but to alleviate misery, and to blunt for awhile the pangs of contrition.

These were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's disgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest is insult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accomplishing his purpose. He learned that Venoni, soon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of residence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy.

His daughter felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction for awhile refused consolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderness and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its first transports had subsided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man possessed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louisa gave a certain respect to his attentions. He hired her a house separate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the purest attachment. But his solicitude to comfort and amuse her was not attended with success. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir Edward found his sister, who had married a man of great fortune and high fashion. He had married her, because she was a fine woman, and admired by fine men: she had married him, because he was the wealthiest of her suitors. They lived, as is common to people in such a situation, necessitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidst perpetual This scene was so foreign from the idea. Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a constant source of disgust in the society of his equals. In their conversation, fantastic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge shallow: and with all the pride of birth and insolence of station, their principles were mean, and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he discovered only designs of selfishness; and their pleasures, he experienced. were as fallacious as their friendships. In the society of Louisa he found sensibility and truth: hers was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare: she saw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendship which he showed her. Sometimes, when she perceived him sorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance assume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguish which her generosity endeavoured to conceal from him: her frame, too delicate for the struggle with her feelings, seemed to yield to their force: her rest forsook her: the colour faded in her cheek: the lustre of her eves grew dim. Edward saw those symptoms of decay with the deepest remorse. Often did he curse those false ideas of pleasure which had led him to consider the ruin of an artless girl, who loved and trusted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accomplish. Often did he wish to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family, whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber and the cruelty of an assassin.

One evening, while he sat in a little parlour with Louisa, his mind was alternately agitated and softened with this impression, a hand organ, of a remarkably sweet tone, was heard in the attent. Louisa laid saide her lute and listened:

the airs it played were those of her native country; and a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, stole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a servant to fetch the organist into the room; he was brought in accordingly, and seated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two sprightly tunes, to which Louisa had often danced in her infancy; she gave herself up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without control. Suddenly the musician, changing the stop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger.—He threw off a tattered coat, and black patch. It was her father! She would have sprung to embrace him; he turned aside for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But Nature at last overcame his resentment; he burst into tears, and pressed to his bosom his long lost daughter.

Sir Edward stood fixed in astonishment and confusion.—"I come not to upbraid you," said Venoni. "I am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and to die! When you saw us first, Sir Edward, we were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; we danced and we sung, and there was not a sad heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our dancing, our songs, and our cheerfulness; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the pipe has haver been heard in Venoni's fields: grief and sickness have almost brought him to the grave; and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him,

have been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy :- else why that dejected look, which, amidst all the grandeur around you. I saw you wear, and those tears which, under all the gaudiness of her apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed?"-" But she shall shed no more." cried Sir Edward: "you shall be happy, and I shall be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. I have seen those high-born females to which my rank might have allied me: I am ashamed of their vices, and sick of their follies. Profligates in their hearts, amidst affected purity they are slaves to pleasure, without the sincerity of passion; and, with the name of honour, are insensible to the feelings of virtue. You, my Louisa!-but I will not call up recollections that might render me less worthy of your future esteem-continue to love your Edward: but a few hours, and you shall add the title to the affections of a wife; let the care and tenderness of a husband bring back its peace to your mind. and its bloom to your cheek. We will live for awhile the wonder and the envy of the fashionable circle here. We will restore your father to his native home: under that roof I shall once more be happy; happy without allay, because I shall deserve my happiness. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the cottage of Venoni." MACKENZIR.

TRAGIC AND PATHET

THE

FUNERAL OF STEENIE MUCH CKIT

In the inside of the cottage was a scene, which our Wilkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin, within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied when alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and nightlike day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them at a moment, when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute VOL. IV.

mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself, an all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; the next, to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. "Ye'll be a braw fallow, an ve be spared. Patie. -but ve'll never-never can be-what he was to me!-He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchanness. They say folks maun submit-I shall try."

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated, by the wringing of her hands and the convulsive agitation of the bosom which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with

wonder at the preparations which they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on those mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle -then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear caught by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded -then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. So she sat among the funeral assembly, like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spritts and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced with a hollow and tremulous voice, "Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and often may we has sic merry meetings."

All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common among the Scottish vulgar. But, as the old woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed, with a sort of shriek, "What's this?-this is wine-how should there be wine in my son's house?-Ay," she continued, with a suppressed groan, "I mind the sorrowful cause now," and, dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grandson was deposited, and then, sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pallid hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. **** Mr. Blattergowl had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavour to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, move ing along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half stifled by sobs ill repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech-" Yes, sir, yes! Ye're very gude-ve're very gude!-Nae doubt, nae doubt!-It's our duty to submit!-But, O dear, my poor Steenie, the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn, my bairn, my bairn! what for is thou lying there, and eh! what for am I left to greet for ve!"

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the

tears, which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female attendants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces, and spoke apart from each other. The clergyman, meantime, addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen to what he said, with the apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing this theme, he approached so near to her ear, that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body. shook her head in a manner that showed. at least, impatience, if not scorn, of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and, by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once wonder, sorrow, and compassion, for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went through them, indicating how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe. and even horror.

In the meantime the funeral company was completed, by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fairport. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting was anew interchanged. The grandame a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed, with a sort of laugh,—
"Ha! ha! I hae tasted wine twice in ae day—
When did I that before, think ye, cummers?—
Never since——"

And the transient glow vanishing from her countenance, she sat the glass down, and sunk upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck, whose heart bled to witness what he comsidered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman that it was time to proceed to the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The creak of the screw nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant: the last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn. has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion. the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer and exhortation suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the presence of the very relics of him, whom they have but lately seen such as themselves, and who now is such as they must in their turn become. But this decent and praiseworthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, or, at least, Mr. Blattergowl did not act upon it, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional exercise.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave."

The coffin had been borne from the place where it rested. The mourners, in regular gradation, according to their rank or their relationship to the deceased, had filed from the cottage, while the younger male children were led along to totter after the bier of their brother, and to view

with wonder a ceremonial which they could hardly comprehend. The female gossips next rose to depart, and, with consideration for the situation of the parents, carried along with them the girls of the family, to give the unhappy pair time and opportunity to open their hearts to each other, and soften their grief by communicating But their kind intention was without effect. The last of them had darkened the entrance of the cottage as she went out, and drawn the door softly behind her, when the father, first ascertaining by a hasty glance that no stranger remained, started up, clasped his hands wildly above his head, uttered a cry of the despair which he had hitherto repressed, and, in all the impotent impatience of grief, half rushed, half staggered forward to the bed on which the coffin had been deposited, threw himself down upon it, and smothering, as it were, his head among the bedclothes, gave vent to the full passion of his sorrow. It was in vain that the wretched mother, terrified by the vehemence of her husband's affliction-affliction still more fearful as agitating a man of hardened manners and a robust framesuppressed her own sobs and tears, and, pulling him by the skirts of his coat, implored him to rise and remember, that, though one was removed, he had still a wife and children to comfort and support. The appeal came at too early a period of his anguish, and was totally unattended to; he continued to remain prostrate, indicating, by sobs so bitter and violent that they shook the bed and partition against which it rested, by clenched hands which grasped the bedclothes, and by the vehement and convulsive motions of his legs, how deep and how terrible was the agony of a father's sorrow.

"O, what a day is this! what a day is this!" said the poor mother, her womanish affliction already exhausted by sobs and tears, and now almost lost in terror for the state in which she beheld her husband;—"O, what an hour is this! and naebody to help a poor lone woman—O, gudemither, could ye but speak a word to him! —wad ye but bid him be comforted!"

To her astonishment, and even to the increase of her fear, her husband's mother heard and answered the appeal. She rose and walked across the floor without any support, and without much apparent feebleness, and, standing by the bed on which her son had extended himself, she said, "Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin, and sorrow, and temptation.—Sorrow is for those that remain in this vale of sorrow and darkness—I, wha dinna sorrow, and wha canna sorrow, for ony ane, hae maist need that ye should a' sorrow for me."

The voice of his mother, not heard for years as taking part in the active duties of life, or offering advice or consolation, produced its effect upon her son. He assumed a sitting posture on the side of the bed, and his appearance, attitude, and gestures, changed from those of angry despair to deep grief and dejection. The grand-mother retired to her nook, the mother mechanically took in her hand her tattered Bible, and seemed to read, though her eyes were drowned with tears.

THE MISERIES OF A RETURN HOME AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

It was now that I first felt the full force of the change which had taken place in me, and in those to whom I was returning; and I began to have misgivings as to how I might appear to them, and they to me. It is true that I had kept up a constant intercourse with my family by letters-but what are letters at a distance of thirteen thousand miles, and during an absence of a quarter of a century? Can a letter set the writer before you, and show the silent work of time upon his person? Can a letter, however affectionate, equal those little daily offices of kindness, which sink farther into the heart than even the greatest acts of friendship—as the continual dropping of water upon a stone makes the deepest impression? Can a letter convey the half-word. the passing look of tenderness?—or be unto us a watcher in sickness-a consoler in sorrow-a companion in enjoyment,—as he who wrote it would have been? Alas! No:-when absence exceeds a certain time, and when, added to this, months of distance intervene, letters may indeed

" ---- waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,"

but they will but feebly make known the daily life and feelings of correspondents to each other. They are as unsubstantial and imperfect, in comparison with actual intercourse, as are the shadows of physical objects with the forms which cause them.

My fears on this head were but too truly accomplished. When I drove up to the house, my sister was waiting on the steps to receive me. and in a moment I was in her arms. after some time, we drew back to gaze upon each other; there was indeed cause for pain. We could not expect that we should be unchanged :- we knew that Time must have done his usual work: but still we lived in each other's recollection just as we had parted, and the reality was scarcely the less sad from its having been. in a great degree, foreseen. The same smile, indeed—a smile never to be forgotten—still played in my sister's eve and lip; but the eve was sunken, and the lip grown thin, -and the smile itself was sadder and more aged, like the frames and hearts of both of us. The full blooming cheek was grown hollow and pale; and the luxuriant and beautiful hair, for which my sister had been remarkable, was entirely hidden-if, indeed. it still remained-by the widow's cap, which she had worn ever since her husband's death. This, and the gown of dark gray, -which was likewise, I found, her constant attire,completed the contrast with the light-hearted, brilliant, blooming, beautiful girl whom I had For myself, I believe I was sufficiently changed also. My period of absence had been passed under a burning sun, and my figure and my face hore ample marks of its corroding influ-All the mental suffering, too, which I had undergone had given aid to the work of I had left home a tall, florid, athletic boy of eighteen: I returned a withered, wornout man of forty-five—thin even to leanness—and my whole frame nerveless and relaxed. My cheek was of that yellow waxen colour, which long dwelling in a burning climate gives—and my white hairs were fast outnumbering those which had retained their original darkness. My sister and I read in each other's looks the shock we had mutually received, and we walked silently together into the house.

Here I was to experience a meeting still more I knew that my father had sunk almost into second childhood: but I had no expectation of finding his imbecility so complete. He was seated in an easy chair near the window, which reached to the ground, that he might enjoy the mild and grateful warmth of a July sunset. His limbs were wrapped in flannels, and he was supported by pillows on either side. His head shook tremulously-his eye was vacantly fixed-and his jaw dropped in the extremity of dotage. This miserable wreck, which humanity could scarcely look at without a feeling of degradation, was all that remained of the hale and handsome man whom I had quitted—it was all that time and sorrow had spared of my father !- Our entrance attracted his attention, and he looked with surprise on the stranger!-" Set a chair for the gentleman," he muttered, almost mechanically: " perhaps he would like to take something after his journey."

My heart swelled almost to bursting at this completion of my return home. This was what I had looked to so fondly and so long; and now what was it but bitterness and sorrow? My sister

saw my distress; and, going to my father, tried to make him comprehend who I was. "I am glad to see him," was the only answer which could be got from him. He made it mechanically—evidently totally unconscious of all which passed before him—his eye unmeaning—his words dreamingly spoken—and his whole aspect that of the last flickerings of the flame of life before it sank out for ever.

My father was shortly removed to his own room, and my sister and I were left to talk over old times together. The room in which we sat was the library, and had undergone scarcely any change since I had last seen it. My eve could recognise the books in the very places in which I had left them: the heavily bound, red-edged folios were ranged along the ground-row, untouched, most probably, since my early thirst for books had led me to explore them ;-and in one corner of the highest shelf I saw a white-backed copy of Gulliver's Travels, which I had nearly broken my neck in clambering to reach. Most of the furniture was new: but there was still an old blue and white china jar, which I had got into disgrace for cracking—and on which was still to be seen the rivet which the housekeeper had placed upon it at my entreaty. A large oldfashioned backgammon table also stood in one corner, which I well recollected as having been one of the delights of my boyhood; -and the picture which hung over the chimney—the only one in the room-was, as it had always been, the portrait of an ancient worthy of our race, arrayed in the angular stiffness-the large ruff-clocked stockings, and berosed shoes,—of the court dress of James the First's time. These circumstances may appear trifling; but I recollect they made strong impression upon me at the time,—and the task I have undertaken of writing the narrative of my life is naturally more a record of feelings than of events.

The long conversation I had with my sister tended in no degree to remove the sadness which all these circumstances had caused. Her subdued and melancholy manner showed that the hand of sorrow had been upon her also-that all her feelings were changed and saddened-except only her affection for me. I made inquiry for all those who were connected, in my recollection, with the dear home to which I had returned. One answer served for nearly all-" He is dead." Of all the servants of the family-all the retainers, who are always so numerous about a large country-house-who had been my allies in my boyish sports, and who had so fervently bidden God to bless my parting step-not one remained to welcome my return. All the villagers, too, who had been most connected with "the great house"-who had paid their court by making their landlord's children share in the merriment of their harvest home, and the joyousness of their Christmas carol :- those, too, who had been my mother's pensioners, and to whom she had made us the dispensers of her bounty, that she might train our young hearts to the exalted pleasure of doing good; -all these, as I made inquiry for them one by one. I was told had disappeared from the scene; and, of course, those who had risen up to fill their places could feel no interest for me. My recollections of home had not been confined to the physical scene alone -they had naturally included the images of those who dwelt there.-and it now seemed almost a mockery to be restored to the spot itself. and to find that all who had peopled it in my heart were gone for ever. How bitter were my feelings, as the well known quotation rose in my memory-" I came to the place of my birth, and I said. 'the friends of my youth where are they?' -and an echo answered - 'Where are they?' "-I recollected having admired this as beautiful when I first read it-alas! no one knows half its force who has not had occasion to repeat it as I did.

When I was shown to my bedroom a new scene of painful recollection presented itself. ter had had the same room prepared for me which I had always slept in when I was a boy; to which my brother and I had been removed when our going to school made us considered too old for the nursery. The room now contained only one bed: but every thing else was strikingly the same as when I left it. The prints with which · my mother had decorated the wall, just before our first return from school-the shelves which had held our little library-even one or two of the mouldering school-books themselves - all combined to call into the most vivid and painful contrast my present and my former self. On the wainscot of dark oak, I found, in a well remembered corner, the misshapen initials of my name. which I had cut with great labour, and had looked on as a work of infinite skill. On each side the chimney hung the portraits of my brother and myself, painted with the round cheeks, open neck, and flowing hair of ten years old. Now one was in the grave—and the other, at that moment, almost wished to be there also. As I gazed on the rosy careless countenance which had once been my likeness, I scarcely could think that it presented the same being. I felt as the dead might be supposed to feel, if they could behold their earthly form—so totally did a gulf seem placed between my present nature and that of the blooming boy on whom I looked.

It was, as I have said, the month of July, and the full moon gave perfect light to the scene which lay beneath the window. I threw it open, and looked out upon that well known, long-loved It was in itself one of great actual beauty -and I dearly loved, and had long regretted it. which made me think it doubly so. The tall. towering oak, which so often had been the goal of our race, and given its shadow to our gambols. was outlined on the bright moon-lighted sky behind, in all the majesty of age, and the luxuriant leafiness of summer. Farther on, the moon threw a line of glittering light upon the noble sheet of water which had been to me the means of so much early enjoyment. There, I used to sit for hours fishing on its bank—and there, as my advancing years had caused me to take pleasure in the athletic exercises of youth, I had delighted

With pliant arm its glassy wave.

In the distance I could see among the trees the blue slate of the cottage where the gamekeeper lived, who had been so great an ally of mine, and whose dwelling had been so favourite a haunt. He also was dead—but he had survived most of his contemporaries, and in his last illness, not long before the time of which I write, he had expressed, my sister told me, deep regret at not living to see Master Gilbert come home again. This, and numberless other circumstances, connected with my boyish pursuits, rose in my heart as I gazed on the scene which had witnessed them; and as I closed the window, I felt there was one more drop of gall added to the cup of bitterness which my return home had proved.

Alas! said I to myself, and is this the hour of my return home-of my meeting with my friends? -I find my mother and my brother dead-my father in a state which makes it to be wished that he were dead also-and my sister with a chilled heart and a withered frame, which make my soul sink with the contrast between what she was once, and what she is now. All those whose images are indelibly connected in mind with the abode of my youth are swept away-nothing but the spot itself is left. It is as a skeleton to the human body-the frame work is still the same. but all which gave to it life and beauty is withered and vanished. This, I exclaimed with bitterness -this is the happiness of revisiting the scenes of childhood—these are the joys of meeting!

ANONYMOUS.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken pannelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose: such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us:—

Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright, The bridal of the earth and sky.

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else, and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride was visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had

been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches. and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the vil-The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased -the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was pennyless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged twenty-six years," The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the man approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoured to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation-"Nav. now-now-don't take it so sorely to She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her all that was dear on the earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? they have friends to sooth-pleasures to beruile-a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound-their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to sooth—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after growth of joy-the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one

of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden. had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.-" Oh, sir!" said the woman, "he was such a likely lad, so sweet tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best. so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church-for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than her own good man's: and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a pressgang, and carried off to sea. parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy. and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it. where she lived solitary and almost hendess. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden. which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sunk on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eve-" Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad: who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his

widewed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood." that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness. Oh! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity:-and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him: and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known well what it

was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feeling of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted : and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows. I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat

on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments; the stately hatchments; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow.

bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE DEATH OF LADY ELMWOOD.

In a lonely country on the borders of Scotland, a single house by the side of a dreary heath was the residence of the once gay, volatile Miss Milner.—In a large gloomy apartment of this solitary habitation (the windows of which scarcely rendered the light accessible) was laid upon her death bed the once lovely Lady Elmwood—pale, half suffocated from the loss of breath; yet her senses perfectly clear and collected, which served but to sharpen the anguish of dying.

In one corner of the room, by the side of an old fashioned settee, kneels Miss Woodley, praying most devoutly for her still beloved friend, but in

vain endeavouring to pray composedly-floods of tears pour down her furrowed cheeks, and frequent sobs of sorrow break through each pious eiaculation.

Close by her mother's side, one hand supporting her head, the other drving from her face the cold dew of death, behold Lady Elmwood's daughter-Lord Elmwood's daughter too-vet he is far away, negligent of what either suffers. -Lady Elmwood turns to her often and attempts an embrace, but her feeble arms forbid, and they fall motionless.—The daughter, perceiving these ineffectual efforts, has her whole face convulsed with grief: she kisses her mother: holds her to her bosom; and hangs upon her neck, as if she wished to cling there, not to be parted even by the grave.

On the other side of the bed sits Sandfordhis hairs grown white-his face wrinkled with age—his heart the same as ever—the reprover, the enemy of the vain, the idle, and the wicked; but the friend and comforter of the forlorn and miserable.

Upon those features where sarcasm, reproach, and anger dwelt, to threaten and alarm the sinner; mildness, tenderness, and pity beamed, to support and console the penitent. Compassion changed his language, and softened all those harsh tones that used to denounce perdition.

"In the name of God," said he to Lady Elmwood, " of that God, who suffered for you, and, suffering, knew and pitied all our weaknessesby him, who has given his word to take compassion on the sinner's tears, I bid you hope for mercy. By that innocence in which you once lived, be comforted.—By the sorrows you have known since your degradation, hope, that in some measure, at least, you have atoned.—By the sincerity that shone upon your youthful face, when I joined your hand, and those thousand virtues you have since given proofs of, trust, that you were not born to die the death of the wicked."

As he spoke these words of consolation, her trembling hand clasped his—her dying eyes darted a ray of brightness—but her failing voice endeavoured in vain to articulate.—At length, fixing her looks upon her daughter, as their last dear object, she was just understood to utter the word. "Father."

"I understand you," replied Sandford, "and by all that influence I ever had over him, by my prayers, my tears (and they flowed as he spoke), I will implore him to own his child."

She could now only smile in thanks.

"And if I should fail," continued he, "yet while I live she shall not want a friend or protector—all an old man, like me, can answer for——" here his grief interrupted him.

Lady Elmwood was sufficiently sensible of his words and their import, to make a sign as if she wished to embrace him: but finding her life leaving her fast, she reserved this last token of love for her daughter—with a struggle she lifted herself from her pillow, clung to her child—and died in her arms.

MRS. INCHEALD.



TRAGIC AND PATHETIC.

DUNCAN STEWART.

DUNCAN was the son of a Highland farmer, who, like many of his countrymen in that situation. cultivated barley for the purpose of making whisky; in plain language, was a determined smuggler. Not far from the abode of Stewart. dwelt an exciseman of the name of Young, who, being extremely active in the discharge of his duty, had on various occasions made seizure of his neighbour's kegs as they were on their march towards the low countries. This was an offence which the Highlander, of course, could not forgive; and there accordingly subsisted between the smuggler and the gauger a degree of antipathy far surpassing anything of which it is easy for us to form a conception. It must, however, be confessed, that the feeling of hatred was all on one side. Stewart hated Young for presuming to interfere with his honest calling; and despised him, because he had the misfortune to be born in the shire of Renfrew; whereas Young was disposed to behave civilly to his neighbour, on every occasion except when his whisky casks happened to come in the way.

Gauger Young had an only and a very pretty daughter, a girl of eighteen years of age, with whom Duncan, as a matter of course, fell in love. The maiden returned his love, at which I am by no means surprised, for a handsomer or more manly looking youth one would not desire to see. But alas, old Stewart would not hear of their union, absolutely commanding his son, under

penalty of his heaviest malediction, not to think of her again. The authority of parents over their children, even after they have grown up to the age of manhood, is in Scotland very great; so Duncan would not dispute his father's will, and finding all entreaty to alter it useless, he determined to sacrifice inclination to duty, and to meet his pretty Mary no more.

To this resolution he adhered for several days, but, to use his own words, "Gang where I would, and do what I liket, I ave saw her before me. I saw her once, to tell her what my father had said; indeed, we were baith gay sure how it would be, before I spak to him ava; and oh! the look she gave me. M'Intyre, I ne'er forgot it, and I never can forget it. It haunted me like a

ghaist baith night and day."

The consequence of constantly beholding such a vision may easily be imagined. Duncan forgot his determination and his duty, and found himself one evening, he scarce knew how, once more walking with Mary by the loch side. occurred again and again. The meetings were the more sweet because they were secret, and they ended-as such stolen meetings generally end among persons of their station in life. Duncan was assured of becoming a father, before he was a husband.

This, however, was not to be permitted; Duncan was too tenderly attached to Mary to suffer disgrace to fall upon her, even though he should incur the threatened penalty of a father's curse by marrying, so he resolved, at all hazards, to make her his wife. The reader is no doubt aware, that marriages are much more easily contracted in Scotland than on the south side of the Tweed. An exchange of lines, as it is called, that is to say, a mutual agreement to live as man and wife, drawn up and signed by a young man and a young woman, constitutes as indisputable a union in North Britain, as if the marriage ceremony had been read or uttered by a clergyman; and to this method of uniting their destries Duncan and Mary had recourse. They addressed a letter, the one to the other, in which he acknowledged her to be his wife, and she acknowledged him to be her husband; and, having made an exchange of them, they became to all intents and purposes a married couple.

Having thus gone in direct opposition to the will of his father, Duncan was by no means easy in his own mind. He well knew the unforgiving temper of the man with whom he had to deal: he knew likewise that his disobedience could not be long kept a secret, and the nearer the period approached which would compel a disclosure, the more anxious and uncomfortable he became. At length the time arrived when he must either acknowledge his marriage, or leave Mary to infamy. It was the season of Doun fair, and Duncan was intrusted with the care of a drove of sheep which were to be disposed of at that market. Having bid farewell to his wife, he set out, still carrying his secret with him, but determined to disclose it by letter, as soon as he should reach Doun. His object in acting thus was, partly, to escape the first burst of his father's anger, and partly with the hope, that, having VOL. IV. VV

escaped it, he might be received at his return with forgiveness; but, alas! the poor fellow had no opportunity of ascertaining the success of his scheme.

When he reached Doun, Duncan felt himself far too unhappy to attend to business. He accordingly intrusted the sale of his sheep to a neighbour; and sitting down in one of the public houses, wrote that letter which had been the subject of his meditations ever since he left Balquidder. Having completed this, Duncan bravely determined to forget his sorrows for a while, for which purpose he swallowed a dose of whisky, and entered into conversation with the company about him, among whom were several soldiers, fine, merry, hearty fellows, who, with their corporal, were on the look out for recruits. leader of the party, was a skilful man in his vocation; he admired the fine proportions of the youth before him, and determined to enlist him if he could. For this purpose more whisky was ordered -funny histories were told by him and his companions - Duncan was plied with dram after dram, till at length he became completely inebriated, and the shilling was put into his hand. No time was given him to recover from his surprise; for, long ere the effects of intoxication had evaporated. Duncan was on his way to Edinburgh. Here he was instantly embarked with a number of young men similarly situated; and he actually reached head quarters without having had an opportunity so much as to inform his relations of his fate.

The sequel of Duncan's history is soon told.

Having obtained permission from the commanding officer, he wrote to Scotland for his wife, who joyfully hastened to join him. Her father did what he could, indeed, to prevent this step; not from any hatred towards his daughter, to whom he had behaved with great kindness in her distress, but because he knew how uncomfortable was the sort of life which she must lead as the wife of a private soldier: but Mary resisted every entreaty to remain apart from Duncan; she had been in a state of utter misery during the many weeks in which she was left in ignorance of his situation; and, now that she knew where he was to be found, nothing should hinder her from following him. Though far gone in a state of pregnancy, she set out instantly for the south of England; and having endured with patience all inconveniences attendant upon her want of experience as a traveller, she succeeded in reaching Hythe, just one week previous to the embarkation of the regiment.

This ill fated couple were hardly brought together when they were once more doomed to part. Poor Mary's name came up among the names of those who should remain behind the regiment, and no language of mine can do justice to the scene which took place. I was not present when the women drew their tickets; but I was told by M'Intyre, that when Mary unrolled the slip of paper, and read upon it the fatal words, "To be left," she looked as if Heaven itself were incapable of adding one additional pang to her misery. Holding it with both hands, at the full stretch of her arms from her face, whe gazes.

upon it for some minutes without speaking a word, though the rapid succession of colour and deadly paleness upon her cheeks, told how severe was the struggle which was going on within: till at length, completely overpowered by her own sensations, she crushed it between her palms. and fell senseless into the arms of a female who stood near.

That night was spent by Duncan and his wife exactly as it was to be supposed that it would be They did not so much as lie down; but the moments sped on in spite of their watchfulness.—and at last the bugle sounded. When I came upon the ground, I saw Duncan standing in his place, but Mary was not near him. wives of the few soldiers who were left behind to form a depot, having kindly detained her in the barrack-room. But, just before the column began to move, she rushed forth; and the scream which she uttered, as she flew towards Duncan, was heard throughout the whole of the ranks. --"Duncan, Duncan!" the poor thing cried, as she clung wildly round his neck: "Oh, Duncan, Duncan Stewart, ye're no gawn to leave me again, and me sae near being a mother! O. Serieant M'Intyre, dinna tak' him awa'! if ve hae ony pity, dinna, dinna tak' him!-O, sir. ve'll let me gang wi' him?" she added, turning to one of the officers who stood by; "for the love of Heaven, if ye hae ony pity in ye, dinna separate us!"

Poor Duncan stood all this while in silence. leaning his forehead upon the muzzle of his firelock, and supporting his wretched wife upon his

He shed no tears-which is more than I can say for myself, or indeed for almost any private or officer upon the parade—his grief was evidently beyond them. "Ye may come as far as Dover, at least," he at length said, in a sort of murmur; and the poor creature absolutely shricked with delight at the reprieve.

The band now struck up, and the column began to move, the men shouting, partly to drown the cries of the women, and partly to express their own willingness to meet the enemy. walked by the side of her husband; but she looked more like a moving corpse than a living creature.-She was evidently suffering acutely. not only in mind but in body; indeed, we had not proceeded above three miles on our journey. before she was seized with the pains of labour. It would have been the height of barbarity to have hindered her unfortunate husband, under these circumstances, from halting to take care of her: so having received his promise to join the regiment again before dark, we permitted him to fall out of the ranks. Fortunately a cottage stood at no great distance from the road side, into which he and his friend M'Intyre removed her: and while there, I have reason to believe, she was received with great humanity, and treated with kindness; indeed, the inhabitants of the cottage must have been devoid of every thing human except the form, had they treated a young woman so situated otherwise than kindly.

A four hours' march brought the regiment in high spirits, and in good order, into Dover. As a matter of course, the inhabitants filled their windows, and thronged the streets, to witness the embarkation of a body of their countrymen, of whom it was more than probable that few would return; nor have I any cause to doubt the sincerity of the good wishes which they expressed for our success and safety. It is only during the dull times of peace, or, which amounts to the same thing, when troops are lying idly in a garrison town, that feelings of mutual jealousy arise between the inhabitants and the soldiers.

As the men came in fresh, and, which by no means invariably follows, sober, little more than half an hour was spent in embarking. The transports, fortunately, lay alongside the pier; consequently, there was no need to employ boats for the removal of the troops and baggage; but boards being placed as bridges from the pier to the deck, the companies filed easily and regularly into their respective ships. We were not, however, to sail till the following morning, the remainder of that day being allowed for laying in sea stock; and hence, as soon as they had seen the men comfortably housed, the officers adjourned to the various inns in the place.

Like my companions, I returned again to shore as soon as I had attended to the comforts of my division; but my mind was too full of the image of poor Mary, to permit my entering with gusto into the various amusements of my friends. I preferred walking back in the direction of Hythe, with the hope of meeting M'Intyre, and ascertaining how the poor creature did. I walked, however, for some time, before any traveller made his appearance. At length, when the inte-

rest which I had felt in the fate of the young couple was beginning in some degree to moderate, and I was meditating a return to the inn, I saw two soldiers moving towards me. As they approached, I readily discovered that they were Duncan and his friend; so I waited for them. "Duncan Stewart," said I, "how is your wife?"—The poor fellow did not answer, but, touching his cap, passed on.—"How is his wife, M'Intyre?" said I to the serjeant, who stood still. The honest Scotchman burst into tears; and, as soon as he could command himself, he laconically answered, "She is at rest, sir." From this I guessed that she was dead; and on more minute inquiry, I learned that it was even so.

ANONYMOUS.

THE DEATH OF MISS ANNESLEY.

WHEN I entered the house, and had got upon the stairs leading to the room in which Harriet lay, I heard a voice enchantingly sweet, but low, and sometimes broken, singing snatches of songs, varying from the sad to the gay, and from the gay to the sad: it was she herself sitting up in her bed, fingering her pillow as if it had been a harpsichord. It is not easy to conceive the horror I felt on seeing her in such a situation! She seemed unconscious of my approach, though her eye was turned towards me as I entered; only that she stopped in the midst of a quick and lively movement she had begun, and looking wistfully upon me, breathed such a note of sor-

row, and dwelt on it with a cadence so mournful. that my heart lost all the firmness I had resolved to preserve, and I flung my arms around her neck, which I washed with my bursting tears!-The traces which her brain could now only recollect, were such as did not admit of any object long: I had passed over it in the moment of my entrance, and it now wandered from the idea: she paid no regard to my caresses, but pushed me gently from her, gazing steadfastly in an opposite direction towards the door of the apartment. A servant entered with some medicine he had been sent to procure; she put it by when I offered it to her, and kept looking earnestly upon him; she ceased her singing too, and seemed to articulate certain imperfect sounds. For some time I could not make them out into words, but at last she spoke more distinctly, and with a firmer tone. "You saved my life once, sir, and I could then thank you, because I wished to preserve it; but now-no matter, he is happier than I would I would have nursed the poor old man till he had seen better days! bless his white beard !-- look there! I have heard how they grow in the grave !--poor old man !--"

You weep, my dear sir; but had you heard her speak these words!—I can but coldly repeat them.

All that day she continued in a state of delirium and insensibility to every object around her; towards evening she seemed exhausted with fatigue, and the tossing of her hands, which her frenzy had caused, grew languid, as of one breathless and worn out: about midnight she dropped saleep.

I sat with her during the night, and when she waked in the morning she gave signs of having recovered her senses, by recollecting me, and calling me by my name. At first, indeed, her questions were irregular and wild; but in a short time she grew so distinct, as to thank me for having complied with the request of her letter: "it is an office of unmerited kindness, which," said she, and I could observe her let fall a tear. " will be the last your unwearied friendship for me will have to bestow." I answered that I hoped not. "Ah! Mrs. Winstanley," she replied, "can you hope so; you are not my friend, if you do." I wished to avoid a subject her mind was little able to bear, and therefore made no other return than by kissing her hand, which she had stretched out to me as she spoke.

At that moment we heard some unusual stir below stairs, and as the floor was thin and ill laid. the word child was very distinctly audible from every tongue. Upon this she started up in her bed, and with a look piteous and wild beyond description, exclaimed, "Oh! my God! what of my child!" She had scarcely uttered these words, when the landlady entered the room, and showed sufficiently by her countenance that she had some dreadful tale to tell. By signs I begged her to be silent. "What is become of my infant?" cried Harriet. "No ill, madam," answered the woman, faltering, " is come to it, I hope."-" Speak," said she, "I charge you, for I will know the worst; speak as you would give peace to my departing soul," springing out of bed and grasping the woman's hands with all her VOL. IV. **2. 2.**

force. It was not easy to resist so solemn a charge. "Alas!" said the landlady, "I fear she is drowned; for the nurse's cloak and the child's wrapper have been found in some ooze which the river had carried down below the ford." She let go the woman's hands, and, wringing her own together, threw up her eyes to heaven till their sight was lost in their sockets. We were supporting her, each of us holding one of her arms. She fell on her knees between us, and dropping her hands for a moment, then raising them again, uttered, with a voice that sounded hollow as if sunk within her:—

"Power Omnipotent! who wilt not lay on thy creatures calamity beyond their strength to bear! if thou hast not yet punished me enough, continue to pour out the phials of thy wrath-upon me, and enable me to support what thou inflictest! But if my faults are expiated, suffer me to rest in peace, and graciously blot out the offences which thy judgments have punished here!" She continued in the same posture for a few moments; then leaning on us as if she meant to rise, bent her head forward, and drawing her breath strongly, expired in our arms.

MACKENZIE.

ALINE LORRAINE.

It was about this time that I first knew Aline; just when the wounds of my heart were healing, and hers seemed all healed. It was then that she rose upon my sight, in music and in moonlight, from the waters;—that she came upon my

troubled soul, like a thing of light and loveliness;-like the messenger of that peace, which was shed over my bruised spirit in her society. and beneath her smiles. My mind would, at that time, have shrunk from the approach of gladness; and I think that it would not have vielded its bitterness to the influence of any being more gay than Aline. But her delicate, and almost unreal beauty, and that sadness with which we gaze upon the lovely, when their loveliness is evidently heightened by disease, and tending to its own decay, made her approach the heart almost in the shape of sorrow, to leave joy behind her. Her sweetness sunk into the breast, like the dew which comes in tears, to shed balm: and her happiness, silently and deeply felt, was quietly and imperceptibly communicated. I was their companion in many a ramble to the ruins above St. Juste, and amid the rich and romantic scenery which surrounds Lyons, on all sides; and I have sailed with them upon the Saône, on many a night of moonlight beauty, such as, I think. I shall never see again. I learned to love her almost as well, if not as passionately, as Frederic-for in me the sources of passion had been all dried up; and, as I felt the deep charm of her presence, my heart was ever applying to her those lines, which might have been written to give expression to its feelings:-

> If thou art come from yon blue aky, To tell me, with thy looks of light, That morning waits, with golden eye, To dawn upon life's weary night;

To picture, to my aching heart,
The forms that stay my coming there,
And sweetly smile to peace the smart
Thou art too young and pure to share;
Then will I strive to weep away
All woe, before that coming day,
And offer, Mary! unto thee,
A broken heart's idolatry!

I would fain linger upon this part of my story, because it is the last resting place for the heart. But I must hasten over a narration which, from this time, is one of love and sorrow. Long ere I took my last leave of them, Frederic loved Aline, with an intensity proportioned to the enthusiasm of his disposition; and to Aline he was all the world.

The circumstances of her fate had made the orphan girl's breast one in which this passion was sure to be a dangerous visitant. It was now that the long impeded torrent of her affections had found a channel in which it could flow; and their full collected stream took a course to which any check must prove fatal. All the hitherto suppressed energies of her ardent nature were embarked in one venture: and their failure would. of necessity, be a total wreck of the spirit. They loved as none but the young and ardent can love; and, in the little world of new hopes and feelings which had sprung up within and around them. they breathed that intensity of happiness which none but young and ardent lovers have ever tasted. Oh! what a sweet and dangerous dream is "first and passionate love!"-a dream from which they who are once awakened shall never sleep again for repose;—a paradise of the heart, which, once lost, shall never be regained; and never shall the breast, in which it has been forfeited, rest itself within another Eden!

It was soon after I quitted Lyons, to return to that land in which I had been so long a stranger. that Frederic, whose majority was approaching, was called to Paris, on business connected with The arrangements necessary for that event. taking upon himself the management of his own property, which was extensive, were likely to render his absence a long one; and the anguish with which he looked forward to parting from Aline, was relieved by the perspective of that happiness which, he felt, awaited him, when he should return, the uncontrolled master of his own fortunes. But the days immediately preceding his departure were darkened by that shadow which no effort of his could chase from the brow of his Aline; and by those symptoms of decline which had never struck him so forcibly, nor so painfully as then. He sought to persuade himself that his imagination deceived him, under the excitement of their approaching separation; and, to Aline, he spoke of hope and joy. But it was in vain. She listened to him with a fruitless effort to be cheerful. Tears saddened the smile with which she strove to convince her lover that no cloud which wronged his truth could rest upon her spirit; and the momentary flush with which she heard the accents of his tenderness, was that passing hectic which sent a thousand fears to his breast. As the day approached, Aline was sunk, beyond the power of love to

cheer her: and when, on the morning of his departure. Frederic rose early, to steal away from an interview which he felt would be toe much for them both, she stood before him, with that look which never left his memory or his heart. Her cheek was pale as the grave: save that the faint and beautiful tinge, which had formed so much of its loveliness, was gathered together into its centre, and stood, the standard of consumption no longer to be doubted or concealed. To the distracted eve of her lover, it was " death's ensign;" and he clasped her, with a convulsive pang, to his breast. Again and again did he draw back, to gaze upon the fatal . pledge, and wipe away her tears, as she lay in his arms, almost insensible to their pressure: and, again and again, did he bend to strain her to his agonized bosom, and press his burning lips against her cold brow. It was one of those dreadful moments from which the heart must escape, or break :-- nature is not equal to these conflicts. One word-a tone of her voice-a single murmur would have been a relief to its voiceless anguish; but no farewell passed the lips of either, as he resigned his precious burthen to his sister, who had broken in upon the scene. Once, only, he clasped Louise to his bosom:--once more turned, to take away the latest look of his pale beauty, and threw back the clustering ringlets from her fair forehead, that he might gaze, for the last time, upon her sweet face :--and, the next instant saw him on his road to Paris.

There is little more to relate.-The health and

spirits of Aline had suffered a shock, from which it is doubtful if she could ever have recovered. even under happier circumstances. She was so solitary a being in existence, and had so few with whom she could interchange affection, that all her feelings were exaggerated, and love was. in her, devotion. The least blight upon sensibilities so intense was dangerous to one of her delicate habit; and the parting from her lover had been darkened by forebodings, which she could neither account for, nor struggle against. Her bosom never harboured a thought that doubted his faith; but her spirits had been withered up by that fatal presentiment which haunted her: and the conflict of her mind had nourished and brought forward the disease which had been so early planted in her frame. Louise watched over her with all a sister's tenderness: and, as they often heard from Frederic, and he named the fast-approaching summer for his return. and for that union with Aline, on which no future separation should intrude, she strove to dispel her fears. Spring had done much towards subduing the appearances which had alarmed her lover: and had brought back hope to her heart, and something like bloom to her cheek.

Frederic was constantly informed by his sister of the state of Aline's health; and, as its varying symptoms were always painted by Louise in the most favourable colours, the weight upon his mind, which had kept him lonely and sequestered in Paris, was relieved as the spring advanced. There was a tone of cheerfulness, too, in the letters which he received from Aline; and, in

the glow of resuscitated hope, he sought to indemnify himself for that gloom which had begun to impair his health. The revolutionary struggle was, at this time, approaching to its crisis: and the contention between the Constitutionalists and Jacobins had divided the whole population of a capital, which had assembled within it all the dangerous and violent spirits of the age. Amid the republicans, the distinctions of the Mountain and Girondist parties were beginning to be formed; and Paris,-divided into factions which had, for their sole point of union. a disregard of all the restraints which religion and decency impose, - presented to civilized Europe the strange spectacle of licentiousness supported by authority, and vice walking openly abroad, under the assumed sanction of reason and argument. That levelling spirit, which had struck down all that was dignified in its own constitution and hallowed by use, was daily attacking principle, under the name of prejudice: and, in the disjointed frame of society and morals. the very elements of good, loosened from their fit association, were tending to evil.

In his retirement in the country, Frederic had shared in that satisfaction with which the wise and virtuous of all nations hailed the dawning spectacle of a great nation straining to be free; and he joined in that crusade of congratulation which noble hearts went forth to pay on the occasion. He had listened, with intense expectation, to the distant murmurs of that mighty ocean which was heaving to burst the icy chain that had so long bound it, and roll itself into

liberty. But the loneliness of his residence in Paris had afforded him ample opportunities of examining the nature of that moral convulsion which was going forward: and his soul, sickened by the scenes on which it dwelt, would gladly have taken refuge from the horrors of anarchy in the darkest despotism that ever threw its trammels over the human mind. He turned, with inexpressible longing, from a place where the deranged state of things threatened to detain him much beyond the time which he had originally fixed, to his own villa amid the distant mountains, brightened by the presence of his soul's idol. Often, as his fancy painted the sweet girl drooping beneath the blight of absence, did he almost resolve to steal back upon her sorrows. and abandon that wealth and rank which were only to be secured by the sacrifice, however temporary, of what was dearer to him than riches or Often did he sit and picture to himself the fond look with which she would reward him for the story of all that he had abandoned for her sake; till he wondered how there should ever be a moment when he could weigh any consideration against that smile, which, he felt, could repay him for the loss of every thing on earth. except Louise and herself.

But the very enthusiasm of disposition which led him to cheer his solitude by these pictures, was effectual in dispelling them when his fears for Aline's health were removed, by the partial statements of his affectionate sister. His age and sanguine temperament were ill fitted for entire seclusion; and he began to mingle in the galeties

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and luxuries of a capital, which, at this moment, offered every temptation to the young and ardent. His rank and fortune made him a welcome guest in society; and his impetuous passions soon involved him in the whirl of dissipation. now that he was to prove the danger of that temper which his father had taken such pains to correct. Immersed in a vortex of engagements. his letters to Aline and his sister became less frequent, and breathed less of that intense recurrence to the past, and that eager anticipation of the future, which had marked his former communications. The change, at first, was one which Louise would scarcely have perceived; but Aline, though she would have found it difficult to explain in what it consisted, felt it in the depths of There is that in love which awakens a principle of intelligence in the breast, existing only beneath its influence; and gives to the sensibilities an acuteness at which the cold and calculating may smile, but which the young and fond must trust;-for it will not be deceived. Aline had risked her heart and her hopes upon her lover's truth; and the language of his tenderness had been so dear to her, and she had learned to listen to it so long, that it unconsciously became a barometer, by which she knew the peril or safety of that bark which was freighted with They who have long and fondly hearkened to a strain of music, can feel if one note be wanting which they have been accustomed to hear; though the melody may be unimpaired, and the critic's rules could detect no breach in the harmony, from its absence.

But the forgetfulness of Frederic was every day becoming more apparent; and the cheek of Aline was hourly and visibly decaying. was not the victim of that sickly habit which feeds upon evils of its own creation; and she even chid herself, at times, for doubting her lover's truth :-- it seemed to her so utterly impossible that he should be false! But her health, always frail, had been so long sustained by the fond attentions of anxious kindness, and she had been so evidently nourished by the atmosphere of affection which she breathed, that it was apparent she must sink when these stimulants were removed. She strove, in vain, to conceal from Louise the ravages which no artifice could hide any longer. There were times when she spoke even cheerfully; and she had moments of that wild playfulness which had made so much of the charm of her childhood. But it was strangely unnatural now: and Louise thought she never looked so sad as when these fits of unreal gladness were upon her. She spoke much of Frederic; but, in spite of all her efforts, her voice melted into tenderness when she named him; and as she felt herself daily growing weaker, she no longer attempted to conceal from Louise how passionately she longed to see him, once more, before she died. At length, a vague rumour reached the village, which coupled his name with that of a lady of rank in Paris: and the last link which bound Aline to existence was broken at onceand for ever!

Woman is too tender a flower to live out of the air of hope; and it is her happiness to escape

from those pangs which she feels to be cureless. while man must live on, with a spirit for ever darkened, and a heart utterly withered. is in him, as it were, a tenacity to existence; and he has so many employments to divert him from the deep and enduring contemplation of his sorrows, that it is often his peculiar misery to linger in that saddest and most unnatural state of young hearts, which shuts them up against the influences either of hope or fear. But woman's world is so wholly within herself, and her feelings and affections are so entirely both her treasure and her occupation, that the blow, which strikes at the one, overthrows the other too, and leaves her, only, the precious privilege of dving! Oh! how far better, when sails and masts are rent away. to yield, like woman, to the tempest, and perish at once: than to go ashore, like stranded wrecks, and lie, shattered hulls, upon the bleak sands of life, when we feel that no spring-tide can ever come to float us again!

Frederic was awakened from his fever of enjoyment by tidings from Louise. A few hasty lines conveyed them all; but, how much misery may be crowded upon a narrow surface, and what anguish may be compressed into a single word!—Aline was dying.—Oh! that ages of sorrow and of suffering could have cancelled that one sentence! That he could have purchased back three months of the past, with a long life of every anguish,—so it were not that anguish! The scenes amid which he had been revelling, in a kind of delirium, and the artificial friends whom he had made, all faded away before that wither-

ing intelligence, as though it had been the cabalistic spell of a magician; and, in their place, arose the lonely vision of his own pale girl, with her melancholy smile, and her fair hair, and her young heart, all dedicated to himself. He thought on their last parting; and tears,-the bitterest he had ever shed.—chased each other down his burning face, as he felt how truly he had fulfilled. to his neglected love, the bodings of that dismal hour. Where had he been wandering? In what fatal maze had he been involved? What sorcery had held him amid pleasures and beings, all, and infinitely more than all of whom he would not, for an instant, have weighed against one tone of her voice, or one throb of her heart?-It is strange, at a moment like this, when the memory is suddenly thrown back upon the past. how wide a range it will, at times, involuntarily take! A thousand long-forgotten thoughts seemed to rally round this one centre. He laid his head upon his hands, and sobbed aloud, in the agony of his spirit, as the long vision of his life stole over his mind, like a phantasmagoria. ever there, was she-his own sweet and sad Aline-smiling through all its sorrows, and unchanging amid all its changes. He thought on his parting interview with his father; and, again, on his next meeting with Aline, in that same chamber,-when he was fatherless !- and then came across him, like a flash of lightning which seemed to burn up his brain, her farewell look, as he bent above her, and separated the long tresses on her brow, to leave upon it his last kiss. Oh! that burning spot upon her cheek!-

He felt it at his heart; and, starting from a retrospect which maddened him,—long ere the night closed in, was far away from Paris.

It was a bright morning in June when Frederic approached Lyons. He had taken the route of Villefranche, which he had reached soon after midnight; and, finding it impossible to procure horses at that hour, had embarked upon the Saône, after a short repose, to complete his He lay and watched the sun which was to light him to his love rise over the distant Jura. As its lofty ridges brightened beneath the splendid and ever-varying pageant, and the lines of that mountain-chain which stretches beneath became gradually defined upon the horizon, the fever of his soul subsided, and he felt as if it had escaped from an earthquake. He strained his sight to catch the first glimpse of the far-off heights of St. Sebastian, where they looked down, in their beauty, upon the city of his heart, and the home of his childhood. A thousand sweet and soothing recollections stole over him, as he passed along, betwixt the picturesque banks of the romantic Saone. The river was gay with the lights and shadows that danced upon its bosom; and he glided by many a scene hallowed in the remembrances of boyhood-when he and Aline were both children,—and many a height which they had haunted in the moonlight scarcely six months ago. Were they not dreams, indeed? Had he won his way back to the bosom of a land where every steep and every tree seemed consecrated by the presence of his own love? Tears -sweet as they had lately been bitter-stood in

his eyes, as he promised in his heart that nothing should ever tempt him from its shade again; and he yielded himself up to many a bright vision, in which Aline mingled as his bride! His sister, too,-his beautiful and kind Louise-with her bounding step and her dark eye-came over his musings; and he turned away-from watching the stream, where it glided calmly into the embraces of the blue Rhone, that rushed to meet it. and from gazing upon Lyons, as it rose on each side the waters, like their first born,-to seek for the little hill, clad in its summer garlands, within whose bowers lav all the treasure of his soul. Long ere they reached the suburb of the Guillotiere, he was put ashore: and made his way, by well remembered paths, to its foot. The village lay all in light: and the sun looked brightly down upon his own mansion, as it peeped forth from the grove of limes which sheltered it. His eve fell upon the spire of the little church; and it seemed, as it pointed up into the blue sky, to tell of hope. He entered within the home of his · father, and passed, unannounced, to the door of Aline's boudoir. One moment's pause—that pause which the heart makes, to collect itself for happiness-ere he passed its threshold, and stood, once more, in the presence of his soul's beloved !

She lay upon a couch—beside which his sister was kneeling, with her head stooped upon the cushion;—and her white dress was, he thought, the same in which he had last beheld her. A ray of light stole through the half-closed shutter, and fell upon her beautiful face, as he bent down to gaze upon it. It was, indeed, his love, " his

heart's first idol, and its last:" she whom he had left a few months before, and with just the same look.—vet oh! how changed! Every thing that had alarmed him in it then was absent now; and it seemed as if all pain had passed away. feverish hue which had caused him so much grief, was gone for ever; and the sunlight rested just where that fatal spot had been. Her brow retained no traces of the sorrow which darkened it when last she lay in his arms. Her eyes were closed now, as then; but no tears stole from beneath the fair lashes, to dim the smile which played upon her lips: and that anguish, whose deep throbbing was almost audible, as he pressed her to his bosom, for the last time, was all hushed. He had entered so silently that Louise never looked up. He knelt by her side, and, once more, put back the ringlets which lay, in rich profusion, upon the neck and forehead of his love, that he might kiss her pale brow. cold-colder than even in that dark and ominous hour which it recalled—beneath the damp touch The sweet and bruised spirit of Aline of death. had just passed away; and all her little world of sorrows was extinguished—and for ever!

T. K. HERVEY.

THE DEATH OF MISS MORTIMER.

My seclusion now became more complete than ever, for Miss Mortimer's malady, the increase of which she had hitherto endeavoured to conceal from me, suddenly became so severe as to baffle all disguise. Yet it was no expression of impa-

tience which betrayed her. For four months I scarcely quitted her bedside, by day or by might. During this long protracted season of suffering, neither cry nor groan escaped her. Often have I wiped the big drops of agony from her forehead: but she never complained. She was more than patient; the settled temper of her mind was thankfulness. The decay of its prisonhouse seemed only to give the spirit a foretaste of freedom. Timid by nature, beyond the usual fearfulness of her sex, she vet endured pain, not with the iron contumacy of a savage, but with the submission of filial love. The approach of death she watched more in the spirit of the conqueror than the victim; vet she expressed her willingness to linger on till suffering should have extinguished every tendency to self-will; and helplessness should have destroyed every vestige of pride. Her desire was granted. Her trials brought with them an infallible token that they came from a Father's hand: for her character. excellent as it had seemed, was exalted by suffering; and that which in life was lovely, was in death sublime.

At last, the great work was finished. Her education was completed; and from the severe lessons of this land of discipline, she was called to the boundless improvement, the intuitive knowledge, the glorious employments of her Father's house. One morning, after more than ordinary suffering, I saw her suddenly relieved from pain; and, grasping at a deceitful hope, I looked forward to no less than years of her prolonged life. But she was not so deceived. With pity she

beheld my short sighted rejoicing. "Dear child," said she, "must that languine spirit cheat thee to the end? Think not now of wishing for my life,—pray rather that my death may profit thee." She paused for a moment, and then added emphatically, "Do you not every morning pray for a blessing on the events which that day will produce?"

Long as I had anticipated this sentence, it was more than I could bear. "This day! This very day!" I cried. "It cannot,—it shall not be.—It is sinful in you thus to limit your days! This very day! Oh, I will not believe it;" and I threw myself upon my friend's deathbed in an agony which belied my words.

She gently reproved my vehemence. "Ellen, my dear Ellen, my friend, my comforter, how can you lament my release. Your affection has been a blessing in my time of trial,—will you let it disturb the hour of my rejoicing? Had I been necessary to you, my child, I hope I could have wished, for your sake, to linger here,—but 'one thing,' only one, 'is needful.' That one you have received,—and when the light of heaven has risen upon you, can you mourn that one feeble spark is darkened?"

The physicians, whom I sent in haste to summon, came only to confirm her prediction. She forced them to number the hours she had to live, and heard, with a placid smile, that the morning's sun would rise in vain for her. She bade farewell to them and to her attendants, bestowing, with her own hand, some small memorial upon each; then gently dismissed all, except myself

and the hereditary servant, who had grown old with her, and who now watched the close of a life which she had witnessed from the beginning. "I saw her baptism," said the faithful creature to me, the big tears rolled down her furrowed face, "and now—but it is as the Lord will."

By my dying friend's own desire, she was visited by the clergyman upon whose ministry she had attended; and with him she conversed with her accustomed serenity, directing his attention to some of her own poor, who were likely to become more destitute by her loss; and affectionately recommending to his care the unfortunate girl whom her death was to cast once more friendless upon the world.

While he read to her the office for the sick, she listened with the steady attention of a mind in its full strength. When he came to the words, "Thou hast been my hope from my youth!"
"Yes!" said she; "He has indeed been my hope from my youth. He blessed the prayers and the labours of my parents, so that I never remember a time when I could rest in any other trust; yet, till now, I never knew that hope in its full strength and brightness." Then laying her hand, now chill with the damps of death, upon my arm, she said with great energy, " Ellen, I trust I can triumphantly appeal to you whether our blessed faith brings not comfort unspeakable, -but how strong, how suitable, how glorious its consolations are, you will never know, till, like me, you are bereft of all others, and, like me, find them sufficient when all others fail."

Towards evening her voice became feeble, she breathed with pain, and all her bodily powers seemed to decay. But that which was heavenborn was imperishable. The love of God and man remained unshaken. Complaining that her mind was grown too feeble to form a connected prayer. she bade me repeat to her the triumphant strains in which David exults in the care of the Good Shepherd. When I had ended, "Yes," said she, "He knows how to comfort me in the dark valley, for he has trod it before me,-and what am I, that I should die amidst the cares of kind friends, and he amidst the taunts of his enemies! Ellen, your mind is entire,—thank him,—thank him fervently for me, that I am mercifully dealt with."

As I knelt down to obey her, she laid her hand upon my head, as if to bless me. At first, she repeated after me the expressions which pleased her, afterwards single words, then, after a long interval, the name of him in whom she trusted. When I rose from my knees, her eyes were closed,—the hand which had been lifted in prayer was sunk upon her breast. A smile of triumph lingered on her face. It was the beam of a sun that had set. The saint had entered into rest.

MRS. BRUNTON.

THE LETTER OF EVA TO DE COURCY, AFTER HIS DESERTION OF HER.

I ANSWER your letter, because I feel to do so will remove a pressure from my heart, which has almost crushed it since I read yours. You have renounced me then—would you had done so before! before pain (extreme, perhaps,) was mingled with the shame, which even the humblest female must feel at the thought of being rejected. Had I never seen you, I had never been unhappy; why then is my heart thus torn, when I am about to bid you farewell?

I will wipe away a few tears, and then try to tell you why I write to you. I write not to reproach, but to thank you; to bless you—yes, bless you, for having, though at the risk of my life, dissipated an illusion that might have been fatal to my everlasting peace. I tremble yet at the danger into which you alone could have led, and from which you alone could have rescued me. I do not see its extent yet, as I ought to do; but I shall see it, I trust, more clearly and more thankfully every day,—when the oppression of my heart abates.

In loving you (who saved my life, and who appeared to me in a light so dazzling to the imagination and the senses), I was beginning to love the world. Beginning—Oh I had more than begun,—I knew not how far I had wandered. The love of the world was stealing on me under the disguise of a conformity to your wishes,—a cultivation of your taste,—the wish to please

you (which I began to view as a duty) was only a refinement on the wish to please my own worldly feelings. I already made light of the sobriety of mind, and simplicity of manner, that becomes the disciples of Christ, when put in competition with the hope of pleasing you. wished for gay attire, for worldly society, for the cultivation of those powers in literature and music which I heard you praise. I felt a kind of ingratitude to the life from which I had derived so much happiness, and was anxious to diversify its monotony, because it was irksome to you.-so sincere, so simple, so dangerous was my devotion to you. Think of the sacrifice I made of my habits, and feelings, and duties, when I went to the theatre, because you were there. You did not solicit me, it is true; you did not even know I was there; but had I not known you were, what power could ever have brought me within its walls? How far this influence might have extended I know not: too far for my peace here, and, perhaps, had I been united to you, too far for my peace hereafter. If I could already make such sacrifices to you. what limit would there have been to them, when inclination assumed the aspect of duty, and all the rebellious feelings of my worldly nature would have pleaded under the names of conjugal virtues! As a married woman, I would have " cared for the things of the world, that I might please my husband." There is always a propensity in our hearts to worldly indulgence, and when this is strengthened by the voice and example of him we love, who can resist its seduc-

tions? I should have complied with your taste in dress, in company, in conversation, in habits, in conformity to the world, and still the gaudy carriage "would have borne me once a week to Bethsaida Chapel, the ghost of what I was."-a withered, lifeless professor, clinging to a creed while I apostatized from practice, "having a form of godliness, but denving the power thereof." This I would have been, and from this you have snatched me, with a harsh, but merciful hand. Let no female who makes a serious profession of the religion of Christ ever consent to unite herself with one who does not join her in religious sentiments : his conversion is very doubtful, but her apostasy is almost certain. The horrible anguish that struck through me like an arrow of fire (an arrow that no human hand can draw), on reading the lines in which you resign me, brought conviction to my heart. No human being can, without a crime, suffer so much for another. I tremble at it yet. The world would tremble if I could express it in words. No such feeling should ever be felt, except for apostasy from God, for desertion of his gospel, for abandonment of our immortal interests. All this I was guilty of, yet, in my misery, I was conscious only of the loss of you. Alas! how much suffering is still before me, in struggling to regain that path from which I wandered to you, and to which, though you led me from it, you cannot lead me back! I feel like one, who, misled by a false guide, sees the torch extinguished when it was burning brightest, and has to feel her way back in darkness and alone. Oh! how many floods of tears, what agonies of prayer, what self-humiliation, what self-reproach are before me (and all how merited), before I regain the path I have lost! The shades of paradise no longer can shelter me: I hear the voice of God walking in the shades of the evening, and tremble at his summons. Alas! will he accept a heart that a mortal has rejected? - Doubt and darkness are on me now. I sometimes question whether I ever knew the truth as it is in Jesus, or walked with God in spirit and in truth; such is the consequence of falling from God. I mistrust my own sincerity, I even doubt that I ever was sincere: how can I rely on a heart that deceived me on its first temptation? My very wanderings seem to me more real than my wish to return, and I feel as if my repentance were hypocrisv.

It is useless to describe to you feelings which you cannot enter into; if you could, I should have suffered less. Religion never could have betrayed me to the misery that passion has. It is very cruel of men to attach themselves to religious females, without any participation in the sentiments which they deprive them of, and leave them only wretchedness in exchange. The world, deprived of the only charm it possessed in the eyes of their victims, can give them no comfort, and the anchor of futurity trembles in their grasp.

Alas! it would not have been thus with your beautiful Italian; her charms and her genius, the homage to which she is accustomed, the world in which she lives, moves, and has her being, must for ever prevent her from giving herself up to an exclusive sentiment, or an individual object. If you deserted her this night, how many resources would she still have?—But I have none. Could she resign the world for you, would not the world console her for you were the world to me. You were very wrong in thinking that the simplicity of my habits and character, and the coldness of my manners, were indications of a want of feeling; they were not. Perhaps women of such a character cannot embellish the triumphs of passion, but they can agonise in its defeat; they are formed rather to suffer than to enjoy, and it is you who have fixed my destiny for the former.

Do not imagine for a moment that these lines are written with an intention of recalling you.—
Oh no! I have suffered too much.—If you were at my feet at this moment, I could not spurn, but I would not raise you.

Still less think I of what I cannot name—that the hand you have resigned will ever be given to another. Oh no! I feel even in injustice, you cannot be so unjust; in desertion, you cannot be so cruel—you cannot—but I have done. Believe me, there is no sacrifice in this—it costs us little to make a resolution, which we know we have not long to keep. Every line that I write, a voice seems to call to me, "Bid him farewell, and return to your God." I will you is a contract of the same in the same i

try to obey it. Oh how strong the contrast between us at present! I am about to return to the existence you thought so gloomy and monotonous, and which even I feel so now. I shall be present at sermons, of which I hear not a word: sing hymns, without knowing the words I sing, or feeling their meaning; listen to the conversation of religious people, without knowing what they say; still struggling, as if through a dream, to recover a sense of the reality of my situation. Oh, the ways of religion are weary when we have lost its spirit! Such is the life before me-it may please God that a ray of light will break in upon the gloom in which I am plunged. Perhaps it may be deigned to me, when I am engaged in prayer for you. different, in the eyes of the world, is your destiny from mine!--vou go to all that the world calls felicity-intellectual luxury, and mutual passion, in a lovely climate, and amid "troops of friends," while I am left to die in solitude: vet I am happier than you, for I have injured no one—no cry of a broken heart is ringing in mv ears.

I remember a story you once told me, of a king, who, making his escape with his son across a piece of water, from his enemies, had his boat overturned. The son cried to his father to save him;—the father saved himself—but never forgave himself—and at the moment of his death, continued to repeat in agony, "Father, save me!" the words of his dying son—words which had never ceased to ring in his ears, which rung

in them still even then. May my last words never echo thus in your ears; yet if you shall hear them, they will be lifting your name to Heaven.

Even thus I have one consolation—it was you who deserted me. I think my heart must have broke before I could have resigned you.

I am now writing in a room in which you have been so often .- I look at every object which recalls your image, without having the power of recalling yourself. I feel an agony which even you would pity me for. The books which you gave me, and which I arranged so as to meet your eve; the flowers which I collected, because you loved them; the harp which I placed in sight, to remind you that I, too, hoped to sing for you-all these objects are around me, and I do not think that a sword thrust into my heart could give me more actual pain than this simple sight. What pleasure they gave me once, when I entered this room only to pray! This pain, however, must soon abate. I know it must, from its horrible force-it will grow milder, or it will become less felt, as my strength gradually declines.

I had accustomed myself to watch your knocks at the door; latterly they were very infrequent, and then I watched them closer. They made an era in my day; now when I hear a knock my heart beats still, but it is only from habit, and habit (or any thing else) cannot make it beat much longer.

You will return in spring; in spring you will be back with your triumphant, beautiful bride: perhaps you will visit this room from some lingering feeling; you will see the flowers, the books, the music, you once loved, all in their place, where you formerly wished to see them; and perhaps you will ask, where am I.—" I came," says the eastern tale you told me, " to the tombs of my friends, and asked where are they? and echo answered, Where?" Eva.

MATURIN.



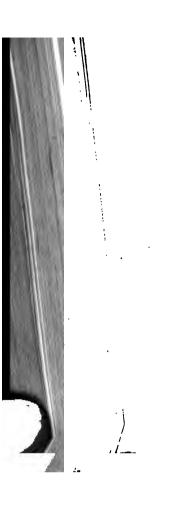
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C. and C. Whittingham, Chiswick.

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